

Liberty

FEB. 17, 1945

10c

A JOHN DICKSON CAIR Mystery

WHEN G. I. JOE
TAKES AN ALIEN BRIDE



by Nouriel '45

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T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E B E T T E R B U Y I N B O N D S . . . W A R B O N D S !

"Why Mom, a great big woman like you—

brushing your teeth
without massaging your gums!"



MOM: Well, I like that! Why should I worry about my gums? I keep my *teeth* clean with Ipana!

PEG: Oooh Mom, it's lucky you're not in the third grade! Bet teacher'd make you stay after school 'til you learned all about gum massage—about how your gums need exercise to help keep your teeth healthy.

MOM: Hmmm, they never taught gum massage in my day. Let me in on it, will you?

PEG: Honest, Mom, don't you *really* know about soft foods letting gums get tender and flabby, so you should massage 'em every time you brush your teeth...and help keep from getting "pink" on your tooth brush?

MOM: And if my tooth brush *does* show some "pink"—what then, teacher?

PEG: Why, *everybody* knows what then—better *see your dentist right away!*

IN CLASSROOMS all over the land, thousands of children are learning the importance of gum massage to sound, bright teeth.

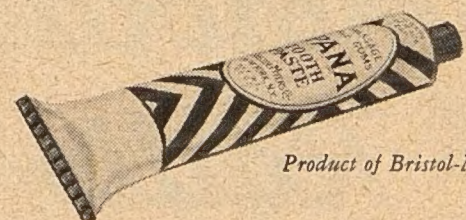
What's more: according to a national survey, 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and safeguard your teeth.

When you see a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, remember it's a warning signal from your gums. It means *see your dentist at once*. As so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to wake up circulation in lazy gums. So it's not surprising that a nation-wide survey shows twice as many dentists personally use Ipana Tooth Paste as any other dentifrice. Remember then...

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

USE IPANA AND MASSAGE!



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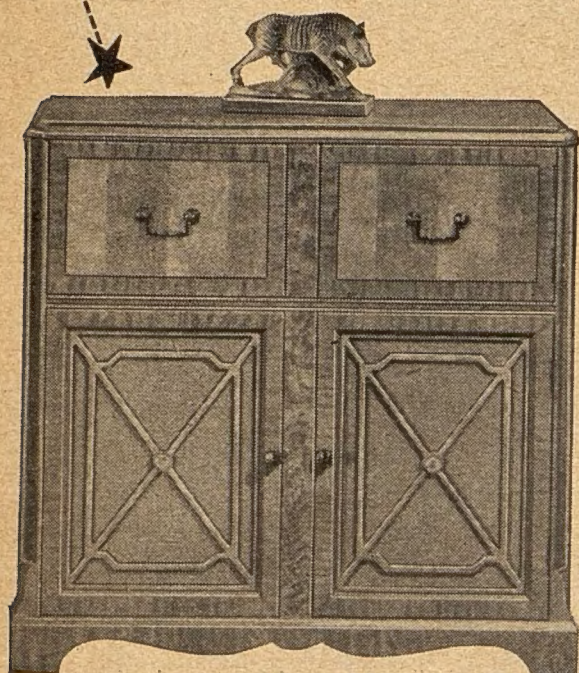


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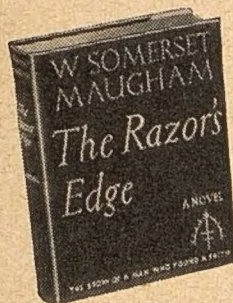
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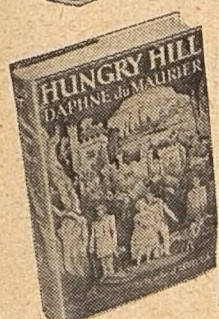
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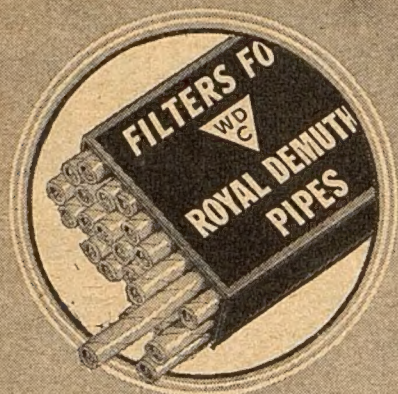
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"The Voice of the People"

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE!

OCEANSIDE, CALIF.—Since my return to the States I've read many letters and heard no end of sarcastic remarks (mostly from "ladies") about the Australian brides of American servicemen. Here, ladies, are answers to some of your remarks.

"Those fly-by-night overseas marriages won't last": True, shortly after the arrival of the Yanks in Australia there were some "fly-by-night" marriages, but the military authorities quickly took steps to prevent them. Now the prospective groom must request permission of the commanding general to marry, and before this is granted, he, the girl, and her family are interviewed by the chaplain or a Red Cross representative, who makes a thorough investigation of the character and background of the girl and her parents.



"They certainly don't dress very stylishly": No, they do not, but it isn't due to lack of taste. All clothing is severely rationed in Australia, and two dresses, two pairs of shoes, and the necessary underclothes are about all a girl can buy in one year. Hats and purses are considered luxuries, and a new coat or hose is out of the question, unless she plays the black market.

"What have they got that we haven't?"—Many things, but this is only a letter, not a volume. Mainly, they make good sensible wives, ideal homemakers, yet remain pleasant companions for their husbands. They possess adult minds at twenty years, not forty, and above all they're ladies, not "holier than thou"—just ladies. If you've forgotten what a lady is, ask your grandmothers, girls. If she can't tell you, then ask the man who owns one. *I do.*—Sup. Sgt. F. H.

SOFT BERTHS FOR P. W.s

FRANCE—In regard to the article, Our Italian Prisoners of War, by George H. Copeland (October 28), we would like to ask you to refrain from printing such stuff, or else keep your darn magazine where we guys over here in the E. T. O. cannot see it.

It sure makes us wonder what we are fighting for when we read about prisoners of war having PX service, soft drinks, foot lockers, and wooden beds. I haven't had a decent bed to sleep in since I left the U. S. A., over a year ago.

It's too bad that the poor guys only get twenty-four dollars a month, when our P.

W.s in Germany get twenty-three cents a day, if they volunteer for work outside of camp.

We are of the opinion that if the people who like to make life so pleasant for the P. W.s could come in contact with them before they are captured, they would feel the same as we do.—Pfc. L. Jackson.

HELPFUL

ELSIE, MICH.—I have just finished reading the fine article, Success School for the Disabled, by Ray Giles (December 30). I have been looking for such a school, and when I read this article I sat down immediately to write you a letter. I'd also like to thank Ray Giles for writing such a great article. Here is hoping I see many more articles on helping the disabled. Such places can do so much for people like me. Keep on publishing these grand articles! —Betty Hovey.

THE BUMS WUZ ROBBED!

AUSTIN, TEXAS—I never believed before that Liberty would spread untrue information about the Brooklyn Dodgers. Yet they have. In the quiz What Do You Remember About 1944? author Shane places the Bums, the wonderful Dodgers, headed by that great Dixie Walker, National League batting champ, in last place in the National League.

That is not true. Despite the loss of several stars to the armed forces and injuries throughout the season, the Dodgers finished *seventh*, not *eighth*; next to last, not last. They wound up a whole game and a half ahead of the Philadelphia Blue Jays or Phillies, or whatever you wish to call them.



Liberty editors, please help keep America American. Don't debunk the greatest baseball team of the greatest borough of the greatest American city. Don't deprive us of two hard-fought victories and put us behind the Phillies!—Jack Halliburton.

P.S.: Texas is my duration address only. I come from Brooklyn!

THE ORPHAN—NYE

KEARNEY, NEBR.—I've been a Shane fan for a long time, and for many years I've waited patiently to get the goods on him. Now it looks like I might have it. In his quiz What Do You Remember About 1944? (January 6), he gave South Dakota credit
(Continued on page 10)

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- 1739 Hints on Developing Personality
- 1740 True Prison Escapes
- 1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
- 1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
- 1756 Simplified Cook-Book
- 1761 America's Little Hitlers

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.

Dept. A-150

:-: :-:

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A.

On Valentine's
Day you had
a cold



So someone
gave you a
pack of KOOLS
(and you tried a few)

If you
fell in love
with 'em then

(even when your throat
was raw)



Why not
go steady
and smoke 'em
all the time?

They'll be your
One and Only!

Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS

for good!

BUY WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS



ROYAL STREET

By W. Adolphe Roberts
Liberty's Book Condensation

In the New Orleans of a hundred years ago, the road to romance often led through a drab clearing in the swamp land—a dueling ground! This is the high spirited story of Victor Olivier and his adventures on that dangerous trail.

THE FUTURE OF PAC

By Sidney Hillman

Damn it or cheer it—there's a new force in American affairs. The man behind it tells what CIO's potent Political Action Committee is all about, what it has been doing, and what it plans to do.

CALIFORNIA'S LOUD-SPEAKER

By Hannibal Coons

Dan Tobey, America's most colorful sports announcer, is also the loudest. You may well ask why anyone else would ever called The Voice!

EUROPE'S HOT SPOT

By Carey Longmire

The Germans have gone, but a huge unsettled conflict still lies sleeping in southeastern Europe. Wars have started here before—and they can again. Here's why the Balkans are named—Europe's hot spot.

EDUCATION AGAINST DEATH

By Sylvan Lebow

Cars will kill more than 25,000 people this year—and boys and girls of school age will be responsible for a large share of the deaths. Why can't we teach them safety along with the three Rs?

TARZANS OF THE A. A. F.

By Sidney Shalett

As insurance against the day when they may be forced down in the jungle, Air Force men learn to scratch for a living on a rugged Florida island.

BRAVE GAL

By Isabel Way and
Ruby Thomson

Jim wanted a brave woman. He'd about concluded all females were sly and cowardly until a woman who could fight fiercely for another woman's child made him change his mind.

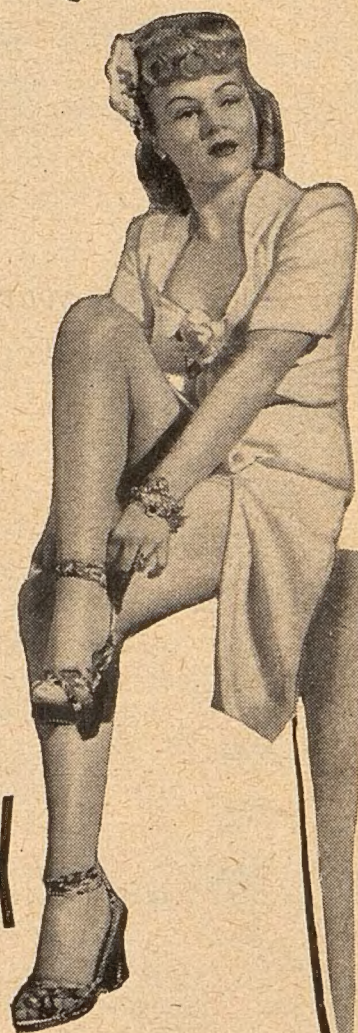
LIBERTY



FORGET THAT
LOOK IN
HER EYES...

SHE'S GOT MURDER IN HER HEART!

Meet the year's biggest
movie surprise... Dick
Powell playing a new
kind of role... in a
murder-mystery that's
rough, tough and terrific!



Dick POWELL
Claire TREVOR • Anne SHIRLEY

"Murder, My Sweet"

with
OTTO KRUGER • MIKE MAZURKI • MILES MANDER
DOUGLAS WALTON • DON DOUGLAS

Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton



Ever see a breakfast
"get itself"?



You will, we all hope, soon, when you see . . .

General Electric's new Automatic Toaster. Turns out toast as golden as spring sunshine—*every time*—whether it's the first slice or the sixth! Pops it up when it's ready—or can be set to *keep toast warm as long as you want it*. Completely silent. And—thanks to a new, exclusive *snap-in crumb tray*—it's a breeze to clean!



General Electric's new Automatic Coffee Maker. Just set it and forget it! *Always* gives rich, full-bodied, flavorful coffee—whether you're making 2 cups or 8. No watching. No boiling over. *Keeps the coffee hot until you're ready for it*. The only completely automatic glass coffee maker. *Faster-heating too*.

The streamlined G-E beauties shown here can be *yours* as soon as war demands permit us to start making them! These—and all the other work-savers that go into a wonderful G-E *all-electric* Kitchen! Start planning now! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., E. W. T., CBS—"The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

★ ★ ★ FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS



Automatic Toaster

Automatic Coffee Maker

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from page 6)

for being the owner of one Gerald P. Nye. South Dakota may take this with a smile, but I doubt it. Nye belongs to North Dakota, and I don't doubt but what there are a lot of North Dakotans who will greet this with a smile, as they just got through retiring Nye from Washington and now will be glad to find out that he has been given to South Dakota.—P. N. Little.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As a native South Dakotan, I take exception to the statement that South Dakota divorced Gerald P. Nye.—Aletha M. Hjort.

TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR AUTHORS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—You have had fine articles on the Naval Construction Battalions, better known as Seabees, but you have only covered the construction outfits. Have you forgotten the Special Battalions, which unload ships under fire and go in with invasion forces to take off supplies while being strafed from land and air?

I think you should publish an article about Seabee stevedores, who are furnishing the life line of supplies by hard work and loss in lives.—Ensign M. M. K.



PENDER, NEBR.—We are two girls who have always liked Liberty. The feature and Camera Eye suit us to a T. But we still won't be satisfied until we read a story or article on twins. Since we are twins, we love to read about them. How about it?—Janice and Felice Pred.

A RIGHT GUY

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—The editorial, Self-Reliance for the Disabled (November 18), brings us not only excellent food for thought, but an outstanding pattern for work.

Employers and prospective employers should work out *now* an agreement with rehabilitation experts, with an eye to utilizing the services of these otherwise unfortunate young people in industry. As Mr. Hunter so ably pointed out, we can give these ex-service people a definite break psychologically, and with that under control there will be little to worry about in their economic and material welfare.

This writer is just a one-horse factory representative in Alaska, selling to merchants and other bona fide retailers. In my usual course of business I run into many situations where young people injured in battle are doing as good a job as people with perfect physiques. Someday I plan to expand my own agency, and I will require two or three extra people. Not one of those needed will have to be physically perfect. Disabled veterans are going to get all the breaks for these jobs.—Dan Hightower.

LIBERTY



*Galley on a small
U.S. Warship*
(OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO)



*This all-aluminum electric wall kitchen
has flexible metal doors which close
off the entire unit when not in use.*

Everything Shipshape

Smart, compact and shipshape as the galley of a modern warship is the inviting, space-saving pre-fabricated kitchen unit for small dwellings, portrayed above. Defoe presents this design as one of many that postwar America may expect from the pre-fabricated housing industry. The goal of this industry will be to improve living standards and provide widespread employment. Today, Defoe's only job is to build dependable fighting ships for the Navy. But after Victory, the experience, skill and ability required by this exacting work will be devoted to building quality products for peacetime America. Our postwar work will reflect the same heart and pride we put into our present crucial job.

HOUSING DIVISION
DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Defoe

Four White Star Renewal Citations now decorate
the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.

BACK THE ATTACK
—BUY WAR BONDS

SHIPS FOR VICTORY
SERVANTS FOR PEACE

The Master's Choice

Its walls are grayed with age but the old-time distillery of the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. still shelters the skill that gave his favorite whiskey to the world. **OLD TAYLOR** still has the mellow, grainy flavor that means home, sweet home to seekers of bourbon at its best. In fact, the old Kentucky home of this fine bourbon has never produced a single drop of any whiskey save the one which the famous Colonel honored with the name of **OLD TAYLOR**.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND - 100 PROOF



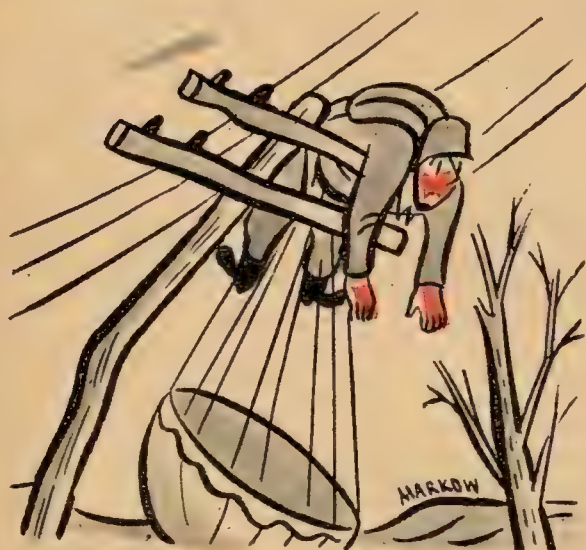
*Signed
Sealed
and Delicious*

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY  OLD SARGE

WE noticed an article about Frank Sinatra in your column that didn't please us. Quote: "Few are the 4-Fs who have done as much to win this war as Frankie. He pays more than a quarter of a million dollars in taxes, raised more than a million in war bonds, and has given lots of shows for servicemen."

Well, Sarge, what's wrong with Bob Hope? He's 4-F and also in the draft age. He put up more shows for servicemen overseas than Frank Sinatra will ever do. Period. In fact, we doubt if Frank



Unlucky

Sinatra ever did put up a show for servicemen overseas. Period.

What's wrong with the common people who are 4-Fs, huh? They work long hours, buy bonds, and also pay taxes. In fact, they even donate blood to the Red Cross. Did Frankie ever donate blood? Maybe he's afraid he won't have enough to swoon the WACs and Waves.

We heard they take 4-Fs in the merchant marine. How about it, Frankie? Pfc. M. J. B., Pfc. W. B. V., Cpl. B. M. H., Pfc. G. T. F., Pfc. S. A. W., Pfc. A. L., U. S. M. C., c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

My husband is undecided as to whether he will remain in the Army after the duration and six months. His decision hinges on whether the present pay basis will revert to the prewar status or whether it will remain as it is now.

Mrs. W. P. B., Detroit, Mich.

The present basis was established by the Pay Readjustment Act of 1942 as a permanent standard for the Regular Army and is in no way a temporary wartime measure.

* * *

We would like to know what ribbons we are entitled to wear. We left the States from the West Coast and came down here to New Guinea. I think we are entitled to the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon only, but the fellows say we are entitled to a few others such as the American Theater of War ribbon and a New Guinea ribbon (is there one?). And to another one they call the Southwest Pacific.

J. J. C., S 4/c, New Guinea.

You are entitled to the Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon only. That whole area, including Alaska, New Guinea, and the Southwest Pacific, is included in the Asiatic-Pacific theater.

* * *

I returned from overseas recently and am a little behind on different things. Is there anything on the calendar known as "mustering-in pay"—a full month's allowance given to your wife as soon as you are sworn into the service? My argument is with my sister-in-law, whose husband was inducted last April. She says others have received it, but she didn't. I say there isn't anything like that extra month's allotment—at least, it's not a gift. Who is right? And if she is, has she a right to ask for hers now?

Cpl. J. E. R., Camp Stewart, Ga.

That's a good name for the initial payment of one full month's dependency allowance which is sent to a soldier's family from the post where he is first stationed, if he makes application for dependency allowance within two weeks of entering on active duty. It's a "gift" in the sense that the government pays the entire amount; no allotment is taken from the soldier's pay for that first month or fraction thereof. Since the application must be made within two weeks of entering the service, your sister-in-law can't get hers now. This is in accordance with an amendment to the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942, effective November 1, 1943. Formerly the family allowance did not begin until the first of the month after entry into active service, and payments did not go out until a month or more after that.

* * *

I was unlucky in a glider landing in northern France. Am I entitled to a battle star on my campaign ribbon?

Sgt. T. W. W., Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Ga.

A bronze arrowhead in addition to a battle star has been newly specified for Army personnel participating in a combat parachute jump, combat glider landing, initial assault landing on a hostile shore, or any such operation since the start of the war. See WD Circ. 465, 9 Dec. 1944. Apply to your present commanding officer for the award.

* * *

I am a divorcee with two children and have been awarded \$15 every two weeks for their support. My ex-husband goes into the Army in January, 1945. How much allowance will I receive?

Mrs. B. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

You will receive \$62 a month, provided your children's names are the only ones to appear on the application. If your husband has other children by another marriage, you will receive slightly less.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

IN **BURMA**

this is the pipe they
used to smoke



... and this is the pipe
you see today—everywhere

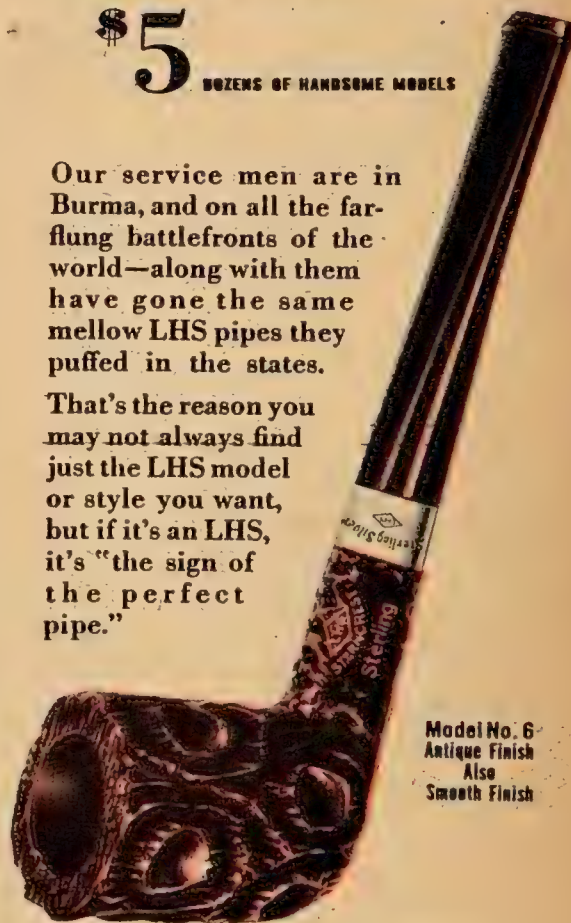


\$5

DOZENS OF HANDSOME MODELS

Our service men are in Burma, and on all the far-flung battlefronts of the world—along with them have gone the same mellow LHS pipes they puffed in the states.

That's the reason you may not always find just the LHS model or style you want, but if it's an LHS, it's "the sign of the perfect pipe."

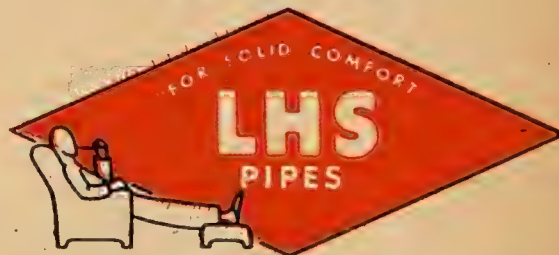


Model No. 6
Antique Finish
Also
Smooth Finish

IMPORTED BRIAR

Other LHS Pipes of Imported Briar
Sterncrest Ultrafine . . . \$10.00
Sterncrest 14K . . . 7.50
Certified Purex . . . 3.50

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS



Send for your copy of "Pointers on Pipes"—FREE
L. & H. STERN, INC., Dept. M, 56 Pearl St., Bklyn 1, N. Y.





A "peach" of a way
to protect
your good health...

... thanks to the protection
of the modern tin **CAN**

WARTIME NEEDS restrict the civilian use of cans for certain products. But stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. And remember, *foods* packed in cans come to you with their vitamins, minerals, and nutritional values sealed in.

● Everyone loves juicy, sun-ripened fruits—picked at the very peak of their tempting goodness—fairly bursting with fine flavors and precious health-values. And, thanks to the modern steel-and-tin can, you can enjoy such fruits all the year round—no matter where you live.

You see, most canning processes require only a few hours' time. This means fruits need not be picked till they're "just right" for canning—they can ripen in nature's own way. And, because the can gives *lasting* protection against the spoilage effects of air, light, heat, cold, and contamination of all kinds—these fine fruits reach you with their natural flavors, colors, and healthful wholesomeness *sealed in!*

This same priceless protection also applies, of course, to all sorts of canned foods—as well as to hundreds of other items that make up the more than 2,500 products normally packed in cans by over 135 different industries.

And cans are so convenient! They don't break, crack, tear or leak—they're easy to carry, store, open and to dispose of. In fact no other container combines so *many* advantages.

**No other container
protects like the CAN**

Can Manufacturers' Institute, Inc., New York



High on the Army's list of fighters for '45 is the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt. Here's a preview of the post-victory Republic Thunderbolt amphibian.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Tough Going—for Hermann Göring

Last fall the production schedules on many types of training and combat planes began to be trimmed down. Today all aircraft companies are again working at top speed. Virtually all schedules have been upped. Manpower and material shortages again threaten the industry.

The reason is the setback in Europe. There was a time when the Army thought it could concentrate on production for the Pacific only. It thought it had enough airplanes of all types in Europe or on the way. But events didn't pan out that way.

The result is that certain types of well-known combat aircraft that were to stop coming off the assembly lines some time in 1945 are now scheduled to keep on rolling off at top speed.

The big emphasis in 1945 is on heavy bombers, light bombers, and both twin-engined and single-engined fighters. In addition, there is probably more work being done on experimental airplanes and aeronautical research than at any time in history. Topping this latter list is, of course, jet propulsion.

Last year saw three famous combat planes leave the assembly lines for good—the Douglas A-20 light attack bomber, the Curtiss P-40 single-engined fighter, and the Bell P-39 Airacobra. Otherwise the line-up is about the same as last year except for some new models we can't tell you about at this time.

Generally speaking, the big advances to look for are in speed and in over-all size. Word leaked out in Congress about superbombers that are on the way, larger than the B-29 Superfortress, and probably you'll be hearing about one or two of these during this year. They've been under way for a long time. The day of really big airplanes is not many months away. In regard to speed, we are on the verge of a new era.

Here is the Army's 1945 line-up so far as the facts can be revealed:

Very heavy bombers: Four plants are busy turning out the four-engined Boeing B-29 Superfortress. This is the big show this year. But bigger ones are coming along.

Heavy bombers: The Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress is still high in the running on production schedules. In actual quantity, however, the Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator is getting the big play this year in no fewer than five plants, owing chiefly to Pacific requirements. All are four-engined.

Medium bombers: The potent North American B-25 Mitchell is still rating very

high, and the Martin B-26 Marauder is back in strong form. All medium bombers are twin-engined.

Light Bombers: The current favorite is the Douglas A-26, which replaced the A-20. It's a powerful and fast twin-engined plane, coming out of two plants. But with the addition of much more fire power to fighters, light bombers don't rate as they used to.

Fighters (twin-engined): This type of aircraft looms more important than ever, and includes jet-propulsion models such as the Bell P-59. But the favorites on current schedules are the Lockheed P-38 Lightning, coming out of two plants, and the Northrop night-fighter P-61 Black Widow, which is rapidly gaining a vast reputation for maneuverability and power.

Fighters (single-engined): In number of different models, the fighters top the lists for 1945. High up are the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, the North American P-51 Mustang, and the Bell P-63 Kingcobra. There are others, too, and you can expect much development before the year is out.

Transports: The Army is concentrating on the four-engined Douglas C-54 Sky-master and Lockheed C-69 Constellation, the twin-engined Curtiss C-46 Commando, the new Fairchild C-82, and the old reliable Douglas C-47. Not a few twin-engined Beech C-45 small transports are coming off the line also.

Trainers: Prior to the overnight upping of schedules recently, trainer production was scheduled to ease downward during 1945. Now the output is back up, but the need for trainers is obviously not so great as it was several years ago.

Rotary: Helicopters are coming off the assembly lines in increasing numbers. Despite their short-range operations and small pay load, they are proving out splendidly. New models are being tested.

Miscellaneous: Contracts for planes of numerous special types are going along full force. Among these are the Piper L-4 and the Stinson L-5 liaison, single-engined light planes which are excellent for observation, reconnaissance, and evacuation of wounded. Edo Aircraft has provided seaplane floats for some of these types.

On the exclusive Navy lists, the Chance-Vought F4U and the Grumman F6F single-engined carrier fighters rate high indeed. A very substantial number of Consolidated and Martin patrol bombers and Martin, Douglas, and Curtiss light bombers are also being produced. As might be expected, the Navy has quite a few models about which we can't say anything at this time.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

***F-N TEST?**



*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW

**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



2. Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANO-LIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

**SPECIAL NOTE
TO WOMEN...**

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!



COAL?

IN EVERY ROOM OF
MY HOUSE?



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SHALL WE BROADCAST CONGRESS?

BY JACK H. POLLACK

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

THE United States Senate was debating the peace treaty. It was November, 1919.

Bewhiskered Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, rose to speak.

"Will the senator allow me to interrupt for just a moment?" he asked.

"Surely."

Measuring his words, the irreconcilable legislator announced, "There will be no adjournment, if I can help it, until we vote on the treaty again. When we vote on it—be under no misapprehension—it is final."

Would world history have taken a different course if the American people had been properly informed of these proceedings? There is a growing belief that had Americans been able to hear with their own ears how the League of Nations was being butchered, they would have stopped the butchering.

Today Congress once again is grappling with problems of peace. But most Americans must depend on the often incomplete newspaper and radio reports if they want to know what their elected representatives are saying and doing. For the first time, many Americans wish they had a direct pipe line to Capitol Hill.

A bill to put Congress on the air was introduced in both chambers of the 78th Congress by two liberal legislators: Florida's silver-tongued Claude Pepper in the Senate and Washington's John Coffee in the House of Representatives. It was not acted upon, but it is expected to be re-introduced in the new Congress.

Under the bill, any station or network could send Congressional proceedings over the air waves, but none would be required to do so. A station could make a "live" broadcast of Congress in action. Or it could buy a transcript at cost price, since "a complete and continuous" legislative recording would be made by Uncle Sam. Of course, both Senate and House would retain the right to keep off the air any debate they wished.

Opinion is divided on whether to broadcast Congress. Some scoffers insist that nobody would listen. Advocates, on the other hand, argue that such a program would be "popular." They say people would tune in their congressmen the way they do baseball games, Frank Sinatra's voice, or Jack Benny's jokes. Weren't millions glued to their radios on election night and during the political conventions?

Congressmen themselves have mixed feelings about the proposal. Forward-looking legislators in both parties favor it strongly. But some of their colleagues are terrified at the thought of being put on the air, chiefly because they won't have a chance to amend "for the permanent Rec-

ord" their inaccurate and sometimes ill-advised extemporaneous remarks. Naturally, a handful of demagogic lawmakers are not overjoyed at the prospect of having constituents hear their inflammatory or asinine oratory. One forthright senator groaned, "Broadcasting us would make people think we're bigger boobs than we are."

A long prejudice has existed on Capitol Hill against ordinary microphones, let alone broadcasting equipment. Every so often someone suggests that our lawmakers should be made more audible—even to one another. Elderly senators such as Johnson of California and Capper of Kansas speak scarcely above a whisper.

Yet many of the People's Choices are opposed to all newfangled talking contraptions. About fifteen years ago it was urged that mikes be placed in back of each senator's desk. This prompted a testy South Carolinian, the late Senator Coleman Blease, to grumble:

"Now they want to put a radio back here, right behind me, so as to broadcast what is going on in the Senate. I do not know anything about radios; I never listened to one of them in my life. I do not know what they might do. They might fill that thing up with gas, some deadly gas, and just about the time the crowd assembled in this chamber—everybody in control of the United States—some fellow might turn on a machine down here and just gas out the whole business."

And not many years ago, when John Nance Garner was Speaker of the House, a loud-speaker microphone was placed before him. Shortly afterward he was told that a member wanted to deliver a speech. Forgetting that with the mike the slightest whisper could be heard throughout the chamber, the plain-spoken Texan roared, "Now what in the hell is that sonofabitch going to talk about?" While the chamber rocked with laughter, "Cactus Jack" ordered electricians to "get that damned thing out of here."

However, it was later put back, and today the Speaker not only has an ordinary mike in front of him on the rostrum, but he can use a "breast mike" if he wants to move around. When members address the House, they come to the front and use a mike. Majority and minority leaders also talk through loud-speakers, as do the clerks. All told, the House now has seven microphones plus an operator controlling voice volume from the gallery. Should it be decided to broadcast House proceedings, half the technical job is already done.

The austere Senate, however, has remained suspicious of speaking devices. In fact, Congress generally has viewed with

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It's your business that's transacted in Washington, proponents of this idea point out, so why shouldn't you be able to sit by your radio and listen to debates on the floor of Congress?



She smiled at Channing. "It's awfully nice of you to have come," she said to him. "I'm glad you've come."

Miss Bird, the school-teacher, was attractive. So, naturally, the men eyed her! So, naturally, she'd get talked about! But imagination, a sense of humor, and baking soda can fix most things

THE world was a pleasant place to live in, in 1910. At least it was for us kids. We didn't know that grown people might have their own private gethsemanes—like our teacher, Miss Bird; or that parents were people who didn't know everything; or that boundaries in foreign countries might change, though they frequently did on our examination papers, either because our memories weren't good enough or our imaginations were too vivid. When this happened, though, it meant only a bad mark on an otherwise adequate report card—and not that the world had come smashing down around our ears.

Nothing changed very much. Styles didn't change at all: skirts didn't tweak up and down like a spinster's nose each year, so that in 1910 the fashions were much the same as they had been in 1905; at least, in our little country town.

At home we called our parents, mama and papa and ate all our vegetables, simply because if we didn't we couldn't have any dessert; we went to bed at eight o'clock; we washed our feet in a bucket on the back porch if we had gone barefoot that day, and groaned because it was so unreasonable that anyone should consider that stuff on one's feet to be dirt . . .

"But mama, I washed my feet last night!"

"Margaret—please!" This night mama was pink from cooking and her hands floury with piecrust. "No more words. You could have had it done by this time. Just look at that dirt!"

"It isn't dirt, it's—it's—country. It's—it's part of the United States. I should think you'd be proud—"

"Where are the boys?" Mama was accustomed, and impervious, to extravagances. "Dennie's feeding the chickens and Rob's

LIBERTY

up in the barn. He's fixing it so it won't turn inside out this time."

"Do I understand," said mama, "that there is danger of the barn turning inside out?" Mama was very literal.

"No. Only the umbrella. Are my feet clean enough now?"

"Oh," mama said. "The umbrella."

"It was an old one," I said. "It wasn't strong enough. He's bracing it with something. The first time he jumped it turned inside out. Rob thinks he can fly."

"Oh, my goodness! That loft's fifteen feet!" cried mama in confusion; and she flew out, her white apron whipping about her and the big bow at the back bobbing up and down.

I wasn't worried about Rob. Already he had the curiosity of the engineer and an aggressive persistence which had taught him many things. I followed him with a blind unswerving faith, so I had learned most of the things he knew, too, except arithmetic and how to run barefoot across a stubble field without wincing.

The house was quiet after mama had gone, and little sounds that I had not been aware of before now loomed a little frighteningly. The big clock bing-bonged in the hall, the kitchen floor and the stairs creaked as I walked over them, leaving little damp spots. Outside, the windmill creaked and groaned, a rooster crowed; Minnie Smelley—yes, that was her name, Minnie Smelley—yoo-hooed nasally up the road; and then the great quiet dusk of the country night began to descend, began to enter the empty house. The first whiff of evening air ballooned a curtain, bringing with it a dampish fragrance of sweet grass and sleeping flowers that shot me

So in my life there would be no men. I would name all my children Kitty, after mama; Lucy, after Miss Bird; and Douglas, after papa. Two for each.

A cricket off in a field somewhere piped slowly—that meant it would be cooler tomorrow for the school picnic. And *that* was almost too much to bear.

The wheels of papa's buggy ground fast and evenly along the road, which meant that old Fanny knew she was coming home, and then she whinnied in the lane by the barn. And soon papa came in with his arm round mama's shoulder, the boys clumped up the back steps and started yelling, "But mama, we washed our feet last night!" and the ends of the house were all drawn together again.

Then suddenly I remembered that I hadn't set the table, so I ran downstairs and hugged papa first because, well, no reason, I just always did. He smelled faintly of medicine.

"Well, Meg," he said then, "have you had a pleasant day?"

"Yes, papa."

"Good. Now then, skeedaddle." I started away. "Where are your shoes, child?"

"I haven't had time to put them on."

"What have you been doing—dreaming again?"

"Margaret?" mama called from the kitchen. "Quickly, dear, set the table. Boys, get your shoes on."

"Aw, gee whiz, mama! None of the other boys—"

"Quickly! Scat!"

"Psst. Rob! Bring my shoes down too, when you come, will you?"

"What'll you give me if I do?"

"Some of my cake—if we have cake."

Maybe it was because papa was at home.

But tonight after we had all been served there was a little anxious line troubling her forehead.

"Dear," she said to papa, "are you very tired? Because I think you're going to have a visitor tonight."

"I know," papa said. "The Smelleys are having another baby. Well—" There was no nonsense in our house about things not being talked over before us children. We knew that the stork didn't bring babies; papa did. Anyway, whatever was talked about, it was understood that it was a family thing and we never carried it outside.

"No," mama said. "Lucy Bird. She's in trouble of some kind." Naturally we pricked up our ears because even the boys loved Miss Bird.

"Oh?" papa said. "Lucy?"

"Something about Bert Stewart."

"I don't like him," said papa. "He's arrogant and cheap and conceited and—" Then he wiped his mouth and beamed at mama. "Well, you know what I always say, Kitty—"

"Yes," mama said. We all knew.

"There's nothing much that a little imagination, a sense of humor, and baking soda won't cure." Papa was always saying that. "What's the matter with Channing?" papa said. "Why doesn't he get in there and do something about it? One of these days somebody else will move in on him if he doesn't look out. I'd like to see him and Lucy get married."

"Well, you know how shy Channing is," mama said. "And he worships Lucy. He believes he isn't good enough for her."

"Oh, turkey meat!" said papa.

After a short altercation with Rob about the pie, which I only got out of by mortgaging my next whole piece of cake, we kids went outside and played for an hour and then came in and studied. Then papa said, "Bed!" and we had to go.

But I didn't go to sleep, naturally. When I heard the knocking at the front door I crept out in my cotton nightgown to the top of the stairs and sat there peeking through the balusters, where I had a good view of the sitting room.

I COULD see the whole business, with a fluttering heart. Miss Bird in a pale green flowered dress looking like a princess, and mama getting up from near the lamp with her sewing and putting her arm around Miss Bird's waist to welcome her, and papa holding her hand in both of his.

Then papa said, "Lucy—Kitty tells me you're in trouble."

"Yes I am, Dr. Lamb."

"Well, now, just sit down and tell us all about it. We can't prescribe a cure, unless we know all the symptoms."

Just then Rob came out in his nightgown. "Margaret Lamb! You're eavesdropping!" he whispered.

"Ssh! I am not. I'm only listening."

Then he sat down too, and we both looked.

"Well, it's this," Miss Bird said, looking troubled. "Every time Bert Stewart comes here from the city he—he comes over to Mrs. Mitchell's—that's where Miss Bird boarded—and he says that he's going to keep coming until some time when Mrs. Mitchell is away, and then he's going to stay and then—and then in the morning I'll have to marry him."

"Oh, dear!" mama said.

"Do you believe that, Lucy?" asked papa.

"No," Miss Bird said, "but you know—in a small town like this nobody would understand except you—and I'd have to leave anyway. You know how narrow the minds are around here."

"Narrower'n a razor's edge," papa said.

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In the Good Old Summertime

BY CHRISTINE TAPLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

through with an ecstatic thrill. Like when I thought of Miss Bird, the schoolteacher.

When I grew up, a hundred years from now, I would be like Miss Bird, with a tiny waist and tucks all down my front and a pompadour on my fluffy light brown hair, a skirt that swirled at the hem like waves and infinitesimal shoes with high heels. Sometimes I walked now, unobserved and literally, in Miss Bird's footsteps—only my flat shoes already bulged over the edges of the dainty prints and blotted them out. Nevertheless, when I grew up . . .

Definitely, there would be no old men hanging around like that old Bert Stewart with his black hair and white teeth, from the city; or even Channing White, who was much nicer. He played the mandolin and had dark red hair and was studying law. Both of them made Miss Bird unhappy.

O perfidious one! But I crossed my fingers, a sop to honesty. *I can't help it if it's going to be pie.*

The oil lamp over the dining table came down from the ceiling by chains. Its light cast a yellow ring over the big round table and left the corners of the room in shadow; but inside the ring we were safe from all trouble, from all fear.

"For this food and for Thy grace we thank Thee," papa said. He served mama first, and when he handed the plate to us to be passed along to her he always looked at her as if he were giving her something special.

"Kitty?" he said.

Mama was very pretty. Her light gold hair curled in little tendrils over her forehead and at the back of her neck, and she was flushed from the exertion of a bustling day. But at dinner she relaxed.

FRONT-LINE SURGEONS

BY LARRY BARRETTO

ONE of the enlisted men cracked up that first night, but in view of what happened later I could only consider him a rather normal young man with a gift of premonition. He had begun talking to me as G.I.s always do when a war correspondent is around, and the burden of his conversation was the many virtues of the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce. It went on and on until the empty phrases sang in my ears. Finally I seized a pause in the flow of words and said:

"Well, it's fine that you have such a good Chamber of Commerce in your home town."

"It's not my home town," he answered. "I come from the West." Then he left me, and I thought perhaps he was offended. It was all very strange. One of his companions came up to me, embarrassed.

"You mustn't mind him, sir," he said. "He's been very religious for the last two weeks." That, too, was strange.

But this is carrying me ahead of my story. I had been at an Army base in northern Burma, and there I met Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Hiehle, U. S. Army Medical Corps, from New York City. Colonel Hiehle is in command of various Portable Surgical Units, of which there are a

A half-cleared roadside in the bomb-blasted Burmese jungle becomes a life-saving hospital when men of the Portable Surgical Units dig in

number working in Burma and China. These units can be moved rapidly with advancing or retreating troops and are equipped to handle practically every type of major operation within a few hours of the time an injury is inflicted.

Colonel Hiehle told me of the brilliant job done by one of his units on the air strip at Myitkyina when it was seized from the Japanese, with bullets actually flying through the tarpaulin tents while the men worked. What he told me made me want to do a story on these unpublicized outfits. I wanted to see one in action.

"There's a unit working somewhere down at the end of the Railway Corridor," the colonel said, "but things are very quiet now and I doubt if you will see much. However, you'll have an interesting trip of two or three days to get there, and you may pick up Major Egbert on the way. He is going down as an observer because he is establishing a unit of his own."

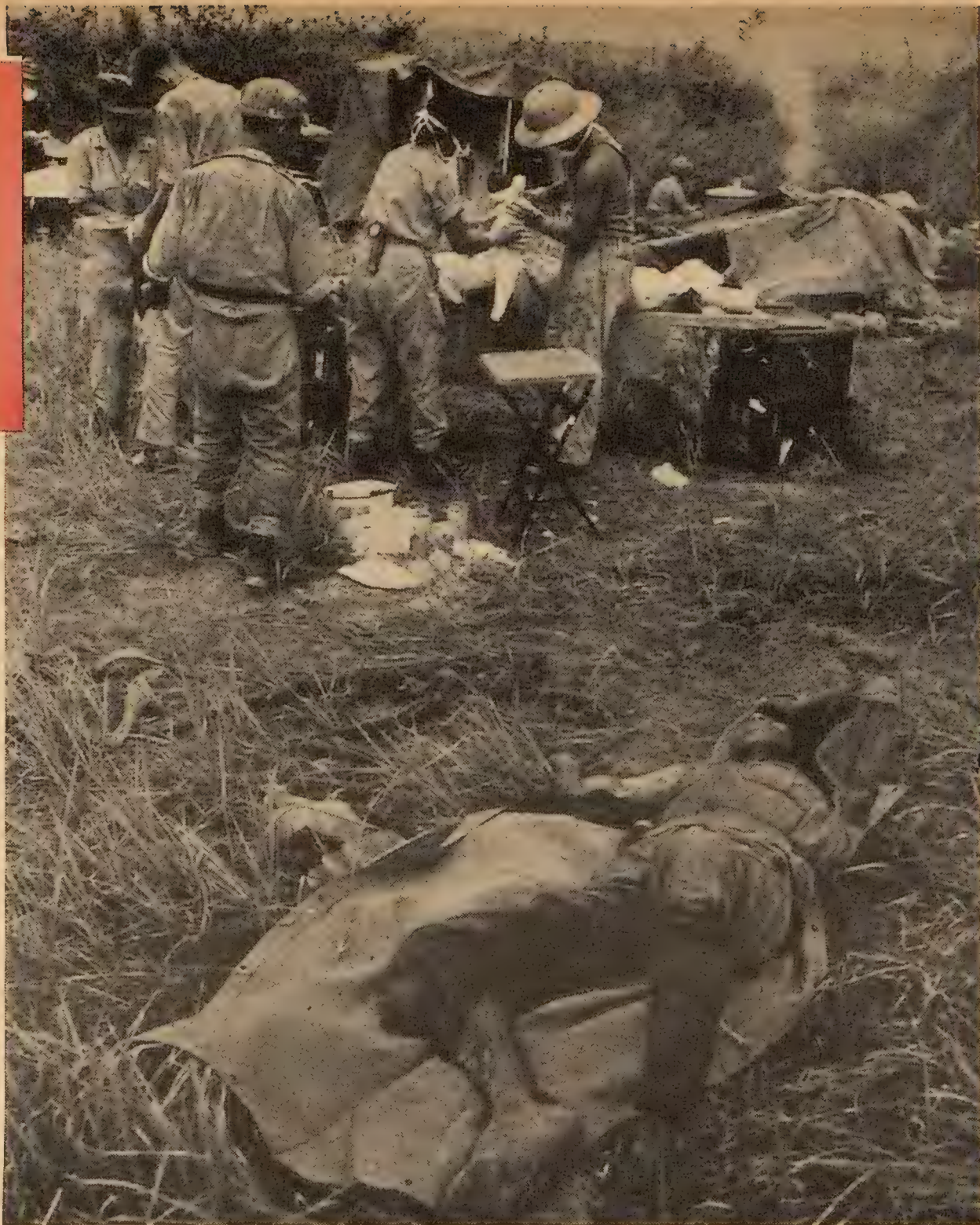


PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

Dr. Gordon Seagrave, the famous "Burma Surgeon," at work with a mobile front-line surgical unit during the battle for Myitkyina airport.

The Railway Corridor is one of the lines of attack opened up on the Japs in the offensive which began in October. It was spearheaded by the British 36th Division, to which certain American service units are attached. At this time their farthest advance point was Mawlu, with their objective, Katha, some twenty miles beyond.

I did catch up with Major Egbert and his staff sergeant during the trip by plane, train, and truck, and we found the Portable Surgical Unit on the outskirts of Mawlu. Major Carl J. Sprunk of Detroit, the commanding officer, introduced us to those of his staff who were there: Captain Alton B. Peyton of Santa Anna, Texas, and Donald L. Bashaw of Burlington, Vermont. There were also thirty-three enlisted men attached to the unit.

The camp at first glance seemed to fill none of the requirements for asepsis which would be demanded in any hospital at home. Major Sprunk said as much. It had been established by a road beside the ruined railway and near a stream. A bridge demolished by the Japs in their retreat lay in the river bed. Around it men bathed and washed their clothes. Everywhere lay the rusting wreckage of war, from overturned freight cars to piles of tin cans. Garbage pits attracted swarms of flies. Passing trucks tossed up clouds of

dust from the road. No other spot had been available, the major said.

The Surgical Unit in the midst of this mess consisted of a main tent—really a tarpaulin without sides—for the operations, and another where the wounded were kept until they could be evacuated to the base hospital. This tent was fairly well filled with Chinese and Indian patients, lying impassive on their stretchers.

"Nothing interesting," Major Sprunk said. "Malaria, dysentery, and the like. We're a Surgical Unit and not equipped to take care of them, but we do. Somebody has to. We may have an operation or so for you, or we may not. You never can tell."

We were shown our quarters, one of two ambulances on the outskirts of the camp in which we could place our jungle hammocks. A jungle hammock has a waterproof bottom and a waterproof top and three of its sides are mosquito netting reinforced with canvas strips. It is closed by zippers, and while it is effective protection against snakes and insects, it is unpleasantly like a coffin. Further, if you are a restless sleeper, the hammock is likely to turn turtle and you hang there until someone releases you. But the men of the Surgical Unit had strung theirs all about

(Continued on page 75)

Today Nothing Is "Made in France"

BY BETTY MILTON GASKILL

A report from Paris on French industry—how it stands at present, what must be done to revive it, and how long it will take

Paris.

THE tragic plight of French industry will leave American shops barren still another year of the hundreds of luxury products we imported from France before the war. And some industrialists, stunned by the completeness of the chaos, intimate that two years would be an even better estimate.

The American safe in a well-oiled economy cannot imagine the distress of life in a country where literally nothing of an industrial nature is now operating. Factories do not run because they cannot get fuel, and even if they had fuel there are few raw materials. If they did have fuel and raw materials, the best skilled laborers of France could not work, for they are prisoners of war in Germany. Even if they could work, there is little internal transport. And should a miracle take place and French factories suddenly buzz with life, France still could not send her goods to America, for there are no ships. France, history's stepchild, was never so disorganized or so destitute as she is now.

Before World War II, France and America had a hand-in-glove trade exchange. France needed gasoline and cotton. Our vast resources could then well supply them. She also needed machines, for which American genius is famous throughout the world.

In return, France sent us hundreds of smaller, luxury, products, which probably only Frenchmen, the most artistic and creative people on earth, could adequately produce: champagne, cognac, benedictine, perfumes, soaps, cheeses, gowns, lingerie. Such products, which merely made life more pleasant for the Americans who could afford them, provided a livelihood for millions of Frenchmen and constituted a main prop in the French economic structure. To restore that prop is the most harassing problem facing the French government today.

Perhaps gravest of all French industrial problems, and they all are grave, is the shortage of raw materials. Bled white by the Germans, isolated from the world's markets for four years, France is scraping the bottom of the barrel even for her own use, let alone for exports. Except for iron ore, France obtained almost everything from other countries. Raw materials, in fact, constituted 85 per cent of her entire import trade. Now, even with the greatest optimism, France cannot hope to import as much as one fiftieth of her prewar needs.

Even were the world free of war and French shipping resumed, there is the single matter of her ports. While just after

the invasion parts of the American press were describing exploits of suicidal bands of German soldiers as "mad" or "fantastic," these not-so-mad Germans were in reality destroying French ports to such an extent that today there are few that will not need major repairs before shipping in any sizable volume can resume.

Aware that France has hit an industrial rock bottom, the Allied Maritime Commission has allowed France 750,000 tons of imports from September, 1944, to July, 1945. But only 200,000 tons can be imports of raw materials, for Frenchmen, thin and undernourished, have a far greater need for food. Thus France, which in peacetime imported between forty and fifty million tons of raw materials a year, will find 200,000 a mere drop in the bucket. It is of some small help, however, that the Commission will allow her to designate the exact materials she prefers within her allotted tonnage.

Some of France's markets, because of the war, are gone forever. For instance, the largest single product sold to the United States before the war was cigarette paper. Unfortunately for France, this five-million-dollar revenue will never come again, because Americans have now learned to make their own cigarette paper.

The next largest-selling product was wines. Here again the future of this trade with America is pretty much in the lap of the gods. Frenchmen are well aware that Americans as a whole not only prefer whisky to wine but, generally speaking, are unable to tell a good wine from a bad one. Whether there are enough American connoisseurs to support the French trade

as opposed to America's own newly-discovered wine industry remains to be seen and devoutly to be wished by the French. French wines enjoy the reputation of being the best in the world, and French producers, not altogether in despair, hope that American soldiers in France will develop their appreciation to the point of creating a wider-spread market throughout the States.

When France will be ready to export wine is another question. A full report on available wine stocks throughout France has not yet been compiled. However, it is known that, despite the German ravages, there are some old stocks left. Moreover, the government will attempt to reconstruct this industry with the utmost speed, for France desperately needs materials from America and must export to pay for them. A high priority for sugar and alcohol should be forthcoming shortly.

The wine industry was kept going by the Germans throughout the occupation. Not only was it used for their own domestic consumption, but also for profit to the fatherland. For instance, ten million bottles of benedictine were sold through Portugal to America during the occupation. It was made in German-run French factories from sugar taken from the French people.

The third largest export was clothes. Strange as it may seem to the mass-minded American, France does not make clothing for the average citizen, either of her own country or of any other. Instead, she imports her "ready-mades" from America, Britain, and Czechoslovakia. The French
(Continued on page 58)



PHOTO FROM ACME

This used to be a factory in a Paris suburb. It typifies the state of much French industry. Time and effort will be needed before it functions again.

Don't Worry About Me

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Danny was a farm boy and Mom knew he could take care of himself, even when missing in action. But when weeks became months, it was hard not to worry

SHE was frying Pa's steak when the message came. Pa didn't like his steak broiled, he liked it fried in plenty of good hot grease, and Mom held the telegram in one hand while she maneuvered the frying pan to the back of the stove with the other. She pulled her spectacles down from her forehead and opened the telegram with vigorous brown fingers. Danny was missing in action again. I declare, she thought, that boy grown up is giving the War Department as much trouble as he gave me when he was a kid. She tucked the telegram into her pocket and pulled the skillet back to the hottest spot on the stove.

"Don't worry about me." He'd said it first when he was seven years old, out behind the barn trying to split cordwood with Pa's double-bitted ax. "Don't worry about me," when he'd ridden a yearling bull through the barn door and broken a rib and split his head and bled all over the quilt Aunt Lucinda had made when she was ninety years old, and Mom had been saving as an heirloom to give Danny when he got married, if anybody could be found to tie up to a boy with no sense and too much go.

"Don't worry about me." It was the signature at the end of his letters. It was the last thing he shouted, leaving home to be gone a day, a month, a year. It was, Mom recognized with tender and helpless exasperation, his way of saying, "I love you. You take care of you, and I'll take care of me for you."

Pa came in, sweaty and stooped from doing Danny's work and his own work too, on the farm.

"Don't give more'n a lick and a promise, washing up," Mom said with asperity. "Steak's overdone already."

PA grunted. Sometimes Mom wondered how she'd stayed married thirty years to a man who had no more to say than Pa. And what he said, peppery. Seemed like a woman deserved more than that out of life, but come to think of it she wasn't any prize herself: too pernickety to pick a man before she was thirty, set in her ways by that time, and still a baby about snakes and spiders and crossing narrow logs.

"Set down," she said. Pa stood there like he was too tired to take two steps.

She slipped the steak to a sizzling plate and heaped the crisp fried potatoes beside it and dished up some of the beans she'd been canning. It made her sick, sometimes, putting all that fried stuff in front of a man.

"Danny's missing again," she said, and took a generous scoop of mashed potatoes for herself, and some of the pork she'd ground for sausages. Danny sided with Pa in the matter of food. "Don't worry about me," he'd say, taking his third piece of pie.

Pa grunted.

"He'll turn up," Pa said. That was an-

other thing about Pa: he took everything as though he'd known two days before Tuesday it was going to happen.

"I don't know how you can be so sure," Mom said.

"He's a farm boy," Pa said, and didn't add another word between cleaning his plate, eating his apple dumpling, reading the paper, and shuffling off to bed.

MOM did the dishes. This time, she thought, annoyed with Pa, with Danny, with all men everywhere, I'm going to do like Danny said: I'm going to be like Pa, I ain't going to worry one mite. I been through Danny's troubles too many times before. She thought of the time he'd got caught on a snag in the creek; of the time he'd been lost for three days in Miller's woods. That time, she remembered, she'd wanted to die, and then Danny came in, oblivious of the twenty men who'd been hunting for him, of the dogs they'd had on his trail, of his mother's tears.

"Mom," he'd said, "you should have been with me. A cougar trailed me for ten miles, little bit of a fellow, just a cub. Gosh, I'm hungry." And when she caught him in her arms and hugged him and wept over him: "Mom," he said, sassy again, "you oughtn't to get worked up over nothing like this. Don't worry about me."

All right, she thought, I won't. This time, Danny Hascomb, I won't worry. She hummed a tune. Her voice had stayed sweet and true; she opened up a little on Love's Old Sweet Song. Pa liked that song. She wasn't surprised when later, in bed beside him, he reached out abruptly and rubbed his stubbled cheek against hers. She put her arm over him tenderly, as she had through all these thirty years. He's a good man, Mom thought; he's never once looked at another woman.

The days became weeks and the weeks became months. "Seems like he'd ought to have turned up by now," Mom said, "but I ain't worried."

"You ain't worried," Pa snorted, and went on out to his chores.

That did it: Pa's speaking up like that, siding with Danny, making her out a fool to show concern. She was still mad at bedtime, and she took blankets out to the davenport in the living room and made up her bed out there.

"Back's troubling me," she said briefly when Pa stopped beside the davenport and looked first at it and then at Mom. "Seems like I'd ought to be allowed a bed to myself once in thirty years," she added peevishly.

Pa grunted.

She didn't sleep well. The davenport had lumps where she didn't and she had them where she shouldn't, and she missed Pa's snoring and the warmth of his body against hers, and beyond all that she was ashamed of herself worrying in the first place and taking it out on Pa in the second.

"O God," she said involuntarily through

unwilling tears, "Danny will come back all right, but give me strength to wait until he does."

As though materializing from the prayer, Danny crouched down there beside the davenport, his face no more than a hand's width from her own. She would have reached out to touch him, to clasp him, but this dream had come too many times before.

"Danny," she said; and even with a stubble on his chin he was seven years old and bucktoothed and sassy.

"Mom," Danny said, "you been crying." He put his arm around her and this, too, had happened before in her dreams.

"Lord, Mom," Danny said, "I thought I'd never get here."

"Hush," she said from habit, "you'll wake Pa."

Danny lowered his voice.

"I've been a long time coming," Danny said, whispering. "There was this job we had to do, see? There was eight of us and about fifty Zeros, and I had to stay to see if I could get four of 'em in a row, and I didn't. They got me, see? I went down. It was a hell of a mess of a jungle. Excuse me, Mom—I been away a long time and I forgot you don't like swearing."

"You swear, Danny," Mom said, "if you feel like it. So what happened?"

"I got lost, see? Like that time in Miller's woods, remember? I didn't have my compass. I didn't have enough food. I didn't have anything I was supposed to have. You know me, Mom: the little Boy Scout in a cougar skin, ready for anything and set to slap it."

Mom was afraid the dream would fade.

"Go on, Danny," she said urgently.

"I got scared, Mom. I been scared before, plenty, but this time I was scared, see? Scared enough to give up; but then I remembered how you always worried so much about me, and I figured if I quit then you'd never stop worrying and wondering and hoping. Mom, I was so weak I couldn't walk. Honest, I couldn't walk; but I couldn't let you go on worrying all the rest of your life, so I crawled. Sometimes it took me an hour to make an inch, but natives found me. Gosh, Mom, they fed me something, and it sure tasted good." He stopped again. "You didn't worry about me, did you, Mom?"

NOW is the time, she thought, now is the time to make him proud of me. Maybe somewhere he'll hear and know. But she couldn't lie, even to a dream of Danny.

"Son," she said, "I've never stopped worrying about you since you were born."

He leaned over her then, and she came wide awake, and this was Danny himself, warm and alive and real in her arms. She felt his tears on her face.

"Don't ever stop," Danny said. "Don't ever stop worrying about me, Mom."

THE END



Danny crouched down there beside the davenport. She would have reached out to touch him, but this dream had come too many times before.

FEBRUARY 17, 1945



OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

Vice-Admiral John Henry Towers—prophet, pioneer, and plugger for naval aviation.

NAVAL AVIATOR No. 1

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Admiral Jack Towers has been fighting aviation's battle in the Navy ever since the days when the Wright brothers were still suspected of fathering a hoax

IN 1925 a young naval officer sat in the witness chair before a Congressional investigating committee, answering questions on the Navy's aviation policy. The chairman asked: "Why don't you advocate a separate air force for the Navy as General Mitchell does for the Army?"

The witness answered: "Because it is better for flying officers to remain right within the structure of the Navy—and eventually run the whole thing!"

John Henry Towers, now a vice-admiral, has seen his prophecy of twenty years ago almost completely fulfilled. The Navy has become pre-eminently an air arm. He himself is second in command to Admiral Nimitz and the admiral's principal adviser on all aviation matters. Admiral King, commander in chief of the U. S. Fleet, wears wings; so do Admiral "Bull" Halsey and Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commander of the almost legendary Carrier Task Force 58. The great company of young rear admirals who actually fight the Pacific war are almost without exception flying officers. And the aircraft carrier has replaced the battleship as the capital ship of the fleet.

Towers himself, more than any other man, is responsible for this evolution within

the Navy. Indeed, it is the common expression within the service that Jack Towers is naval aviation. He picked up the ball when it was an unpopular and uninviting freak, and he has been carrying it boldly and persistently ever since—sometimes to the discomfiture of his more conservative colleagues.

To begin with, he was one of the three original naval aviators. In 1911, when at least half of our population sincerely believed that the Wright brothers' achievement would never amount to much, Captain Washington Irving Chambers persuaded a reluctant Navy Department to allocate \$25,000 for experiment with aviation. Three airplanes were ordered: one from the Wright brothers and two from Glenn Curtiss. It was stipulated that one of the Curtiss planes must be capable of taking off from the water, and that the Wrights and Curtiss would teach three naval officers to fly their contraptions. Captain Chambers chose the three. They were John Rodgers, Ted Ellyson, and Jack Towers, all lieutenants (j. g.).

Rodgers went to Dayton with the Wrights. Towers and Ellyson went to Hammondsport, New York, where Curtiss had his factory. There were no planes in stock, of

course. All planes in those days were built laboriously by hand, and the young officers were expected not only to supervise and suggest but also to pitch in with saw or plane or wrench as the construction went forward. Meantime Curtiss gave them flying lessons in the one plane he had.

Towers took his first lesson in June. No airplane had yet been designed that would lift two men, so he watched Curtiss in flight and listened to instructions. His first flight lasted four minutes. Three months later he was certified as a pilot by the Aero Club of America.

The three planes finally were completed, and the first Naval Air Station was set up at Annapolis. There was much excitement when the boxcars containing the planes were unloaded and the planes, made largely of bamboo and oiled silk, were set up in their tent hangars, and when the three gallant aviators began to fly them over and about the Severn River. But most of the gallantry consisted in long hours of work on the engines and rigging, for the three lieutenants had to be their own mechanics and maintenance men. More often than not they went into their own pockets to buy gasoline when the fund ran out.

The Navy was interested but skeptical. The planes would fly, to be sure. But what good would they be to the fleet at sea? True, Eugene Ely, one of Curtiss' civilian pilots, had already flown off the deck of an anchored ship and later landed on the deck of a moving one. But this was generally regarded as a stunt.

Towers and his companions began proving that their planes could really be of use to the fleet. Without instruments, because instruments did not exist, Towers made the first night flight in history, bringing his wobbly hydroplane down on the Severn River between a double line of anchored rowboats, each carrying a flaming bucket of gasoline. With Ellyson, he rigged the first set of dual controls, and the two of them flew all the way to Hampton Roads, 140 miles away, a new distance record for water planes. A little later Towers was to establish the first endurance record for water planes—six hours and twenty minutes in the air.

They experimented with radio, and eventually were able to maintain contact with a land station all of twelve miles away. And the three young fliers, under the guidance of Captain Chambers, finally rigged not only catapults so that their planes could be launched from battleship and cruiser decks, but cranes to hoist water planes aboard after they had landed in the sea. Finally, in 1913, they got permission to participate in the fleet maneuvers in Guantánamo Bay. Their demonstrations of scouting and reconnaissance, coupled with the first practice bombings ever carried out from an airplane, began to convince even the toughest sea dogs in the fleet that perhaps the airplane was something more than a fascinating toy, after all.

IN that same year Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, set up the first Navy Board of Aeronautics. Six line officers and one flying officer were appointed. The flying officer was Jack Towers. After investigation and discussion, the board made these recommendations:

Eventually the Navy would need 400 pilots and 200 airplanes. But for the immediate present, fifty airplanes would do, and sixty-one pilots, including twelve from the Marine Corps, would be enough. In addition, ninety-six enlisted men should

be assigned to Navy air. One water plane (hydroplane in those days) should be carried by every battleship. The abandoned Navy yard at Pensacola, Florida, should be converted to an air training station. An appropriation of \$1,297,700 would be needed.

But the Secretary of the Navy asked Congress for only \$350,000. Pensacola was designated as the first Navy air training station and the officers and men were assigned as requested. But only ten airplanes were purchased during the next two years.

Towers was placed in command of the flight school at Pensacola, and it was about this time that he really began to boil—to live in the mood of ferment and insistence and struggle for naval aviation which was to make him known as the Stormy Petrel of the Navy who would lock horns with anybody and everybody who failed to understand the pattern of the future.

John Towers was born in Rome, Georgia, on January 30, 1885. He attended local schools, studied a year at Georgia Tech, then went to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was graduated in 1906, and had a tour of sea duty before he launched his career as the chief driving force of naval aviation. Ellyson and Rodgers died in aviation before they reached their full power and authority. This left Towers alone.

In 1915, while we were still neutral, Towers was assigned by the Navy to observe the air operations of the belligerents in World War I. He spent months on the various fronts in Europe and came back in 1916 with voluminous reports. Then he was asked to tell what he could of lighter-than-air ships being used in the war. From memory he drew up a set of sketches and plans which were the basis of the first nonrigid dirigible airship ever built for the Navy.

During our participation in World War I, Towers was assistant director of naval aviation. He was powerfully instrumental in setting up the first unit of Naval Reserve fliers, which is today the very backbone of our Navy air. He intervened with the Assistant Secretary—still Franklin Roosevelt—to provide training and status for the Yale unit, headed by young Trubee Davison.

With the end of the war, people began

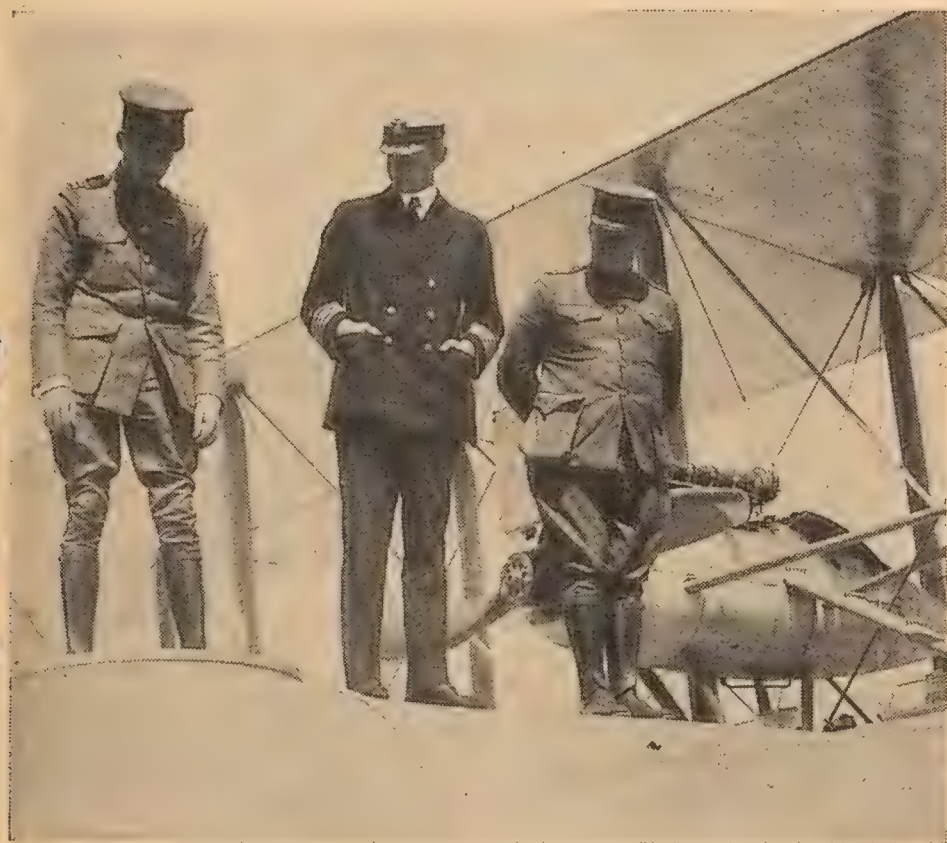
to discuss the possibility of crossing the Atlantic by air. Towers and Glenn Curtiss had shared an attempt to accomplish this miracle as early as 1914. Rodman Wanamaker had financed the building of a Curtiss transocean plane in behalf of an English flier, Lieutenant Commander John Cyril Porte, who hoped to win the \$50,000 prize offered by the London Daily Mail for the first successful crossing of the Atlantic by air. Curtiss built a seaplane, the America, and the Navy assigned Towers to assist in testing it. Porte fell ill and Towers did all the testing. The plane could not lift the required fuel load in final tests, and the outbreak of World War I interrupted further development.

But by 1919 Curtiss had designs for a plane which he felt certain could cross the Atlantic by staging at the Azores and landing at Lisbon harbor in Portugal. After Towers and others had examined the plans carefully, the Navy ordered four craft of the new Curtiss type. These were immense airplanes, even by present-day standards—biplanes with a wingspread of 126 feet. Each was powered with four Liberty engines.

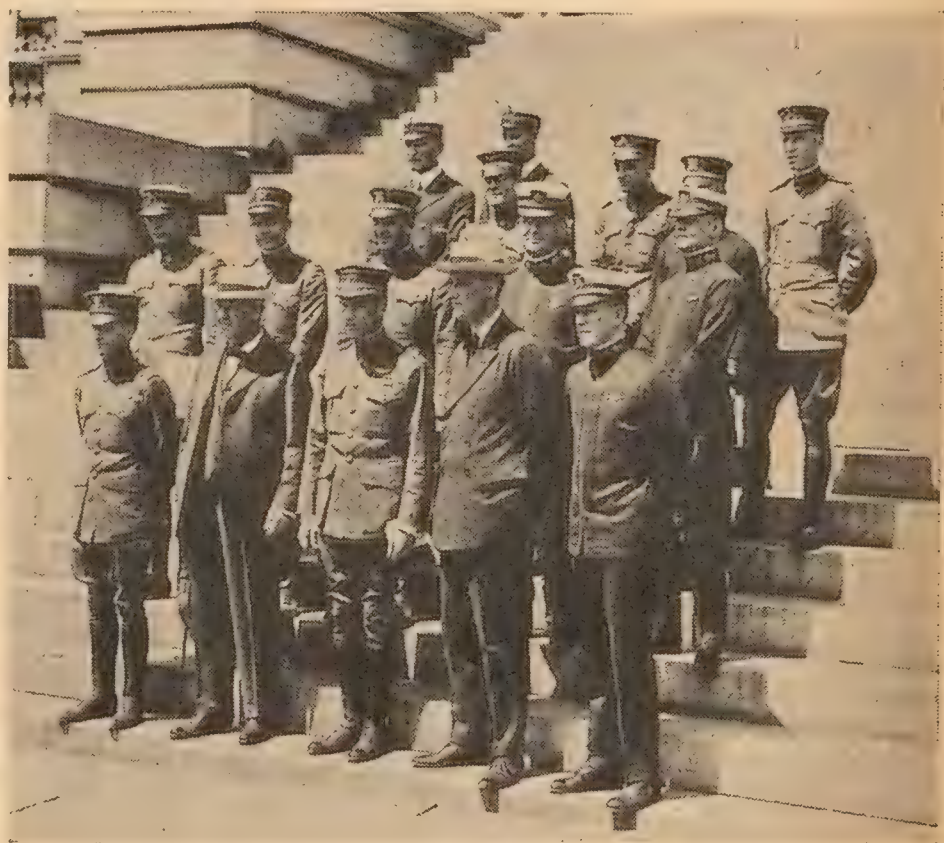
THE Navy decided to send three of these planes off in the attempt to bridge the Atlantic, and almost automatically Jack Towers was put in command of the operation. The three planes set out from Rockaway Beach in May, 1919. Towers' own plane and that of Pat Bellinger were eventually forced down (the crews were saved), but the NC-4, Commander Albert C. Read at the controls, landed successfully at Lisbon for the first of all crossings of the Atlantic by air.

Shortly thereafter the Navy moved into the doldrums. The Washington Conference of 1922 established the principle that powerful navies were no longer necessary in the scheme of things. We sank certain of our warships and cut up much of our half-finished naval construction. But meantime we had experimented with the world's first aircraft carrier, the converted collier Langley. And now, as the result of a stubborn persistence in which Towers participated, it was decided to redesign as aircraft carriers two of the half-completed battle cruisers which were marked for dismantling. These were the Lexington

(Continued on page 65)



Towers, left, then a commander, inspecting one of the NC flying boats before their transatlantic flight in May, 1919.



After the flight. Lt. Read of the NC-4 is at left, first row; Towers is third; Asst. Sec. Navy F. D. Roosevelt, fourth.



Lt. James McKnight of Fluvanna, Texas, never dreamed he'd honeymoon in Cairo, until he met Huguette Coffey, of Heliopolis, Egypt.

When G. I. Joe Takes an Alien Bride

BY CHARLES GORDON

DURING this global war six million American fighting men have journeyed to distant lands in quest of battle with the enemy. And they have performed their missions with superlative valor and effectiveness. But these boys of ours overseas have not been engaged exclusively in warfare.

There have been long periods of training and waiting for new assignments, and many G. I.s have improved their leisure time by courting the Irish colleens, the Australian lasses, and the girls of other countries in which they have been stationed. For they have discovered that the moon shines bright and full all over the world, that girls of other lands are desirable, too, and that a man's heart may be lost at any point of latitude or longitude.

We witnessed a somewhat similar phenomenon during World War I, when some of our doughboys then serving overseas acquired war brides whom they brought home at the war's end. But the problem is infinitely greater now. Our military forces in foreign theaters are much larger, the period of our participation is much longer, and our soldiers are more likely to come into contact now with civilians who speak the English language and whose habits and ideas resemble their own.

There are no precise figures on the number of marriages that have taken place so far, but wedding bells have rung for 15,000 doughboys in Great Britain, for example. It is said that 600 men in one American regiment stationed in Scotland married Scottish girls. In Australia it is estimated that well over 14,000 American G. I.s have married Aussie girls, and a considerable total has been recorded in New Zealand.

While the British Empire has been the most prolific breeder of wartime marriages, the G. I. has taken unto himself a wife in many other places, among them Algeria, Iceland, Iran, and the Fiji Islands. And the urge hasn't affected only the buck private. Many a commissioned officer has found that his dream girl inhabited some foreign land.

Our American girls, God bless them, may complain of the perfidy of their men, but there is little that can be done once the marriage pact has been concluded. The military authorities have established safeguards to prevent hasty, ill-considered marriages, including a prescribed "cooling off" period and the need for obtaining the approval of the commanding officer, but such regulations have had little appreciable effect in curbing the rising tide of matri-

mony. Even when permission has been denied or deferred, some lovelorn soldier boys have gone off and married anyway, braving court-martial and other dire consequences.

It seems to be a very easy matter for sociologists, clergymen, and social workers to prove statistically that the life expectancy of such marriages is far below normal. They cite the short courtships followed by long periods of separation soon after marriage; the severance of the bride from her family, friends, and home; the possible hostility of the husband's family, and other difficulties. But it is also certain that they are talking just for the exercise.

Yet, while most of us will side with the youngsters and pray that their venture in the lottery of marriage will pay off, it cannot be disputed that the G. I. who marries in a foreign land is undertaking a pretty tough assignment. Many headaches and heartaches await him before he can establish his home in the United States.

Consider the status of the new wife. The G. I. may have assumed, if he gave the matter any thought, that his wife would become an American citizen upon their marriage. If he believed this, he was indeed mistaken. Under our laws, a foreign-born woman does not become an



PHOTOS FROM ACME, INTERNATIONAL

To date, over 14,000 Yanks have married Australian girls. Here are a few lucky wives with their offspring en route to the United States.

Not rice—but red tape showers the foreign brides of our fighting men when they try to follow their husbands to the United States. Here are a few of the things that they have to do to get here

American citizen simply by marrying an American.

G. I. Joe thus learns that he has taken an alien wife. But what of the children produced by such a marriage? Already hundreds of children have been born abroad as the result of G. I. marriages. Are these children aliens too? They may be—under certain conditions. For example, the child is not born an American citizen if his father is under twenty-one at the time of the infant's birth. Also excluded from the benefits of American citizenship is a child born to a naturalized citizen who has not resided in the United States for ten years.

THE serviceman may be a little bit disturbed when he learns that his wife and child are aliens, but, on the other hand, he may shrug his shoulders and suppose that they will become citizens once they come to the United States. But here the second major difficulty is encountered. The soldier's new family may enter the United States only if they meet the requirements fixed by our immigration laws. It is no longer an easy matter for an alien to migrate to America, particularly since the number of immigrants now is severely restricted by annual quotas for each

country outside the Western Hemisphere. It is true that the wife and child of an American citizen are not subject to the quotas and may be permitted to enter as nonquota immigrants. But this exemption may be obtained only after going through a good deal of official red tape.

Consider the difficulties that confront twenty-year-old John Q. Brown when he tries to bring home to the United States the girl of his dreams, now Mrs. Brown, and their offspring, little Johnny. First, he must file a petition for approval of a non-quota immigration visa on behalf of his alien wife and child. His commanding officer may have a supply of the application blanks, or they may be obtained from the nearest American consul. After the application form is filled out, it must be sent to the Immigration and Naturalization Service at Philadelphia, together with birth certificates, marriage certificate, and other supporting documents. That agency passes on each petition and decides whether the soldier may bring his wife and child to this country.

The number of applications has been rising steadily and it is expected that V Day will be followed by an upsurge of additional requests. During the month of October, 1944, the Immigration and Natu-

ralization Service approved petitions of servicemen to bring to the United States 683 alien wives and sixty-two alien children, and the applications revealed an additional sixty-four children who did not require approval because they were American citizens.

The wives were natives of forty-seven foreign countries. A majority—396—originated in Australia, and the others represented many widely-dispersed countries, including Great Britain, Turkey, China, Iceland, India, Tasmania, Tunisia, and the Fiji Islands.

THE approval of the application by the Immigration and Naturalization Service is only the first lap in the long, tortuous trail that leads to the United States. Next comes the issuance of an immigration visa by an American consul abroad. This is by no means an automatic operation, for the consul will not grant the visa unless he is satisfied that the alien wife and child are not in danger of becoming destitute in this country.

The dependency allotment to the families of men in the armed forces is pretty good insurance against financial need, but many consuls will not approve an alien wife's visa unless the husband is in the United States or his family there undertakes to receive and care for the soldier's wife and child. And sometimes the wife's country will not permit her departure unless certain conditions are fulfilled. New Zealand, for example, does not allow a New Zealand wife of an American soldier to migrate until such time as her husband is back in the United States, ready to receive her.

In addition, the consul must be satisfied
(Continued on page 63)



I'll always remember how Laura looked at me before we started for the door. We didn't reach it. Carl Volland stood there, peering at us.

THE *Mystery of* NAUGATUCK ISLAND

By Jack Goodman and Albert Rice

ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND

LIKE everyone else, I've always looked ahead with anticipation to things, or looked back on them with pleasure. But those first few days in 'Sconset in October were the only time in my life I've ever said to myself, "This is what you've been waiting for and it's happening to you now!"

I know. That's the way most people feel

on their honeymoon. I won't go into a long song and dance about why Laura's and mine was better—for the first four days—than any other that's ever been. It just was.

Then the letter came, on the morning of the fifth day. Air-mail special. The girl at the desk of the Captain Ahab Inn handed me the letter as we came in from a walk on the beach. It contained a note from

Bruce McInnis and several battered clippings. McInnis has been city editor of the Express since the Coolidge era—ten years before he gave me my first job working the lobster trick at Brooklyn Police Headquarters.

Laura sat on the arm of my chair and read the letter with me. McInnis said he needed a story—one in the Where Are

They Now? series the paper was running—for a week from Sunday. He said there was good copy in the Volland, a couple of middle-aged wacks who had once made the front pages. Nowadays, Carl and Adelaide Volland were playing hermit on an island about twenty miles southeast of Nantucket.

McInnis added he hated to interrupt our vacation, but since I was in the neighborhood, he knew I wouldn't mind cruising over there.

"I gather you don't approve," Laura said.

"If he thinks he can break up our plans because his six-point brain cooks up something—" I said. I went on at some length, bitterly. Laura didn't pay much attention.

"Volland," she mused. "Carl Volland. The name's got a nice dramatic swing to it. It looks like a yarn you could do things with."

This didn't surprise me, since Laura thinks I can write a Pulitzer prize-winning story about a dog biting a man. What did, was that she didn't resent McInnis' suggestion.

"Why this sudden interest in hermits? Most normal brides would start throwing things if this happened on their honeymoon."

"I'm not a normal bride, darling. I'm a social climber," she said. "You've got to work very hard so we can buy a house and have six, or maybe seven children." She paused. "Furthermore, Bill, you're not getting torn loose from me. I'm going along. Who are these Vollandes anyway?"

I shrugged, decided against saying no to McInnis, and told her what I knew about Carl and Adelaide Volland.

"The Vollandes are hermits from way back. They've been living alone on this island for around three years—without servants, radio, telephone, or heliograph."

She wanted to know more, so I handed her some clippings and read the others myself.

We pieced out the background together. Back in 1938, Carl Volland had been a penniless da-da painter, one of the nobody-appreciates-my-genius school. Then he had married Adelaide Forrester.

It was a weird union. The bride had passed forty and was even more eccentric than her mate. She was also very wealthy. For years Adelaide had spent her money sponsoring astrologers, spiritualists, and

owned, there would be no contact with evils of modern civilization. There Adelaide would devote herself to her one love, who in turn would be able to produce pure, untainted art. Twice a year Carl was to visit the mainland for supplies via auxiliary yawl.

For a few months after their move to the island, the waters had swarmed with small boats bearing newspapermen bent on squeezing copy out of the love-on-a-deserted-island angle. When the couple refused to be interviewed, the press gradually lost interest.

When we'd gone through the clippings, Laura looked at me thoughtfully.

"If they wouldn't talk to anybody before, why should they give you a story now?"

"They won't. They'll probably take a few pot shots at me and I'll have to swim back."

"At us," Laura said. "We will have to swim back. I'm going along."

"No," I said.

"Yes," said Laura briskly. "If there are going to be any pot shots, you will be better off hiding behind a woman's skirts."

WE chartered the Queequeg next morning. She was a twenty-foot launch, wide in the beam, with a two-cylinder Rogers heavy-duty engine. I had to tell the owner the story of my life before he was sufficiently impressed with my seamanship to rent her to me.

His name was Jubal Higgins. He had a white beard and a commercial gleam in his eye. His place was below Wauwinnet and was a combination shipyard and souvenir shop.

"Sure you ain't one of them newspaper fellows?" he said suspiciously.

I said no, on a hunch.

"All right, then," he said. "I wouldn't want to take no chances my boat might get run up on them shoals off Naugatuck."

Laura and I looked blank while he relayed local gossip about the Vollandes and their dislike of newspaper folk.

We got away and headed southeast.

It was choppy out on open water and Laura began to look at me quizzically. She expected me to get seasick. I happen to be the possessor of a trick digestive system that's allergic even to ferryboats.

But there was enough wind blowing in my face to make things all right. Anyway, I felt fine and I kept busy managing the launch's archaic wheel. Laura lay curled up on the tiny raised deck, her head pillowed in her arms, commenting lazily on life in general.

Higgins had assured us that the Queequeg would make eight knots in any weather, but it was nearly two in the afternoon before I located Naugatuck.

"How's that for dead reckoning?" I said.

"Wonderful," said Laura, staring at the island. "And you certainly picked a dead-looking spot for it."

The place was perhaps a half mile long, an uninviting mass of rock and scrub oak and sand hunched together. A long ridge of whitecaps to our left showed the location of the sand shoals Higgins had worried about. You could still see Martha's Vineyard, a low hump against the horizon.

We headed inshore, toward the rickety pier. Volland's yawl was tied up there.

I funneled my hands and cut loose with a noisy "Island ahoy!" Nothing happened.

"You shout beautifully, darling," said Laura, "but isn't it slightly silly yelling your lungs out if no one's there?"

"Their boat's in, so they've got to be, too."

I turned our engine off and we slid gently alongside the old pier. We scrambled onto the dock, and looked around.

"Ugh!" said Laura.

"My feelings exactly," I said.

Everything looked decayed. The mid-section of the dock had caved in and barnacle-incrusted piles supported the rickety planks we had to clamber over to reach the island itself.

The house was even more depressing. It squatted gauntly on a little rocky knoll, a ramshackle gabled horror.

I muttered something about taking a look around. Actually, I wasn't intrigued at the prospect. That dour collection of sagging timbers made me uncomfortable.

We followed the path up to the house. We didn't talk. Perhaps we were depressed by the seedy ruin; perhaps neither of us liked trespassing where we weren't wanted. Then we sighted Carl Volland.

He was around the far corner of the house, painting. He continued to splash paint on the big eased canvas until we weren't more than a few feet away. Then, spotting us, he jumped to his feet, startled.

Laura and I both started talking. The usual remarks, apologizing for intruding. He blinked at us through his glasses.

"It's quite all right," he said. "You must pardon me for not coming down to the dock to meet you. My painting, you know—when I'm at work I quite lose all track of time and place. Mrs. Volland tells me that at such times you might explode a bomb near by without my hearing it."

For a moment I had no answer. I hadn't expected Volland to behave so mildly about our invasion of his island. He was tall, plump, and faintly cherubic. The pink-and-whiteness of his skin, combined with a gleaming expanse of bald scalp fringed by tufts of reddish hair, gave him a Dickensian appearance.

Volland cocked his head on one side and peered at us. He wanted to know if we had put in because we were running short of gas. I said no, that wasn't it.

"Indeed?" He looked surprised. "That was the only way I could explain your presence this far from the mainland."

I told him the truth and his expression didn't change. But his voice turned shrill.

"I'm afraid you have wasted your time," he said. "I never give interviews to reporters."

I TRIED being persuasive. Usually I'm good at it, but the system didn't work now. Then Laura asked if we might talk with Mrs. Volland.

Carl Volland shook his head emphatically. It was out of the question. Moreover, Mrs. Volland was in bed with a severe cold. "I can assure you that she shares my views regarding publicity. I am sorry."

After that, there wasn't anything to do but chuck in the sponge. We chatted with him for a few minutes and then left.

The Queequeg was well away before I noticed Laura behaving peculiarly. She was sitting in the rear of the boat, frowning off into space.

"You're thinking again," I said. "How many times have I told you that's the greatest threat to our marital happiness?"

She didn't grin back at me; just went on scowling.

"There's something very queer about that island," she said.

"If that's all that's worrying you, I can solve the problem," I said. "The place needs two kinds of decorators—interior and exterior."

"I don't mean that. What I'm brooding about is why Volland deliberately lied to us."

I swung around. "Lied to us?"

"In his teeth. Did you happen to get a good look at that painting of his?"

"Yes. I can sum it up in two words—not good."

"I'm not talking about its esthetic ap-
(Continued on page 52)

It was a good enough story to interrupt a reporter's honeymoon. It was very nearly good enough to interrupt it permanently with the newspaper headline: Two Bodies Found in Sea

phonies. Then suddenly she sponsored Volland.

The big story had come a month after their marriage, when they'd made page one:

WEALTHY COUPLE, RENOUNCING SINS OF THIS WORLD TO SPEND REST OF LIVES ON ISLAND

The story had color. The idea was that on Naugatuck Island, which Adelaide

SOFT SUITS SLATED FOR

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

BOLEROS, BRIEF AND B TONLESS, are perfect am- ples of the way suits to look like dresses. T vivid colors, electric blue and shocking pink, will sparkle the Easter fashion scene.



THE CHECKERBOARD MOTIF, once restricted to harlequin costumes, is now a very popular style. It proves that the-brighter-the-better is the key-note for spring suits.



The suit revival started with man-tailored styles. Three years ago a new, soft suit with dressmaker details appeared in expensive "high" fashions. This spring it will hit its peak of popularity, in all kinds of fabrics, in all vivid colors, in all price ranges.

YES, EVEN SPORTS SUITS take to soft details. Popular gabardine is made into a loose-looking lumber-jacket suit. Striped tweed is belted to create a blousy top. Both styles have the new cuffed shirt-waist sleeve.

ALL FASHIONS FROM R. H. MACY. PHOTOS BY WERNER SCHMIDT



LIBERTY

NO. 1 SPOT IN THE EASTER PARADE



THE BOBBY-SOX CROWD cling to the traditional man-tailored suit, always worn with a classic sweater and a string of pearls. Yes, the youngsters are the conservatives in fashion.

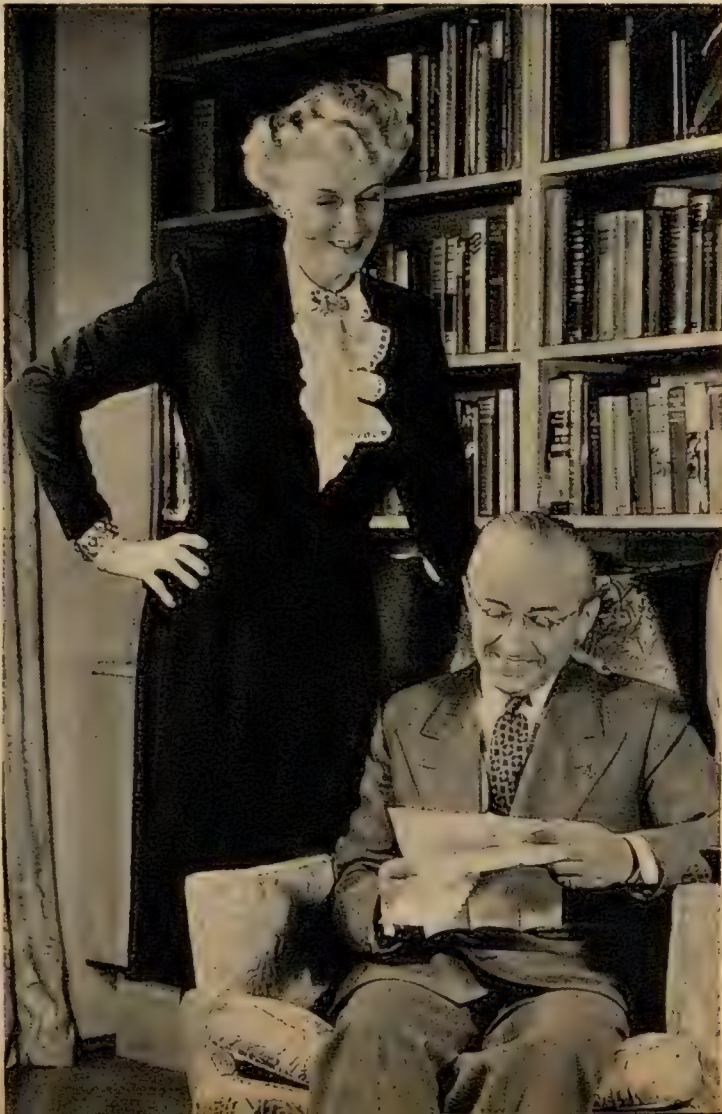
JUNIORS CHEER FOR CHECKS . . . and the new collarless look to their suits. See the dressmaker details on the left suit, a new 1945 touch. The classic cardigan has a new, looser, good-to-lounge-in look.



THIS TWO-PIECE DRESS copies a suit look. It boasts all these new features: loose armholes, a belted waist, a bow-tie neckline, a full shirred peplum, and, for contrast, a slim-line skirt.

MOTHER FOLLOWS THE TREND with a slenderizing dark faille suit. By changing to a print blouse, or a crisp piqué dickey, she creates a completely new-looking costume. Leave it to Mom to think of such economical tricks!

AT SWANK LUNCHEON SPOTS the green-salad devotees with slick figures will be seen in this form-fitting middy dress, inspired by a fencer's jacket. While suits get to look like dresses, dresses try to look like suits.





Will children ever learn
that parents don't count
the cost or effort when
their welfare is at stake?
Will parents ever learn
what children do is often
not so foolish as it seems?

MIKE McGOVERN was tired. So dog tired that when the high-line truck pulled into the warehouse yard he just sat wearily on the coil of rope, staring vacant-eyed down at his big red hands. Mostly it was Mike's legs that were tired. You could be forty-eight years old and carrying two hundred pounds and still get by if you didn't have to hit too many of the tall sticks; but when they kept you on the go, like the new foreman, Paul Emery, had crowded the crew today, your legs made you feel every year and every pound.

Mike raised himself up, got his climbing tools and headed for the locker room. Though it was nearly six o'clock, the September sun still hung high in the western sky and the heat was oppressive. The acrid odor of creosote came to Mike's nostrils as he passed the pole rack. He gave the long, glistening black poles an irritated glance. For twenty years he'd been in hooks. For twenty years he'd worked in heat and cold, rain and snow, giving his best, turning in a good day's work for each day's pay. What had it got him? Nothing. When there had been an opening for a new foreman a few days ago, the superintendent, Dave Breckenridge, hadn't even considered Mike; he'd brought in Paul Emery from another district. What was fair about that?

Mike ran a hand across his tired eyes. He wasn't thinking straight. Dave was square. After all, Emery was a college man, young, aggressive, smart. And Mike McGovern? Hell, he was just a big, awkward, ironhead lineman who hadn't even finished the eighth grade.

MIKE was putting his tools away when the superintendent came into the locker room. He was a thin-faced man with mild blue eyes and a quiet manner.

"Hello, Mike. How did things go today?"

"Well," Mike grunted, "I don't reckon I'll have to back up for my pay check."

"How did Emery do?"

Mike scowled. "All right," he said shortly. "Have you seen that kid of mine around?"

"He came in half an hour ago. I think he caught a ride home."

Driving home Mike thought about the kid. Dennis was seventeen, a tall gangling boy just out of the awkward age. He'd be a big man when he got his growth, Mike thought proudly. He had graduated from high school that spring and had been working as a groundman in Big Jim Grady's construction crew during the summer. The experience would do him a world of good, Mike figured, what with the kid

Dennis stood frozen, staring up.
Emery gave a hoarse shout. Mike
was already climbing up the pole.

LIBERTY

Ironhead Mike

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

planning to take an electrical engineering course in college.

Mike's daughter Kathleen had left to go back to school a couple of days ago. This was her last year. It was going to be tough to keep both the kids in college at once, but Mike figured he would manage some way just as he had managed to hold the family together ever since his wife had died when Dennis was born. Those kids were going to amount to something.

Supper was waiting when he got home. He lumbered into the kitchen where Bessie, the ample, gray-haired housekeeper, was fussing over the stove. He opened the refrigerator and got a bottle of cold beer. "Hi, Bess. Where's the kid?"

"He left a few minutes ago. Said he was eating supper at Lucille's house."

"Lucille?"

"The Payne girl. That boy's been chasing around with her all summer."

Mike took the beer and sat down. "Oh, that Lucille. Nice kid."

Bessie brought in his plate and then sat down across the table from him. He could tell that she had something on her mind.

"Well, Bess?"

"It's that boy," Bessie said firmly.

"What's he done now?"

"Nothing—yet. It's what he *might* do that's worrying me. He spends all his time with that Lucille—"

"Good Lord, Bess, they're just kids."

"How old were you when you got married?"

"Eighteen. But in my day—"

Bessie sniffed. "And what makes you think young people have changed so much since your day? It's none of my affair, Mike McGovern, but if he were my child I'd certainly lay the law down to him."

Mike carefully buttered a roll. He never had laid the law down to his kids. He had tried to teach them to make their own decisions. The way he figured it was that he wouldn't be around forever to help them, so the sooner they started solving their problems on their own the better.

"Bess," he grunted, "you've got the damndest imagination."

AS he sat on the front porch watching the gray twilight fall his tiredness gradually left him. The evening was clear and as the sky darkened the stars popped out one by one. Well, that meant no storms tonight and consequently no calls to go out and pick up a chunk of fallen wire.

He filled his pipe and lighted it, but soon he fell into a doze. It was late when he awakened. He was just about to go in to bed when he heard Dennis whistling up the walk. The boy sat on the porch step.

"Hi, dad. You're up kind of late."

"Just gettin' ready to go to bed. Have a hard day?"

"We started stringing in wire on the Twenty-third Street line this afternoon. Big Jim put me in the laying-up gang. Said I could start climbing tomorrow if I'd get me a set of tools."

Mike grinned in the darkness. The kid's voice had been extra casual but he was near busting with pride. Linemen were the elite of high-line crews, and there was no greater thrill in the game than came when you climbed your first pole.

"Well," Mike said, "reckon you could use my old set. It's out in the garage. Want me to give you a lesson or two?"

"I'll manage."

"Good thing you're gettin' a chance to climb. You'll be pullin' out for school in a week or so."

Dennis was silent for a time. Then he said, "Dad, I've been meaning to tell you. I'm not going to college this year."

The bowl of his pipe grew cold in Mike's hand. Absently he scratched a match and rolled it over the tobacco.

"When did you decide that?" he asked.

"I've been thinking it over for several weeks. I'm making good money and Big Jim says he'll put me in for a raise when I start climbing."

"I thought you were set on college?"

"Next year will be soon enough."

Mike looked out into the darkness, remembering suddenly what Bessie had told him. It wouldn't hurt to put college off for a year—if it were *only* a year. But supposing Dennis got himself tied down to a wife and prospective family just as he himself had got tied down? That'd pull the switch on the college idea in a hurry.

"This—this Lucille," Mike said gruffly, "does she—"

Dennis stiffened. "What's she got to do with it?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"We'll leave her out of it," Dennis said sullenly. "You've been listening to Bessie too much."

Mike wanted to grab the kid by the shoulders and say, "Look, kid, it's for your own good; if the girl's worth a dime she'll wait for you. Go to school and get yourself a hunk of education, else you'll grow up and be just another dumb ironhead lineman like your old man." But there were some things a father couldn't say to his son.

MIKE got up. "Well, maybe you better think it over some more. See you in the mornin', son."

Mike had trouble keeping his mind on his work next day. Maybe he should have done like Bessie said and laid the law down to Dennis last night. He felt suddenly that he'd been pretty much of a bust as a father, and for maybe the millionth time he wished that the kids' mother was still alive so she could tell him what to do. What did a dumb ironhead like himself know about raising kids?

The crew worked in south-town that afternoon, stringing in a couple of spans of wire to heat up a new transmission trunk which had just been completed. A town circuit intersected the trunk at right angles and the wire had to be strung in across it.

"Are you goin' to kill the four thousand?" Mike asked Paul Emery.

The foreman shook his head. He was a tall lean man with sharply chiseled features and a crisp way of speaking. He always knew exactly what he was going to do next, a trait which Mike envied.

"No," Emery said, "it won't be neces-
(Continued on page 67)



Mike wanted to say, "Look, kid, if the girl's worth a dime she'll wait for you."

"He's not ready
to accept the
truth about me"

Secrets

... **EACH AFRAID TO TELL!**

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents

GINGER ROGERS

challenging her unforgettable "Kitty Foyle"

JOSEPH COTTEN

from his triumph in "Since You Went Away"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in her first really grown-up glamour role

"She wouldn't
understand"

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

Directed by William Dieterle

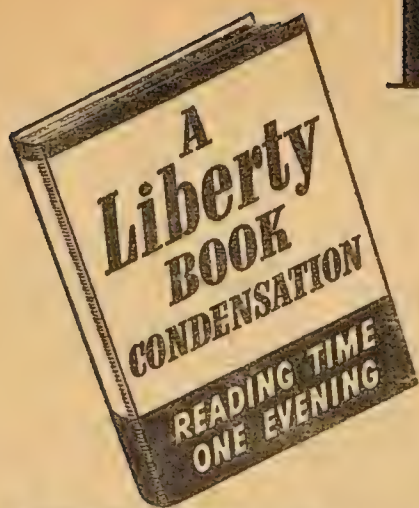
Produced by Dore Schary

Screen play by Marion Parsonnet

From a story by Charles Martin

Released thru United Artists

— She knew the secret of each!



TILL DEATH DO US PART

By John Dickson Carr



When Dick Markham was told that the charming girl whom he loved was a murderess, his heart wouldn't let him believe the evidence; but his mind wouldn't let him forget it. Mr. Carr has woven this tantalizing situation into one of the most exciting mysteries of the year.

ILLUSTRATED BY
REYNOLD POLLAK

THINKING the matter over afterward, Dick Markham might have seen omens or portents in the summer thunderstorms, in the fortune-teller's tent, in the shooting range, in half a dozen other things at that bazaar.

But he was much too happy.

Ahead, as he and Lesley turned in at the open gates with the stone pillars topped by the heraldic design of griffin and ash tree, stretched the grounds of Ashe Hall. There it lay in opulence, a year or so before the beginning of Hitler's war, though "opulent" was hardly a word that could be applied to the estate of George Converse, last Baron Ashe.

Lesley said, "We're horribly late, you know."

He looked at her—laughing and breathless, with her hands at the brim of her hat. He saw the desperate seriousness of her eyes, despite the smiling mouth. All her thoughts and emotions seemed concentrated in those

brown eyes, telling him what she had told him last night.

"Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

Ever since last night these same words had been repeated over and over, with no sense of repetition.

"I suppose," Dick said at length, "we've got to go to this damn cricket match?"

"It's going to pour with rain in a minute," Lesley answered. "I doubt if there'll be a cricket match. And—"

"And what?"

"I wanted to see the fortuneteller," said Lesley.

There could be no mistaking the fortuneteller's tent. Its dingy canvas had vertical stripes of white and red. Over the tent flap hung a neat sign which read: THE GREAT SWAMI, PALMIST AND CRYSTAL-GAZER: Sees All, Knows All, together with a big cardboard chart of a human hand pierced by explanatory arrows.

"Hoy!"

Major Horace Price, behind the counter of the miniature shooting gallery, had made a trumpet of his hands and was addressing them in a parade-ground voice. Most of the other stalls were deserted, their proprietors having evidently gone off to the cricket match.

"My dear chap!" said the major, skidding a little on the smooth grass. "My dear girl! I've been looking everywhere for you all afternoon! So has my wife! Is this true? Are you going to get married?"

"Yes. It's true enough."

"My dear chap!" said the major. He reached out and wrung the hand of each in turn.

Though not strictly entitled to be called major, since he had never been a Regular Army man and only gained this rank in the last war, the term so suited Horace Price that he was addressed by no other. Actually he was a solicitor, and a shrewd one.

"Lesley," Dick said, "is very anxious to see this famous fortuneteller. That is, if he's still at his post."

"See the fortuneteller, by all means. He's still there."



But first of all," grinned the major, "you're going to patronize *my* show."

"Guns?" cried Lesley. "No! Please! I'd rather not!"

"Nonsense!" said the major, picking up a small rifle and running his hand lovingly along the top. "Now here's a neat little .22 Winchester 61 hammerless. Very suitable for polishing off your husband after marriage." He chuckled uproariously. "Try it!"

Dick, who had put a half crown into the money bowl and was turning to urge her as well, stopped short.

Lesley Grant's eyes were shining with an expression he could not quite read; except that there was pleading in it, and fear too. She had removed her picture hat; her rich brown hair, worn in a long bob that curled outward at the shoulders, was a little ruffled by the wind. She had never been prettier than at that moment of intensity. She looked about eighteen years old, in contrast to the twenty-eight she admitted.

Evidently with the idea of being a sport, Lesley fastened her teeth in her lower lip and took the rifle from Major Price. She put her cheek to the stock and fired blindly. No bullet pock appeared on the target.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't do it. I know I oughtn't to be so foolish. It's just that—" She made a fierce gesture, finding no words.

Then she took up her hat from the counter. "I'll go and see the fortuneteller now."

"Women!" cried the major, as they watched Lesley walk the dozen yards to the striped tent. Then he spoke rather enviously. "You're a lucky young fellow, my lad."

"Don't I know it!"

"That girl," observed the major, "is a kind of witch. She comes here six months ago. She turns the heads of half the males in this vicinity. Money, too. And—" There he hesitated. "I say!"

"Yes, Major Price?"

"Have you seen Cynthia Drew today?"

Dick glanced at him sharply. The major was looking very hard at the line of rifles on the counter.

"Look here," said Dick. "There never has been anything between Cynthia and me. I want you to understand that."

"I know it, my dear fellow!" said the other hastily, though with every appearance of casualness. "I'm perfectly sure of it! All the same, the women do feel, in a way, that poor old Cynthia—"

"I've never paid any attentions, any serious attentions, to Cynthia. And I'm in love with Lesley. I've been in love with her ever since she came here. That's all there is to it. Though what she can possibly see in *me*!"

Major Price chuckled. "Oh, well!" he said deprecatingly, looking Dick up and down, and dismissing this with a wave of his hand. "After all, you're our local celebrity."

Dick grunted.

"Or I should say," amended the major, "that you're now one of our two local celebrities. Has anybody told you about the fortuneteller? He wants it kept quiet, but he's probably one of the greatest living authorities on crime—Sir Harvey Gilman."

"You don't mean the Home Office pathologist?"

"That's the chap," agreed Major Price complacently.

As startled as he was impressed, Dick swung round to stare at the red-and-white-striped tent, beside whose door the ghostly cardboard hand beckoned in the wind.

And he saw a weird shadow play. There was a light inside. Against the stormy darkness it threw on the tent wall discernible shadows of the two persons within.

"But what's Sir Harvey Gilman doing *here*?"

"He's taken Pope's cottage for the summer. You know—in Gallows Lane, not very far from your place." Again the major chuckled. "The chief constable introduced him to me, and I got an inspiration. I thought it'd be an excellent idea if we asked him to play fortuneteller and not reveal his identity until later. What's more, I think the old boy's enjoying himself."

Here Major Price broke off, with another parade-ground hail past Dick's ear.

DR. HUGH MIDDLESWORTH, with a bag of golf clubs slung over his shoulder, moved toward them at long strides to get ahead of the rain. He had been in charge of the golf hazard at the garden party.

Lean and fortyish, his thin-spun brown hair growing sparse on top, Dr. Middlesworth wore as a rule a vaguely harassed look. But he had, in place of conversation, a sudden understanding smile. It was unconscious; it was his only bedside mannerism; yet it worked wonders. Tramping over toward them now, slinging the golf bag from one shoulder to the other, he surveyed Major Price in astonishment.

"Aren't you at the cricket match?" he demanded.

"No," said the major, both question and answer being a little superfluous. "I've just been telling Dick about Sir Harvey Gilman."

But Dick's attention was elsewhere. There was something wrong inside the fortuneteller's tent.

The shadow of Lesley Grant had jumped to its feet. The shadow of the man was also standing, pointing a finger at her across the table. And the weirdness of that shadow play, wavering on a lighted wall, could not disguise its urgency.

The shadow of Lesley Grant turned round, and Lesley herself bolted out of the tent. Still carrying the rifle under his arm, Dick ran toward her. He saw her stop short—a white figure in the gloom—and she seemed to be bracing herself.

"Lesley! What's wrong? What was he saying to you?"

"He wasn't saying anything to me!" Lesley protested. "Just the usual thing about a happy life and a little illness, but nothing serious."

"Then why were you so frightened?"

"I wasn't frightened!"

"I'm sorry, darling, but I saw your shadow on the wall of the tent." He thrust the rifle into Lesley's hands. "Here, hold this for a minute!"

"Dick! Where are you going!"

"I want to see this bloke myself."

"But you mustn't!"

"Go on up to the house," he said. "I'll not be long." Then he pushed open the tent flap and ducked inside.

A voice pitched in a singsong deliberately guttural and assumed, struck at him sharply from the stuffy confines of the tent.

"I regret," it said, "you find me fatigued. That was the last sitting. I can oblige no more ladies or gentlemen today."

"That's all right, Sir Harvey," said Dick. "I didn't come to get my fortune told."

Behind the table sat the fortuneteller, a lean dry shortish man of fifty-odd, in a white linen suit and with a colored turban wound round his head. Under the turban peered a sharp-nosed face with a straight mouth, a bump of a chin, and an ugly worried forehead.

"I want to know," said Dick, "what you were saying to Miss Grant."

"Miss who?"

"Miss Lesley Grant. The young lady who was just in here. My fiancée. My name is Markham. Richard Markham."

"Markham. Don't I periodically see, in London, plays written by a certain Richard Markham? Plays of a sort that are called, I believe," he hesitated, "psychological thrillers?"

"That's right, sir."

"Tell me, Mr. Markham. This Miss Grant. Has she lived here in Six Ashes for very long?"

"No. Only about six months. Why?"

"How long have you been engaged to her? Believe me, I have a reason for asking that."

"We only got engaged last night. But—"

"I have been wondering how to break it to you," said Sir Harvey. "Do you know who this so-called Lesley Grant really is?"

Drawing a deep breath, he got up from his chair behind the table. And it was at this point that Dick heard the crack of the rifle shot.

He saw the small bullet hole jump up black in the side of the tent, now growing grayish where the wet crawled down. He saw Sir Harvey flung forward as by the blow of a fist—striking just beside and under the left shoulder blade. He saw, in one momentary flash, the inscrutability of the pathologist's face cracked open by a look of sheer terror.

As the ghost of a bloodstain took form and deepened on the side of the white linen suit, Dick heard a clear voice raised outside.

"Major Price, I couldn't help it!" It was Lesley's voice. "Somebody touched my arm, and my hand was on the trigger, and the rifle seemed to fire itself by accident!" The voice came from a little distance away, of anguished sweetness and sincerity against the tumult of rain. "I—I do hope I haven't hit anything?"

AT half past nine that night, Dick Markham paced endlessly up and down the study of his cottage just outside Six Ashes.

When the telephone rang, Dick snatched up the receiver with such haste that he almost knocked the phone off the desk.

"Hello," said the guarded voice of Dr. Middlesworth.

Clearing his throat, Dick put the cigarette down on the edge of the desk so as to grip the phone with both hands.

"How's Sir Harvey? Is he alive?"

There was a slight pause.

"Oh, yes. He's alive. The fact is, he wants to see you. Could you come over here to his cottage now? It's only a few hundred yards away."

"I'll come," said Dick, "just as soon as I've phoned Lesley and told her it's all right. She's been ringing here all evening, and she's nearly frantic."

"I know. She's been phoning here too. But"—there was more than a shade of hesitation in the doctor's manner—"he says he'd rather you didn't phone Lesley. Not just yet. He'll explain what he means. In the meantime"—again the doctor hesitated—"don't let anybody come with you, and don't tell anybody what I have just said."

As Dick hurried into the lane he could faintly hear the church clock to the west striking ten. By the time

he reached the last cottage, he was running. He must have been heard or seen stumbling across the front garden, for Dr. Middlesworth was at the front door and admitted him into a modern-looking hall.

"How badly is the old boy hurt?" Dick asked.

"He's not hurt at all."

Dick closed the front door with a soft bang and whirled around.

"He fainted from shock," Dr. Middlesworth went on to explain, "so of course everybody thought he was dying, or dead. But, unless you get a direct head or heart wound, a bullet from a .22 target rifle isn't usually very dangerous. When I extracted the bullet, he woke up and yelled bloody murder. That rather surprised Major Price. The major insisted on tagging along, though I tried to keep him away."

Abruptly Middlesworth stretched out his hand and turned the knob of a door on the left-hand side of the hall, motioning Dick to precede him. It opened into a sitting room, large, though rather low of ceiling, with two front windows facing the lane. In an armchair beside a table sat the fortuneteller in pajamas and a dressing gown. His head, shorn of the turban, was now revealed as bald, above the skeptical eyes and sharp-pointed nose and hard sardonic mouth.

He looked Dick up and down, more than a little vindictiveness in his manner. "About this woman, the so-called Lesley Grant. Has she by any chance invited you to dinner at her house one day this week or next as a sort of celebration?"

"As a matter of fact she has. Tomorrow night."

Sir Harvey looked startled. "Tomorrow night, eh?"

What rose most clearly in Dick's mind was the image of Lesley herself against the background of her house on the other side of Six Ashes. Lesley, with her fastidiousness. Lesley, who hated ostentation, and never wore lipstick or jewelry. Her face rose before him, molded into an image of warmth and gentleness. Inexplicably, Dick found himself shouting.

"What accusation are you making? Are you trying to tell me her name isn't Lesley Grant at all?"

"I am," answered Sir Harvey. He lifted his eyes. "Her real name is Jordan. She's a poisoner."

FOR a space while you might have counted ten, nobody spoke. Then Dick spoke without anger, even with a certain casualness:

"That's absurd."

Sir Harvey said calmly, "I didn't expect you to believe me. But I've phoned London for photographs and fingerprints."

"Wait a minute! What, according to you, is Lesley supposed to have done?"

"She poisoned three men. Two of them were her husbands; that's where she gets her money. The third—"

"What husbands?"

"Does it shock your romantic soul?" inquired Sir Harvey. "Her first husband was an American corporation lawyer named Burton Foster. Her second was a Liverpool cotton broker called Davies; I forget his first name. Both were wealthy men. But the third victim, as I was saying—"

Dick Markham pressed his hands to his temples. He wanted not to have heard.

"I'm sorry, young fellow"—Sir Harvey flung his dead cigar into the ash tray—"but there it is. I first met this young lady thirteen years ago. I often served in the capacity of police surgeon as well as pathologist. One morning in winter we learned that an American named Foster had been found dead in his home in Hyde Park Gardens. I went out there with Chief Inspector Hadley, now Superintendent Hadley.

"It seemed to us a clear case of suicide. The deceased's wife had been away from home for the night. The deceased was found half sitting, half lying on a sofa beside a little table in the dressing room. The cause of death was hydrocyanic, or prussic acid, injected into the left forearm by means of a hypodermic syringe found on the floor beside him."

Sir Harvey paused. A rather cruel smile pinched in the wrinkled flesh round his mouth.

"In Foster's case, suicide seemed plain. No man in his senses allows a murderer to inject him neatly in a vein with a hypodermic smelling of bitter almonds. The windows of the dressing room were locked on the inside. The door was not only bolted on the inside, but had an immensely heavy chest of drawers drawn across it. We reassured the stricken widow, who had just returned home in prostration and floods of tears."

Dick Markham tried to hold hard to reason.

"And this widow," he said, "was—"

"The woman who calls herself Lesley Grant."

Again there was silence.

"We now come to one of those coincidences mistakenly supposed to be more common in fiction than in real life. Five years later, Hadley and I ran into each other in Liverpool, where I was giving testimony at the assizes. We met the local superintendent of police, and in passing the time of day, he said—"

Here Sir Harvey cast up his eyes.

"He said, 'Rather queer suicide out Prince's Park way. Man killed himself with prussic acid in a hypodermic. Elderly chap, but plenty of money; good health; no troubles. Still, there's no doubt about it. The inquest's just over now.' And we saw somebody in black coming along the hall, where we stood. A group of sympathizers surrounded her. I'm pretty tough, young man. I'm not easily impressed. But I've never forgotten the look on Hadley's face when he turned round and said, 'By Heaven, it's the same woman!'"

Quietly, as Sir Harvey Gilman ceased to speak, Dr. Middlesworth crossed the room, circled round the big writing desk, and sat down in a creaky basket chair near the windows.

"Go on, Sir Harvey," said Dick.

"Mr. Davies, the Liverpool broker," continued the other, "had been found lying across the desk in his den. And once more the room was locked up on the inside. The final step in the lady's progress I can tell you very briefly. It was three years ago that a friend of mine living in Paris, to whom I'd once told the story, sent me a cutting from a French newspaper.

"The cutting reported an unfortunate suicide in the Avenue George V. The victim was M. Martin Belford, a young Englishman, who had a flat there. It appeared that he had just become engaged to be married to a certain Lesley Somebody—the name escapes me now."

"Four days later he dined with his lady at her home, as a sort of celebration of the engagement. He went home. Next morning he was found dead in his bedroom. Room locked up. Intravenous poisoning by hydrocyanic acid."

"Look here," Dick burst out. "This whole thing is impossible!"

"Of course," agreed Sir Harvey. "But it happened."

"I mean, they must have been suicides after all!"

"Perhaps they were," the other's tone remained polite, "or perhaps not. But, come now, Mr. Markham! Let's face it! Whatever your interpretation of the facts, don't you find this situation just a *little* suspicious? Just a *little* unsavory?"

Dick was silent for a moment. Then he said, "She didn't marry the fellow. Did she stand to gain anything by his death?"

"No. Not a penny."

"Then where's your motive?"

"Damn it all, man!" said Sir Harvey. "Don't you see that by this time the girl can't help herself?"

WITH considerable awkwardness, holding himself gingerly, he put his hands on the arms of the chair and propelled himself to his feet. He took a few little steps up and down the shabby carpet.

"You know that, young man. Or at least you profess to know it. The poisoner never does stop. The poisoner can't stop. It becomes a psychic disease, the source of a perverted thrill stronger—more violently exciting—than any in psychology. Poison! The power over life and death! Are you aware of that, or aren't you?"

Dick got up from his chair. He wanted to shut away from his ears the voice that was crowding him into a corner.

"You can adopt," pursued the other, "one of two courses. The first, I see, has already suggested itself to you. You want to have this thing out with her, don't you?"

"Naturally!"

"Very well. There's a telephone out in the hall. Ring her up, ask her if it's true, and pray she'll deny it. Of course she *will* deny it. Your common sense, if you have any left, must tell you that. Which leaves you exactly where you were in the first place."

"What's the other course?"

"You can set a trap," Sir Harvey Gilman answered simply. "You can discover for yourself what sort of person she is. And I can discover just how the devil she manages to commit these murders."

DICK sat down again. He had more than a vague idea of the trend this conversation was taking now.

"What sort of trap?" he demanded.

"Tomorrow night," said Sir Harvey, "you are having dinner with the lady at her house. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"As a sort of celebration of your engagement. Just as Martin Belford had dinner with her a few hours before he died."

A sensation of physical coldness crept into Dick's stomach. It was not fear; fear was too absurd an emotion to consider in relation to Lesley. But it wouldn't go away. He spoke sharply:

"Look here, sir! You don't think I'm going to go home afterward, and lock myself up in a room, and be found dead next morning of prussic-acid poisoning?"

"That, at least, will be the effect."

"But why? Because of something that will be said or done or suggested at this dinner?"

"I don't know," returned Sir Harvey, spreading out his hands. "That's why I want to be there and see for myself."

He was silent for a moment, pondering.

"Please observe," he went on, "that for the first time we're in a position to see for ourselves. Deductions will get us nowhere. Gideon Fell found that out. We must use our eyes. And there's just one other thing we can use our eyes on. When she married Foster, the American lawyer, somebody installed in their bedroom a small but very efficient wall safe. When she married Davies, the Liverpool broker, a wall safe was installed in their house. When she was living alone in the Avenue Foch in Paris, a similar type of safe turned up there too."

"Meaning what?"

"She doesn't own jewelry, does she?" Sir Harvey pointed his finger.

Dick reflected. "That's true."

"Furthermore, never keeps large sums of money in the house?"

"No. Never."

"Then what does she want with a burglar-proof safe? There is one in her house now, young man. Isn't there?"

"Yes, there is. I happen to know, because the maid commented on it." Dick hesitated. "Lesley only laughed, and said that was where she kept her diary." He paused. "Her diary," he repeated. "But that—"

"Will you please face the fact," said Sir Harvey, "that this girl isn't normal? That the poisoner has got to confide in someone or something, and that it usually is a diary? All the same, I should expect to find something besides that. No poison, you recall, was ever traced to her. It may be that. Or it may be—"

"Well?"

"Something even more unpleasant," replied Sir Harvey. His mouth had an odd expression. "Gideon Fell once said—"

There was an interruption.

"I heard at the pub today," suddenly observed Dr. Middlesworth, taking his empty pipe out of his mouth, "that Dr. Fell is spending the summer at Hastings. He's got a cottage there."

"Gideon Fell near here? Then we must have him in," said Sir Harvey. "Because Hadley consulted him after the Davies case, and those locked rooms utterly beat

him. Whereas we, you see, shall proceed to unlock the room—"

"With my help?" Dick asked bitterly.

"You, Mr. Markham, will go to this dinner. You will do whatever she tells you and accept whatever she tells you. I shall be in the next room, listening. With your assistance, we shall find out what she keeps in this famous hiding place. And when we do discover how a not-very-clever lady has managed to beat the police of two nations—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Dr. Middlesworth again. Getting up from the basket chair, he walked to the nearer of the two windows. Putting his head out, he glanced left and right. Then he lowered the window and stared at it for a moment—a long moment—before closing the curtains.

"Well?" demanded Sir Harvey. "What is it?"

"Nothing," said the doctor, and returned to his chair.

Dick was leaning back in his. He felt bruised and defeated. This placid sitting room, with its military prints and its dark oak beams, seemed as unreal as the history of Lesley.

"You shall have your final instructions," Sir Harvey said with meaning, "tomorrow morning. I have your word, I hope, that you will drop no word or hint of this to our nimble friend?"

"But suppose she is guilty," said Dick, almost shouting out the words; "suppose by any chance she is guilty, and this trick of yours proves it. What happens then?"

"Suppose we leave that until you see how you feel after the experiment."

"In the meantime—" Dick began.

"In the meantime," interposed Dr. Middlesworth, "you're going home and try to get some sleep. You," he turned to Sir Harvey, "are going to lie down. You tell me you've got some luminal with you; and you can take a quarter grain if that back starts to hurt."

"I shall not sleep," Sir Harvey complained. "To find out the game at last—to discover how she can poison husbands and lovers but nobody else!"

Dick Markham, who had got up heavily and was turning toward the door, swung round again.

"Nobody else?" he repeated. "What exactly do you mean by that?"

"If we have any clue to these sealed-room affairs, my guess is that this is it: her method would work with an addleheaded man in a duped and bedazed state of mind. It would not work for a second with anybody else."

"It wouldn't work, for instance, with you or me?" suggested Dr. Middlesworth.

"Hardly," replied their host with dry ponderousness. "Good night, gentlemen. Many thanks!"

As Dick turned in at his cottage, scattered words and phrases, sometimes whole sentences, returned to him and jostled through his head with audible vividness.

"Prostration and floods of tears. . . . Their bedroom. . . . Don't you find this situation just a little suspicious? Just a little unsavory?"

His cottage seemed a hollow shell, booming as he closed the front door behind him. He walked down the passage to the study, opened the door, and stopped short.

ON the sofa in the study sat Lesley.

He kissed her after a fashion.

"Dick," Lesley said quietly, "what's wrong? You've—gone away, you're not there any longer. What is it?" Then, quickly: "Is it this fortuneteller, Sir—Sir Harvey Gilman? How is he?"

"He's as well as can be expected."

"That means he's going to die, doesn't it?" asked Lesley. Enlightenment seemed to come to her. Then she regarded him with horror. "You don't think I did that deliberately, do you?"

"My dear girl! Shoot at him deliberately? You'd never even met the old boy before, had you?"

"Never!" A film of tears came over her eyes. "I—I didn't so much as hear his name until afterward. Somebody told me."

He attempted a laugh.

"If he does die, Dick, what will they do to me?"

"Nothing at all. It was an accident."

"I mean—will the police come and see me, or anything like that?"

The room was absolutely silent. They seemed poised in an unreal void of books and pictures and lamplight.

"There'll have to be an inquest, I'm afraid."

"You mean it'll be in the papers? Shall I have to give my name?"

"It's only a formality, Lesley—and why not?"

"No reason! Only—it won't spoil our celebration, will it?"

"You mean—tomorrow night?"

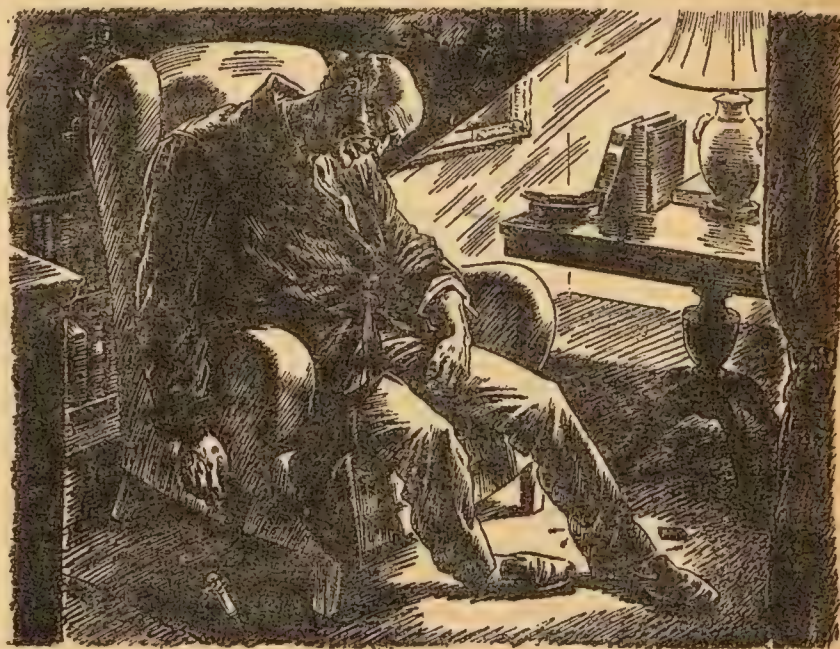
"Yes, our dinner together."

"Nothing could keep me away."

"I want everything to be perfect tomorrow. Because I've got something to tell you."

While she spoke, the knocker out on the front door began to rap sharply. Dick, glad of the interruption, hurried to open the door, and blinked in surprise at the visitor.

George Converse, Baron Ashe, was a middle-sized wiry man in his early sixties, with iron-gray hair and a pink-



ish complexion, but a scholarly preoccupied face. You seldom saw him. He was supposed to be compiling an interminable history of his family. His clothes had always a vaguely shabby look, not surprising when you considered his taxes. He could be good company when he chose, or when he did not seem to run down like a clock.

He stopped abruptly on the threshold of the study, looking oddly at Lesley. She jumped to her feet.

"H'm, yes," muttered the visitor. "Yes, yes, yes!" Then he roused himself, with a courteous bow and smile. "Miss Grant, isn't it? I—er—thought—" Evidently at a loss, he turned to Dick. "My dear boy, there's the very devil to pay."

"About what?" cried Lesley.

"Somebody's stolen a rifle," answered Lord Ashe. "Please tell me, Miss—er—Grant, after the regrettable accident this afternoon, do you recall what happened to the rifle after you gave it to Major Price?"

Lesley shook her head and shivered.

Lord Ashe turned to Dick. "Do you happen to remember, my boy?"

"Bill Earnshaw—that's the bank manager, you know," Dick recalled— "Bill Earnshaw had just come up. Major Price asked Bill to mind the rifles while the major and Dr. Middlesworth carried Sir Harvey to the doctor's car."

"Er—I dare say it's of no importance," Lord Ashe said after a moment. "Have you transportation, Miss Grant?"

"Transportation?"

"To go home," explained Lord Ashe. "May I offer you a lift?"

"Thank you, Lord Ashe. I suppose I'd better go."

Her eyes begged Dick Markham to suggest an excuse for her to stay and talk a little longer. There was almost a hysteria in her manner, silently asking for that word. And he would not give it. If she stayed five minutes longer, he would blurt out the whole story.

So they left him, and it tore at his heart to watch Lesley's face. They were no sooner outside than he wanted to call out, "Come back! This isn't true! Let me tell you about it!"

But the car moved away.

HE went over and lay down on his back on the sofa. "I'll just close my eyes for a moment," he said. "The lights being on will keep me awake. Anyway, I don't want to sleep. I'll just close my eyes for a moment. Then I'll get up and pour myself a drink."

If anybody had peered in through the window—and it is now certain that, in the thin dwindling hours, a certain face did peer in—this person would have seen a light-haired young man, with a strong jaw but far too much imaginative development in the forehead, lying on a rucked-up sofa, in gray flannels and an untidy sports coat, and muttering, white-faced, in his sleep.

To Dick Markham those hours, when he did not "go" to sleep but was knocked out by it, were only a blank black severance from the real world until something pierced through it. Something clamored and called with an intensity of shrillness. . . .

The telephone was ringing. Though he was still only half awake when he picked up the receiver, the whispering voice which breathed out of the phone recalled him with its urgency.

"Colonel Pope's cottage," said that thin voice. "Come at once. If you don't come at once, you'll be too late."

"Who's speaking?" he said. "Who's—"

The line went dead. It had been a mere whisper of a voice, unidentifiable.

Dick hurried out of the cottage into the hush and dimness of morning, and ran eastward along the lane as hard as he could run. He was just within sight of Sir Harvey Gilman's cottage when a light went on in the sitting room.

Ahead of him it was still dusky. On his left, parallel with the lane, began the thick coppice of birches which pressed up along the stone boundary wall. On his right, some hundred-odd yards ahead, stood the cottage.

A slight rasping noise, as of metal against stone, made him turn his eyes to the left, along the boundary wall of Ashe Hall Park.

Somebody, hidden from sight behind that low stone wall, was running out a rifle. Somebody was steadying the barrel on the top of the wall, aiming, with carefully drawn sights, at one of the lighted windows in the cottage opposite.

"Hoy!" yelled Dick Markham.

But it went unheard when the report of the rifle cracked out with inhuman loudness, sending birds whirring up from the trees. Dick's long eyesight caught the star of the bullet hole in window glass. Then the rifle vanished.

For perhaps ten seconds Dick stood there motionless. He believed with horrible certainty that he knew what had happened. To chase any marksman in that dense coppice would be hopeless.

The edge of the sun showed itself, a tip of fiery white gold behind the dark screen of trees, with only the little lane between. The light shone straight along that lane into Dick's eyes. Some third person, who must also have heard the shot, appeared in the lane from the easterly direction.

"What is it? Who's there?" the figure called.

He recognized the voice of Cynthia Drew, and he ran forward even as she ran to meet him. They met just outside the front garden of Sir Harvey's cottage. Cynthia was one of those healthy straightforward girls who laugh a good deal and yet sometimes seem more complex than their flightier sisters. There could be no denying her prettiness: fair hair, blue eyes, with a fine complexion and fine teeth.

"Dick! What is it?"

"It's trouble, I'm afraid."

"But what on earth are you doing here?"

"If it comes to that, Cynthia, what are *you* doing here?"

She made a gesture. "I couldn't sleep, I went for a walk. Dick! Was what we heard—"

"Yes, I think so."

Dick swung round to look at the stone boundary wall, opposite those windows, with the screen of birch trees rising dark above it. In three strides he crossed the strip of coarse grass separating the wall from the lane, and peered into the semi-gloom beyond the wall. Something had been thrown down under the trees there, left behind when the marksman fled.

Vaulting over the wall, completely disregarding any question of fingerprints, Dick picked up this object. It was a .22-caliber slide-action repeating rifle—a Winchester 61. He could not doubt it was the same one he expected to find.

After Lesley Grant had given back the rifle to Major Price yesterday afternoon, the rifle had been stolen from the shooting gallery. That was what Lord Ashe had said.

Dropping the rifle on the ground again, Dick vaulted back over the wall. Lesley, at least, couldn't have done *this*. He hardly saw or heard Cynthia, who was saying something he did not afterward remember. Instead he set off at a run toward Sir Harvey's cottage.

Under dusty lamplight, contrasting with broadening day, the figure of the little pathologist sat motionless in front of the big table. You saw his face in profile, its chin muscles sagging and the eyes partly open. That he was looking at a dead man Dick Markham did not doubt. But there was something wrong. . . .

"Dick," breathed Cynthia's voice at his elbow, "*that bullet didn't hit him.*"

It was true.

On the back wall of the room, facing them as they looked through the window, hung a big colored print



depicting some phase of the Battle of Waterloo. The rifle bullet had drilled through the window, passed close to the top of Sir Harvey's head, and shattered the lower edge of the picture. But it had not touched the man.

"Wait here a minute," Dick said to Cynthia.

Hurrying to the front door above two stone steps, he found it unlocked. He threw it open. On the left of the hall was the door leading into the sitting room. But he was not able to open this door, though he wrenched with violent hands at the knob. It was fastened on the inside.

He tore out into the front garden again, where Cynthia was still staring through the window.

With a hazy idea that the bullet hole might be required as evidence, Dick did not touch that right-hand window. Instead he went to the other window. From the unkempt grass of the garden he picked up half a brick, and flung it at the window with a crash that brought glass rattling down in shards.

From that stuffy room, very distinct in the morning air, stirred a breath which drifted out of the window with a small but perceptible odor of bitter almonds. It came at their faces in a wave. Cynthia, beside him, put a hand on his arm.

"It—it smells like fingernail varnish," she said. "What is it?"

"Prussic acid."

Reaching inside the shattered window, Dick put up his hand, unlocked the catch of the window, and pushed it up. Then he hauled himself up across the sill and dropped into the room amid crunching glass.

The bitter-almonds odor was more distinct now. It required some effort to go close and touch that body, but Dick did it. The man he knew as Sir Harvey Gilman had been dead for only a few minutes, since the body was still almost at blood heat. It was still dressed in pajamas and dressing gown.

Dick glanced across at the door leading to the hall.

Frantically he went over and inspected it. The key was turned in the lock, and a small tight-fitting bolt was solidly pushed fast on the inside.

"So," Dick remarked aloud, "he said it couldn't possibly happen to him?"

THE light of the hanging lamp caught a faint gleam near the floor beside the easy chair. Something there caught Dick's eye: a smallish hypodermic syringe, with slender glass barrel and nicked plunger. It had dropped beside the chair, sticking point downward in the carpet, as though it had fallen there from the dead man's relaxing fingers.

On the carpet at the side of the chair, this time as though fallen from the victim's left hand, lay a spilled box of drawing pins.

Dick picked up one, pressing its sharp point against his thumb and noting in an idle sort of way that it would have made much the same sort of puncture in a human arm as a clumsily administered hypodermic. He stood trying to arrange thoughts that would not cohere, when there came a scraping noise at the window. Cynthia with supple agility had swung herself through, and landed on her feet lightly, like a cat, amid broken glass.

"Got to telephone," he said, to forestall the torrent of questions he saw in her eyes. "Excuse me."

The telephone, he remembered, was in the hall. He unlocked and unbolted the door, observing both the weight of the lock and the small tight-fitting closeness of the bolt.

Talking to Middlesworth, he thought, was going to be infernally difficult with Cynthia in the next room. The ringing tone buzzed interminably before his call was answered by the unmistakable bedside voice of a woman just roused from sleep.

"Sorry to trouble you at this hour, Mrs. Middlesworth! But—"

"The doctor's not in," said the voice, controlling itself. "He's up at Ashe Hall. One of the maids was taken badly in the night, and Lady Ashe was worried. Isn't that Mr. Markham speaking?"

"Yes, Mrs. Middlesworth."

"I am sorry he's not here," murmured the voice, with restrained suspicious pleasantness. "If it's urgent, you could ring him there. Or walk across the park and see him. Good-by."

Walk across the park and see him.

That would be better yet, Dick decided. He could reach Ashe Hall in two minutes. He hurried back to the sitting room, where he found Cynthia biting uncertainly at her pink underlip.

"Listen, Cynthia. I've got to go up to the Hall; Middlesworth is there now. I don't mean to be gone longer than ten minutes. In the meantime, will you ring Bert Miller and then stand guard? Just tell Bert that Sir Harvey Gilman has committed suicide."

"But—"

"The old boy did commit suicide, you know."

"Are you going to trust me, Dick? Tell me about it later, I mean?"

"Yes, Cynthia. I will."

It was good to have somebody he could trust, to have Cynthia's straightforwardness and practicality in the mists of nightmare. He pressed her hands, though she would not look at him. He left the house, crossed the lane, made his way through the dark birch coppice and up over the green slope of South Field to Ashe Hall.

Lord Ashe was coming round the side of the house—in his usual corduroys and ancient coat, wearing gardening gloves and carrying a pair of rose-tree shears.

"Er—good morning," he greeted in a puzzled tone.

"Good morning, sir. You're up early."

"I'm always up at this time," said Lord Ashe.

Dick's gaze strayed along the south wing of the Hall.

"Don't you ever lock any doors or windows here, sir?"

Lord Ashe laughed.

"My dear boy," he answered, making a slight gesture with the shears and pressing the pince-nez more firmly on his nose, "there's nothing to steal. The pictures are all copies. My elder brother Frank presented the family jewels to a celebrated—er—lady of easy virtue years ago."

Dick let him have it straight. He wanted the reaction of this solid man, with his soft voice and his ruddy complexion and his iron-gray hair, to a situation that would presently have Six Ashes by the ears.

"Sir Harvey Gilman has committed suicide."

"But this"—Lord Ashe looked around for a place to put down the shears and, finding none, kept them in his hands—"this is fantastic!"

"I know."

"Come to think of it," muttered Lord Ashe, "I did fancy I heard a shot in the middle of the night. Or was it later? Was it—" He stared at memory.

"Sir Harvey didn't shoot himself. He took a hypodermic, apparently containing prussic acid, and injected it into his arm. Cynthia Drew and I found him not half an hour ago."

"He seemed in the best of health and spirits, except for that unfortunate acci—" Lord Ashe rubbed his forehead with the hand that held the shears. "Could he have been depressed, or anything of that sort? I've seldom met a man with more—what shall I say?—zest for life. He reminded me of a chap who was once here selling Bibles. And—er—may I ask why you come here?"

"I've got to see Dr. Middlesworth. His wife said he was at the Hall."

"Oh, yes, Middlesworth was here. Cicely, that's one of the maids, had a bad turn in the night. Appendicitis. But he left some time ago. Said he had to run over to Hastings."

"To Hastings? At half past five in the morning? Why?"

Lord Ashe looked puzzled.

"I can't say, my dear fellow. Middlesworth was rather mysterious about it."

MISS LESLEY GRANT awoke at a quarter past eight in the morning.

Anybody who saw her then—fortunately or unfortunately, nobody did see her—would have been a little disquieted by the stealth of her movements. Slipping out of bed in a white silk nightgown trimmed with lace, she ran across to the only picture in the room and lifted it down from the wall.

Underneath showed the front of a small circular wall safe, dull steel, with a combination lock.

Lesley's breathing grew shallower; her breast hardly seemed to rise and fall. She touched the dial of the safe, and had given its knob two partial turns, when a heavy tread on the staircase outside in the passage, with the rattle of crockery on a tray, warned her that Mrs. Rackley, the maid-cook-housekeeper, was on the way with morning tea.

She replaced the picture and flew back to bed. She was sitting up in bed, the pillows propped behind her—shaking back her hair, with scarcely a heightened color or quicker breathing—when Mrs. Rackley opened the bedroom door.

"Awake, miss?" inquired Mrs. Rackley with her usual formula. "Lovely morning! Here's a nice cup of tea."

After glancing round the room, she creaked across it and set the tray in Lesley's lap. While Lesley drank, Mrs. Rackley surveyed the room sharply, her eye lingering a moment on the picture.

"Was you out last night, miss?" she asked.

"Out?" Lesley echoed.

"Was you out," explained Mrs. Rackley, "after 'is lordship drove you home from Mr. Markham's last night?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"When you came home from Mr. Markham's," stated Mrs. Rackley, "you was wearing the dark green frock."

I distinctly remember thinking how well you looked in it. But the last thing you had on last night must have been—" She pointed to a chair. Over its back lay a black shirt and a white jumper.

"But I didn't go out!" protested Lesley. An odd expression flashed through her eyes and was gone, but it sent color up in her cheeks. "If anybody says I did, it's a wicked lie!"

Mrs. Rackley did not reply. She was now peering out of the window with such curiosity that Lesley crawled out of bed and ran to join her.

Out by the front gate, some distance away, Major Horace Price was standing in the strong sunshine and talking to Mr. William Earnshaw the bank manager.

As the two women watched, Major Price, as though coming to a decision, opened the front gate and came up the path toward the house.

Lesley's voice was not altogether steady. "Go down and tell Major Price I'll be downstairs in half a minute."

It was, as a matter of fact, less than ten minutes before she ran downstairs.

"I'm afraid, my dear girl," the major began, "I've got some rather serious news. Sir Harvey Gilman is dead."

"I didn't shoot him deliberately!" cried Lesley. "It was an accident yesterday! I swear it was!"

"Sh-h! My dear girl! Please! It isn't a question of his being shot. It seems the poor old chap poisoned himself last night. But, as your legal adviser, I want you to tell me just exactly what the 'fortuneteller' said to you yesterday afternoon."

"Major Price, he didn't say anything of importance. I never saw the man before in all my life!"

"And that's all you have to tell me?"

"It's all I can tell you!"

"Well—" muttered her visitor.

He picked up his hat. In the midst of a strained uncomfortable silence Lesley followed him into the hall.

"I shall be at my office," he said, "if you want me."

When he had gone, Lesley hurried upstairs. She went blindly into her bedroom, closed the door behind her, twisted the key in the lock, and rested her hot face against the door panel until—with a backflash of something half seen but not registering—she whirled round.

In front of the safe, her fingers on the combination knob of the dial, stood Cynthia Drew.

"I want to know what's in this safe," Cynthia said. "And I mean to find out before I leave here, or I think I'll kill you."

AT about the same time that morning—nine o'clock—Dick Markham sat alone on the top of the two stone steps leading to the front door of Sir Harvey Gilman's cottage. Bert Miller, the constable, had gone to fetch a car which should meet at Loitering Halt a Scotland Yard official, Superintendent Hadley, who was coming down from London by rail. Until Bert should return, Dick was on guard over a dead body.

"Hello there!" called a voice.

Bill Earnshaw, his footsteps swishing in the grass, was cutting across the garden toward the cottage. His was a well-tailored erect figure which just escaped being dapper. His sallow face, not unhandsome, showed a man in the middle forties, but looking younger. His collar was starched, and he fanned himself with an Anthony Eden hat. His black shining hair had a knifelike white parting; his cheek gleamed from close shaving.

"I was just thinking, Dick," he said. "This rifle—"

"Damn the rifle!" Dick burst out, with such unnecessary violence that Earnshaw looked at him in surprise. It was sheer nerves. "I mean," Dick corrected himself, "that fellow wasn't shot. He was—"

"I know, I know. Bert Miller came past on his bike and told me all about it. But look here. I have a special interest in that rifle. If it's the one everybody seems to think it is, it's my rifle. You remember, Price went round borrowing guns from everybody for his shooting gallery? Now—"

"Wait a minute," Dick urged wearily. "If you're going to ask me who stole the rifle yesterday afternoon, I've already told Lord Ashe that I don't know!"

"But—"

"All I can be certain of," Dick said with conviction, "is that neither Price nor Middlesworth took it, because I remember watching them carry Sir Harvey away. Certainly neither Lesley nor I did; we were together. And there was nobody else there, until you arrived and said you'd take charge of the guns."

Earnshaw grew very quiet.

"That fellow never killed himself, Dick. You must guess it as well as I do."

"Can you suggest how anybody could have killed him?"

"No. But it's a detective yarn come to life. Corpse found in a locked and bolted room. On one side of him"—Earnshaw nodded—"a hypodermic needle. On the other side"—Earnshaw nodded again—"a box of drawing pins. Colonel Pope used to use them for his wasps."

"He used drawing pins for wasps?"

"Waspy place," explained Earnshaw, nodding in the direction of the fruit orchard. "Colonel Pope said he couldn't keep the windows open in summer without being deviled half to death."

"Well? What about it?"

"Somebody mentioned an American thing called screens. You prop 'em in the windows to keep out insects. Colonel Pope couldn't get any, but it gave him an idea. He used to take pieces of cloth netting, gauzy stuff, and fasten 'em round the edges of the window frames with a lot of drawing pins."

Earnshaw stopped at the clanking of a motorcar approaching eastward along the lane. Dr. Middlesworth's dusty Hillman drew up outside the cottage. Middlesworth, a pipe in his mouth, climbed out and opened the back door of the car.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Earnshaw. "Isn't that—"

FROM the back of the car, like a very large genie out of a very small bottle, there slowly emerged an immensely tall and immensely stout figure wearing a box-pleated cape and a clerical shovel hat. The face with its several chins and bandit's mustache was pinker from exertion.

"Yes," said Dick, who had seen the Gargantuan presence many times in illustrated papers, "that's Gideon Fell."

And now he remembered the meaning of the reference to Hastings. Middlesworth had said last night that Dr. Fell was spending the summer there. Middlesworth had driven over to fetch Dr. Fell at a crazily early hour. Why?

Dr. Fell stopped in front of Dick Markham, wheezing heavily, and regarded Dick with an extraordinary air of concern.

"Sir," intoned Dr. Fell, removing his shovel hat with an old-fashioned stateliness, "am I addressing Mr. Richard Markham?"

"Yes."

"Sir," said Dr. Fell, "we have come to bring you good news."

"Good news?" Dick repeated.

"Despite the fact," pursued Dr. Fell, replacing his hat and peering round at Middlesworth, "despite the fact that on our way here we met a certain Major Price, who told us of this morning's occurrences and somewhat abated our triumph, I still think you will find it good news."

"We can settle it, anyway," said Middlesworth, taking the pipe from his mouth and knocking it out against his heel. He went to the sitting-room window and tapped its glass. "Dr. Fell," he added, "who is that dead man?"

Growling from deep in his throat, Dr. Fell lumbered forward and approached the window as closely as the mountainous ridges of his waistcoat would allow. He adjusted his eyeglasses, bending forward as though for intense concentration. But it was no more than a few seconds before he swung round again.

"Sir," replied Dr. Fell, with the same air of subdued wrath, "I have not the slightest idea who he is. But he is not Sir Harvey Gilman."

"He's an impostor," Middlesworth said simply. Then, to Dick: "I couldn't tell you last night when I suspected, because I didn't want to raise false hopes. But—"

Middlesworth paused. "Excuse me, Bill," he said to Earnshaw, "but won't you be needed at the bank?"

No hint could have been plainer and yet, in Middlesworth's mild voice, contain less offense. The bank manager merely nodded.

"Yes," he agreed, "I'm late already. I shall have to excuse myself, I'm afraid. See you later."

And he turned round and marched off, though he must have been boiling with curiosity.

"Tell him, Dr. Fell," Middlesworth suggested.

DR. FELL wheeled around to face Dick.

"Sir," he intoned, setting his eyeglasses more firmly, "you have been made the victim, I can't say why, of as cruel and brutal a hoax as comes within my experience. I wish to reassure you about this Miss—Miss—"

"Lesley Grant," supplied Middlesworth.

"Oh, ah, yes." Dr. Fell's face was fiery; his cheeks puffed out. "Miss Grant is not a poisoner. She is not,



so far as I am aware, a criminal of any kind. I will itemize." He checked off the points on his fingers.

"She never married, or murdered, or in fact had any concern with an American lawyer called Burton Foster, for the excellent reason that no such person ever existed—"

"What?"

Dr. Fell waved him to silence.

"She is guiltless of poisoning the elderly Mr. Davies of Liverpool, in a locked room or anywhere else, because Mr. Davies never existed either. She never invited Mr. Martin Belford of Paris to an engagement celebration dinner at her house and then sent him home to die, because *he* is a figment of the imagination too. In short, sir, the whole story against Miss Grant is nothing but a pack of lies from start to finish."

Dick Markham woke up to the fact that his cigarette had burnt down against his fingers. He stared at the cigarette and then threw it away. Certain small indications were coming back to him. He looked at Middlesworth.

"You thought he was a wrong 'un from the start?"

"Well," said Middlesworth, "not exactly that. But I haven't been altogether happy about it. When Major Price first introduced him to me, and said Sir Harvey made us all promise to keep his real identity a secret for awhile, I was interested. I asked him about one of his famous cases. He answered me all right. But he made some grandiose reference to the two chambers of the heart. That brought me up a bit. Because any medical student knows the heart has four chambers."

Dr. Fell became preternaturally solemn. "The center of the whole plot," he said, "is still Miss Lesley Grant. Now a very important question. Regarding this little tale of locked rooms and hypodermic syringes—did the impostor tell his story to anybody except you two?"

"I don't know," said Dick.

"Nor I," admitted Middlesworth.

"While he was telling you the story, could anybody have overheard him?"

Very vividly Dick recalled that scene last night: the rough flowered curtains not quite drawn close over the windows, and one window pushed fully open. He recalled Middlesworth suddenly getting up, in the course of the so-called Sir Harvey's recital, and putting his head out of that window. Dick related the incident now.

"Was there somebody out here?" he asked Middlesworth.

"Yes."

"Could you see who it was?"

"No. Too dark."

"The whole point, d'ye see, is this," grunted Dr. Fell. "Last night a crime was reproduced here, line for line like a fine drawing. The joke being that the original crime didn't exist! It was imagined, a piece of pure fantasy, by the impostor calling himself Sir Harvey Gilman. Yet it was reproduced. Why? Because, of course, the murderer believed he was reproducing a real crime. And therefore somebody commits it, serene in the belief that Lesley Grant will be blamed."

Dick spoke with fervor: "There's just one thing I want to do. I want to go straight to Lesley and apologize."

NOBODY answered Dick's ring at Lesley's doorbell. He rang again, still without effect, before he noticed that the front door was not quite closed. Pushing it open, he put his head into the cool dusky pleasant hall.

"Lesley!" he called.

How the devil was he going to face up to her now? How to tell her, in so many words, that he had last night suspected her of being an angelic murderess?

Shouting her name, he wandered through the house and up the stairs. He knocked once on her bedroom door, hesitated, and opened it.

The two windows of the room faced the High Street. Between them showed, like a scar, a wall safe with its steel front swung wide open. There was nothing inside.

Huddled on the floor near the foot of the bed, her left cheek against the carpet, lay Cynthia Drew. A purplish bruise on her right temple had split a little to let dark blood trickle and congeal down the cheekbone. She did not move.

Dick picked her up—Cynthia's sturdiness made her no light weight, despite the fact that she was not tall—and carried her to the bed, where she lay as limply as a doll.

There could be no question, thank God, about her being alive. Her half-parted lips stirred to an audible if jerky breathing. The blue eyes, becoming less cloudy, grew fixed; she went red, then pale again.

"It's all right, Cynthia. What happened?"

"She hit me—with that mirror—because I asked her to open that safe."

On the dressing table Dick saw a silver toilet service, plain, unobtrusive, but costly and very heavy. Its hand mirror, which would have made a murderous weapon, now lay balanced on the edge of the dressing table as though hastily put down.

Dick whirled round.

"Cynthia, where is Lesley?"

"You don't think I've done anything to her, surely?"

"No, no! But the thing I'm trying to get at is this: What excuse did you have for asking her to open the safe? What made you do it?"

"If you'd heard the dreadful things that are being said about her—"

"Is that all, Cynthia? You weren't by any chance listening outside the windows last night?"

"What windows, Dick? What is all this?"

No, it was an absurd thought. "I mean," he said, "that you were there this morning. Near the cottage. You might have heard or seen something that would help us."

To his surprise Cynthia's voice changed.

"As a matter of fact, Dick, I did see something. I saw somebody running. A minute or so before the rifle was fired at the window, I saw somebody dodge across the lane in front of me."

"Man or woman?"

Cynthia hesitated. "I can't say, really. And now, if

you've quite finished your interrogation of me, I think I'd better go home."

"Yes, of course. Steady on! You're still groggy. I'll take you home."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Mr. Richard Markham," said Cynthia. "I shall be quite all right. Good-by."

Then she was gone.

Breathing a curse on all women, Dick stood undecided what to do next. He had cause for genuine worry about Lesley. He had just decided to try a round of telephone



calls when downstairs the telephone sounded. He raced down to answer it. Over the wire came the unmistakable voice of Dr. Fell.

"I rather hoped to find you there. I'm at Ashe Hall. Can you come up here straightaway?"

"Is it about Lesley?"

"Yes."

He gripped the telephone tightly. "She's all right, isn't she?"

"All right?" thundered Dr. Fell. "Of course she's all right! She's sitting here in the room with me now."

"Then what—"

"But we have, as a matter of fact," pursued Dr. Fell, "some rather important news. We've identified the dead man."

IN the northern wing on the ground floor at Ashe Hall, along a musty dark little passage carpeted with matting, was a room which Lord Ashe used as a study. Four persons were waiting here when Dick arrived.

In a creaky swivel chair at this table sat Lord Ashe. Across from him, bolt upright, sat Lesley Grant. Dr. Fell was enthroned in a huge wooden chair, which gave him some resemblance to Old King Cole. And with his back to the fireplace stood a tall military-looking man with hard eyes and a hard jaw, whistling between his teeth.

Lesley jumped to her feet.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I shall just go out while you tell him. You can call me in afterward. I just don't want to be here when you tell him." And she slipped demurely out of the room.

"By the way," began Dr. Fell, "let me introduce you to my friend Superintendent Hadley. Mr. Markham, Superintendent Hadley."

Dick shook hands with the military-looking man.

"Hadley, of course," pursued Dr. Fell, "recognized the dead man as soon as he clapped eyes on him."

"He was a professional crook named Samuel De Villa," said Hadley. "Probably the cleverest confidence man in the business."

"Confidence man?" yelled Dick Markham.

"Perhaps, my dear boy," interposed the thoughtful voice of Lord Ashe, "it would interest you to see this."

Pushing back the creaky swivel chair, he pulled open the long drawer of the table at which he was sitting. Four objects lay against a dark square of velvet: a

triple-tiered necklace, a bracelet, a single earring, and what looked like a collar. They stunned the eye with their antique combination of beauty and vulgarity.

Dick had seen the Ashe arms, a griffin and ash tree, often enough on the entrance gates of the Hall. This heraldic device covered each of these exhibits. It decorated the clasp of the bracelet, it was woven into the design of the gold collar. It marked and stamped them as the property of the Ashe family.

Of course, Dick thought to himself, such flamboyant jewels couldn't possibly be real. Interpreting his expression, Lord Ashe said, "Oh, yes, the jewels are real enough. They belong, now, to Miss Lesley Grant."

"But that's impossible! Lesley doesn't own any jewelry!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Ashe. "She hates jewelry, yes. She never wears jewelry, yes. But this is a question of owning things in spite of herself. Did you ever hear, Mr. Markham, of a woman called Lily Jewell?"

"No," said Dick.

"It would be an understatement," said Lord Ashe, "to describe her as a lady of easy virtue. My elder brother Frank ruined himself and others for her just before the '14-18 war. Among other things, he gave her those trinkets there. Are you beginning to follow me now?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Lily Jewell died in obscurity a few years ago. She was the mother, by a certain Captain Jewell, of the young lady whom you know as Lesley Grant."

LORD ASHE paused. "I—er—live somewhat out of the world," he explained. "I was hardly prepared for it when she burst in here this morning and threw this lot of trinkets on the table, and said, 'Please take the damned things, if you think you're entitled to them.'"

Dr. Fell cleared his throat.

"After her mother's death," pursued Lord Ashe, "her one idea was to cut off from the previous life and to be as unlike her mother as possible. It was something of a shock when she settled down here and found out what family was living just opposite."

"She didn't know?"

"No. When she was a small girl, my brother had been known officially as Mr. Converse or Uncle Frank rather than by his title. The name Ashe meant nothing to her. A spiteful friend had suggested that if she left the Continent and settled down in England, she would probably find it pleasant to live in a village called Six Ashes. What really maddened her, I gather, was a morbid sense of guilt toward any of my family. I'm sure I can't say why. As I told her this morning, she had no concern with her mother's affairs."

Lord Ashe hesitated.

"But it's also true that there was some question, at the time, as to whether my brother had any right to give these things to Lily Jewell. Whether they were not, in fact, part of an entailed estate. This girl, in addition to her fear of what the village ladies would say if they learned she was the daughter of Lily Jewell, even had cloudy visions of the police coming to arrest her."

"She was desperately afraid somebody would see these things and recognize the Ashe arms: as, of course, everybody would have. But she wouldn't part with them, wouldn't keep them at a bank. Hence the wall safe."

"De Villa alias Sir Harvey Gilman," Dick asked, "was after that load of jewelry?"

"Sam was a confidence man," said Hadley. "He could never in the world have cracked that safe, and wouldn't have tried. There was only one way to get at jewels which Miss Grant wouldn't even admit were there. That was to get the help of Mr. Markham. And Sam did it. He was an artist."

"He's an artist," Dick said viciously, "who I hope is burning in hell at this minute. Go on!"

Hadley lifted his shoulders.

"Simple as simple. Sam usually worked the Continent, you understand. He traced Lily Jewell's daughter to Six Ashes, and decided on the best way. First of all he got as much information as he could about everybody concerned. One of his devices was first to go about the district in some inconspicuous role, like a salesman—"

Lord Ashe shifted in the creaky chair. "I told our young friend this morning that the fellow reminded me of a man who was here long ago selling Bibles."

Hadley nodded.

"That was Sam. Selling Bibles gives the salesman access to the family Bible and to family history, if anybody's willing to talk. I imagine he had a good thorough round of Six Ashes. It accounts for his great success as a fortuneteller. The garden party gave him a heaven-sent opportunity to upset Miss Grant, and consequently upset you, Mr. Markham, in preparation for his plan."

"What did he actually say to her, by the way?"

"Can't you guess, Mr. Markham?"

"References," said Dick, "to the fact that he, the great fortuneteller, knew all about her past life? And her mother's past life?"

"That's it. His whole game was to get that safe open. He told you, if I've got the story straight from Dr. Fell, that he wanted to be *present unseen* while you had dinner with Miss Grant? And that he was very anxious to see what was in the safe?"

"Yes."

"And that he would give you his final instructions about it next morning?"

"Yes. Those were the exact words."

"You were to get the combination of the safe for him," Hadley said. "He'd have told you that this morning—Only," interposed Dr. Fell, "somebody murdered him."

The words fell with a heavy chilling weight.

And the cautious Hadley, thrusting out his jaw, made formal protest.

"Stop a bit, Fell! We can't say for certain this is murder. Not at the present stage of the game."

"Oh, my boy! What do you think?"

"And I perhaps," interposed Lord Ashe, "can answer one of your questions now."

Both Hadley and Dr. Fell, surprised, turned to look at him. Lord Ashe, who was weighing the gold ruby-studded collar in his hand, made a deprecating noise as though warning them not to expect too much.

"You were supposing a while ago," he said, "that this fraudulent Bible salesman visited other houses besides mine. The matter is hardly very important. But I can tell you. He didn't. I made inquiries about him."

"So!" muttered Dr. Fell. "So!"

Dick appealed to Lord Ashe. "You say, sir, that Lesley came here this morning, and threw those jewels at you, and poured out this story about her mother. Why did she do it?"

LORD ASHE looked bewildered. In that moment Lesley herself slipped into the room, closing the door softly after her.

"You'd better let me answer that," she said. "Though I loathe telling it!"

"Cynthia?" prompted Dick.

"Yes! She turned up in my room this morning and said to me, 'I want to know what's in this safe, and I mean to find out before I leave here.' I asked her what she was talking about. She said, 'That's where you keep the poison, isn't it? The poison you used on those men who were in love with you before?'"

"Did you hit her?" Dick broke in.

Lesley blinked.

"Hit her?"

"With a hand mirror off the dressing table?"

"Good gracious, no! Cynthia ran at me, that's all. She's stronger than I am, and I didn't know what to do. I dodged, and she tripped and went over like a sack of coals against the footboard of the bed, knocked out. I thought to myself, This is too much; I can't stand any more. So I got those things out of the safe and rushed over here to Lord Ashe and told him the true story." Lesley moistened her lips. "There's only one thing I'm curious about, Dick," she added with great intensity. "Did you tell Cynthia this horrible story about the three husbands, and—the rest of it?" Lesley colored. "She kept repeating, 'Till death do us part, till death do us part,' like a madwoman."

"On my word of honor, I never said one word to Cynthia!"

Lesley drew the back of her hand across her forehead. "Then where did Cynthia get the story?"

"That," observed Dr. Fell, "is something which interests all of us. It is now inescapable, as we agreed this morning, that the whole reproduction of an imaginary crime—hypodermic syringe, prussic acid, locked entrances—was a deliberate attempt to throw the blame on Lesley Grant, whom somebody believed to be a murderess. Otherwise there is no point to it."

Dr. Fell mused for a moment.

"Therefore," he went on, "there is somewhere within reach a person who still believes this yarn. This person killed Sam De Villa, and arranged all the trappings to suggest murder by Lesley Grant. And, having provided us with a problem, it follows as a corollary that the murderer must now provide us with a *solution*."

Wheezing, Dr. Fell looked from one to the other.

"Sam De Villa's corpse," he emphasized, "is found in a room locked up on the inside. So far, so good. Lesley Grant, argues the murderer, will be blamed for doing this. But the murderer's whole design against her fails unless it is proved how the locked room worked. Do you follow me now?"

Dick Markham hesitated. "Then you think—"

"I rather think," responded Dr. Fell, "we shall get a communication of some kind from A Friend or A Well-Wisher that will hint at, if not indicate in detail, how the locked-room trick was worked."

AFTER lunch at Ashe Hall, Dr. Fell and Hadley and Dick Markham made a little tour of the village. Dr. Fell seemed interested in meeting as many persons as possible.

No word had as yet slipped out that the dead man was not Sir Harvey Gilman, or that the police had any reason to suspect anything but suicide. You could almost feel the lure of the trap, the whistling summons to a murderer. Faces of bursting curiosity were directed toward them, though only the averted eye asked a question.

An attempt to interview Cynthia Drew was frustrated by Cynthia's mother. Cynthia, she explained, had sustained a bad fall on some stone steps, bruising her temple.

The low yellow-blazing sun lay behind the village before they turned back again toward Gallows Lane and the low-pitched black-and-white cottage with the defaced windows. The body of Sam De Villa alias Sir Harvey Gilman had long ago been removed to the mortuary at Hawkstone. Bert Miller, the constable, now walked guard in the front garden.

Inside the house, the three surveyed the bedroom the dead man had occupied and Dr. Fell began to reconstruct the hours before the murder.

"De Villa comes up here to bed. He fetches a glass of water. He takes a thorough good dose of luminal, and sits up in bed to finish a cigar while the drug takes effect. And then—"

"And then," snorted Hadley, "he gets up and goes downstairs at five o'clock in the morning. Why?"

"That," Dr. Fell said abruptly, "is what I hope Mr. Markham can tell us here and now. Come downstairs."

As soon as they had made themselves comfortable in the sitting room, Dr. Fell began to question Dick.

"First," he growled, "your mysterious telephone call. Exchange tells us the call came from *this* house at two minutes past five. You ran out of your cottage, and along the lane. When you were still some distance from this house, you saw a light switched on in this sitting room. You then walked more slowly along the lane? Yes! A little later, I understand, you saw this .22 rifle poked over the wall? Yes. How far away were you when you saw that?"

"Well—say thirty yards. Perhaps less."

"You distinctly saw the rifle?"

"Yes. I saw it fired; and even at that distance I could make out the bullet hole."

Outside, in the hall, the telephone began to ring shrilly. When Hadley returned from answering it, his face was very grave.

"Well?" prompted Dr. Fell.

"It was the police surgeon at Hawkstone. He's just done the post-mortem. About six hours before death, Sam swallowed what must have amounted to three or four grains of luminal. If he took that much at some time past eleven, it's practically impossible that he could have come downstairs under his own steam at five o'clock the following morning. Doesn't that upset the appercart?"

"No," answered Dr. Fell. "No, my lad, I can't say it does." He screwed up his face hideously. "What explanation did Miss Cynthia Drew give for her presence in the lane at that hour, Mr. Markham?"

Dick looked away. "She couldn't sleep. She'd been out for a walk."

"Did she see or hear anything that would help us?"

"No. Wait a minute—yes, she did! A minute or so before the rifle was fired, Cynthia saw somebody run across the lane from the orchard on this side to the coppice on the other."

"Got it!" said the doctor thunderously, and snapped his fingers in the air. "Archons of Athens, but this is almost too good to be true! Got it!"

Hadley, who knew his obese friend of old, pushed back the easy chair from the writing table and got up in a hurry. The movements of the chair—whose rollers slid creakily on the worn brown carpet, past the spilled box of drawing pins—disclosed something. On the floor, open and face-down as though it had been shoved under the chair to get it out of sight, lay a clothbound book. Hadley, despite his momentary distraction of attention, stopped to pick up the book.

It turned out to be a well-thumbed copy of Hazlitt's essays in the Everyman edition, with the name *Samuel R. De Villa* on the flyleaf and many annotations in the same neat handwriting.

Dr. Fell inspected it curiously before throwing it on the table.

"Hadn't Sam," he grunted, "rather a sophisticated taste in reading matter?"

"Will you get the idea out of your amateur head," snapped Hadley, "that the professional confidence man is always a flashy hanger-on at fashionable hotels and bars? Sam's donnish manner was worth five thousand a year to him. His father was a West Country clergyman; he took honors at Bristol University; he really did study medicine, and he's played pathologist before—"

"Sir!" interposed a new voice.

Police Constable Miller's large face appeared, poked through the frame of the shattered window.

"Sir," he addressed the superintendent huskily, "can I say something?"

"Come in," said Hadley; and not a person in that room moved until Miller had entered by the door and stood at attention.

"I could 'a' told you before, sir"—a mole beside Bert's nose looked defiantly reproachful—"only nobody said nothing to me about what you might call murder."

"Well?"

"I was out very late last night, sir. Because a drunken man was making trouble at Newton Farm. I passed 'ere on my bike about three o'clock this morning. This cottage was all lighted up like a Christmas tree. I thinks to myself, that's all right, because I'd heard the gentleman had been hurt, and I thinks to myself about nurses and doctors and people. And I thinks to myself, Shall I go in and inquire? But I thinks to myself, It's too late, and it can wait.

"And, sir," continued Miller, raising his voice as though fearful of being interrupted, "I saw somebody standing by the front door. It was Miss Lesley Grant."

TRAMPING disconsolately down the lane, Dick turned in at the gate of his own cottage. It loomed up dark ahead of him, the diamond-paned windows dusted with twilight.

Curse it all, he'd got to hurry! Lesley would be waiting.

He closed the front door on a dusky hall. In dimness he barged through the passage into the study and touched the light switch by the door. He clicked it and clicked it back again, before realizing that the switch

was already down but still the lights failed to work. That infernal shilling-in-the-slot meter!

Groping his way across the study and then into the scullery, he found the meter, twisted the catch as he pushed the coin through, and heard it fall inside.

And the light went on in his study. The light was not switched on; but it went on.

He went back to the study, surveyed it, and addressed the typewriter.

"Do you want to know, old son," he said to the typewriter, "how to create the illusion that a light is switched on inside a locked and bolted room?"

While he stood thinking, a clock struck eight. He'd have to hurry, or he'd be late for his dinner engagement with Lesley.

He shaved and dressed in record time and set out. As he headed west toward the village, he could faintly hear a murmur of voices approaching behind him. They were the voices of Dr. Fell and Superintendent Hadley, still arguing.

Dick turned to the right out of Gallows Lane, crossed the road and walked with long strides along the brick-paved path which served as a pavement for High Street.

Here was Lesley's house, set back behind its chestnut trees, with a good stretch of grass on each side as well. The only dwelling near by (if it could be called a dwelling at all) was the post office next door. In the front premises, Miss Laura Feathers combined her postal duties with a sketchy drapery business. In the straggling back premises, Miss Feathers made her home.

From somewhere not far away a lawn mower was whirring drowsily. Dick put Miss Laura Feathers out of his mind. He opened the front gate. He started up the path to see Lesley.

And then, inside the post office, somebody fired a shot.

Dick wanted to run blindly, to get away from what eternally pursued him. But he knew he must go where it led him, if only because of Lesley. He turned back, and raced along the brick pavement to the post office.

Inside the little dingy premises a dusty electric bulb shone down on the wire-grilled postal counter along the right, and the drapery counter with its shelves along the left. The floor was littered with trampled envelopes of all sizes, as though they had been blown wide by a gust of wind.

And behind the drapery counter, swaying on her feet, stood Miss Laura Feathers herself.

For a second she gaspingly pointed and shook her left hand, trying to speak, before she fell over in a heap behind the counter.

A PIECE of paper she had been holding, slightly blood-stained along the edges, lay beside Miss Feathers' dead hand. A few typewritten words struck up at Dick: *why be such fools? If you want to know how Lesley Grant did it*

No more. But Dick stared at the words as though they were enlarging before his eyes.

For they had been written on his own typewriter. No mistaking that cranky *y*, or the black *w*, which he could never get properly clear. For seconds he stood looking at this nightmare fragment before something else made him jerk up his head.

Somewhere in the living premises at the rear, stealthy footsteps again began to run.

Still tightly holding the shred of note Dick vaulted over the counter and ran for the door at the rear. He emerged from the back door into a sweet-scented dusk rustling with the leaves of chestnut trees, and saw the running shadow of the murderer approach the back door of Lesley's house. Dick was just able to see the edge of the back door open and close, soundlessly, as the figure melted inside.

Panting, he climbed over the low wall into the grounds. He could now identify the lawn mower he had heard a while ago. It had been pushed by McIntyre, Lesley's gardener, whose tall gaunt figure now appeared near the back door. Glancing to the left, toward the front of the house, Dick saw the vast, the unmistakable figure of Dr. Gideon Fell, in cape and shovel hat, advancing along the path toward the front door.

"Stand in front of this door!" Dick shouted to an astounded McIntyre. "Don't let anybody get out!"

Opening the door, he hurried through the kitchen to the dining room. Lesley, in a light green dinner dress frilled at the shoulders, got up hastily from the other side of the table.

"Dick, what on earth—"

"Listen, my dear. Laura Feathers has been killed. Somebody got into the post office and shot her only a few minutes ago. What's more, the murderer is the same person who killed Sam De Villa. And I'm afraid he's in the house now."

The shrill pealing of the front doorbell, whose buzzer was in this room, made them both jump. Half dragging Lesley into the front hall, Dick opened the door and saw the reassuring immensity of Dr Fell outside.

"Laura Feathers—" Dick began.

"I know," said Dr. Fell. His voice was subdued. "We heard the shot and saw you run in. Hadley's there now. May I ask, sir, just what devil's wasp nest you've overturned now?"

IN three sentences Dick outlined the story. The Gargantuan doctor lumbered off into the gloom, where they saw him conferring with two shadows in the path. One of these shadows slipped away toward the back of the house; the other remained where it was; and Dr. Fell returned.

"Look here, sir!" protested Dick. "Aren't we going to search the place?"

"At the moment," answered Dr. Fell, "no. With your permission, I should much prefer to come in and talk for a little."

"Then for God's sake let me get Lesley away from here while—"

"It would be better, I assure you, if Miss Grant remained."

Ponderously gesturing Lesley and Dick to precede him, he followed them into the dining room. Murmuring some excuse about the heat—it was warm in the room—Dr. Fell threw open the thick curtains of the opened windows.

Under these two front windows stood a heavy Florentine oak chest. Dr. Fell sat down on it.

"Sir," he began, "I gather from your recital you have discovered the meaning of what happened at the post office?"

"I'm a cloth-headed goop," Dick confessed bitterly, "for not guessing it long ago. Of course it's the old poison-pen trick."

"Poison-pen trick?" Lesley repeated, bewildered.

"Yes. If the real murderer wanted to get in touch with the police, then the obvious and safest anonymous way would be to write. And there's no stamp machine at the post office, if you remember?"

"Stop a bit!" cried Lesley. "I think I do begin to—"

"Anybody who wants stamps must buy 'em from Laura, over the counter. Dr. Fell," said Dick, "believed this morning that one person, or maybe one of a small group of persons, would drop a line to explain how you committed the murder. The murderer did write a note, all right. I've got the proof here in my hand. The real murderer wrote the blasted thing on my typewriter and posted it. Then somehow he, or she, tumbled to it that a trap had been set and tried to get the letter back. But Laura was a wily old bird; she knew, and let the murderer know she knew. And so—"

Dick made the motion of one who pulls a trigger.

Again the summons of the front doorbell shrilled out strongly. Lesley hastened to answer it. From the corner of his eye Dick saw, as she opened the front door, that the visitor was Superintendent Hadley.

"Let's get this quite straight!" Dick pleaded. "The murderer—"

Dr. Fell spoke with toiling patience.

"The murderer," he said, "injected the prussic acid. The murderer then left the room—"

(Windows locked. Door locked and bolted.)

"—and put through a phone call to you, summoning you there, from the telephone outside in the hall. The murderer waited until you were on your way, and

dropped a shilling into the electric meter, thus turning on the light in the sitting room.

"Having now a good light to see by, the murderer ran across the lane, hid behind the wall, and with the stolen Winchester 61 fired in the direction of the window."

"At a dead man?"

"At a dead or dying man, yes."

"Even though the room was already locked up on the inside?"

"Yes."

Superintendent Hadley came into the dining room. They heard him say, over his shoulder, "Stand by," before he closed the door after him.

"Fell," he said harshly, "I've been expecting you to come over to the place where that woman was murdered. I came over here to find out what the devil was the matter with you. And it's a good thing I did." It was not pallor in Hadley's face so much as an evil grayish tinge. "Because I discover—"

"Not yet, Hadley," said Dr. Fell, turning his head round briefly.

Dr. Fell got to his feet. He addressed Dick Markham.

"When I first came in here," he said, "I remarked—er—that it was a trifle warm. But that, I am afraid, was not the main reason why I drew back the curtains from the windows, which, you notice, are open. Please observe the windows!"

As the big voice grew more rapid, Dick had an eerie conviction that Dr. Fell was talking out of the windows, making his voice carry.

"When the window is unlocked, as it is now, you note that the fastening of the metal catch lies flat back: parallel with the window glass and the joining of the sashes; turned to the right. But suppose, my dear boy, I wish to lock the window?"

Just then, Dick noticed for the first time that Lesley Grant was not in the room.

Dr. Fell paused. With a shattering distinctness which made the whole house shake, they heard the explosion of a gunshot. It had come from Lesley's bedroom, just overhead.

Hadley stared at Dr. Fell. "You let this happen! Suicide?"

"I rather think so. There was no other way out, you see."

"No!" cried Dick Markham. "No!"

Then he found himself running for the door. Hadley



was running too. They found Bert Miller, his mouth open, standing before the closed door of Lesley's bedroom.

"This door's locked, sir."

"Then break it in!"

When the sole of Miller's number eleven boot struck that door just under the knob, Dick did not even hear it. For Dr. Fell was lumbering up the stairs. And ahead of him, running lightly, came Lesley Grant.

"Dick!" she cried. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Crash! went Miller's boot for the last time. The thin door, buckling, flew open. Near the bed lay a sprawled figure, a .38-caliber automatic pistol beside it. Dr. Fell's voice spoke at Dick's ear:

"There's the only person who could have committed both murders—Dr. Hugh Middlesworth."

THAT happened on the night of Friday, June 11. It was the afternoon of Sunday, the 13th, that a little group composed of Dr. Fell, Hadley, Lesley Grant, and Dick Markham drove out to a certain ill-omened cottage in a police car.

They entered the sitting room, where Dr. Fell occupied the sofa and Hadley the big chair at the writing table with his notebook.

"The thing we must grasp," began Dr. Fell, "is that there was never the slightest intention of throwing the blame on Miss Grant. That's what we were meant to fall for. We were meant to assume that De Villa's murder was carried out by someone who thoroughly believed in 'Sir Harvey Gilman,' who accepted him as the original Home Office pathologist, and who believed Lesley Grant to be a poisoner. Therefore—do you see?—therefore the one person we could not possibly suspect was the man who doubted 'Sir Harvey' from the first, and, in fact, brought me in to prove him an impostor! Therein lies the whole ingenuity of this crime."

Dr. Fell's cigar was not drawing to his liking. He struck another match and lit it more carefully.

"Please note," he said, "that first off this original theory—Miss Grant to be made scapegoat by somebody who had swallowed 'Sir Harvey's' yarn—came from Middlesworth. At first glance it seemed the only possible explanation. Only one small thing about it bothered me."

"Now, Mr. Markham, 'Sir Harvey's' tale of a notorious female poisoner was hand-tailored for you. It was spun for somebody who would be emotionally concerned. Very well! But why is the impostor so casual about telling all this nonsense in front of the local general practitioner, who isn't emotionally concerned or receptive, and who might upset his applecart?"

Dr. Fell smoked reflectively.

"Thus it occurred to my low suspicious mind," he said, "briefly to wonder whether Middlesworth might not know a good deal more than he pretended. Whether he might not be a kind of accomplice."

"Accomplice?" cried Lesley.

Dr. Fell waved her to silence.

"At this time, of course, I couldn't guess what the impostor's game was. But this wonder about Middlesworth was strengthened only a few minutes later, when you"—he looked at Dick—"told me the full story of the garden party the day before."

"Two things emerged from that recital. The first was the impostor's phenomenal success as a fortuneteller. He had real information, facts in plenty about everybody!"

"Where did the impostor get all that mass of information, unless we presupposed someone also in on the secret? In short, an accomplice."

"The second thing to emerge from the account of the garden party was rather damning. I mean the mystery of the vanishing rifle."

Dick took Lesley's hand.

"But how?" Dick protested. "How did he manage to pinch the rifle? You can't stick a rifle in your pocket or shove it under your coat."

"No," agreed Dr. Fell. "But you can shove it into a bag of golf clubs, and carry it away absolutely unnoticed. And Middlesworth, you informed me, was carrying a bag of golf clubs."

"While I was tinkering with various things in this room," he continued, "Hadley arrived. Hadley took one look at the corpse and said, 'My God, it's Sam De Villa!' He then went on, as you afterward heard, to give me a sketch of De Villa's career. And he told me something which made me certain the person we were after was Middlesworth. For, do you see, Sam De Villa really had studied medicine."

"Came within six months," Hadley amplified, "of getting his degree."

Again Dr. Fell pointed the cigar at Dick.

"Think back," he requested. "Middlesworth said he had questioned the supposed Sir Harvey about one of the latter's famous cases. And 'Sir Harvey' made some grandiose reference to the two chambers of the heart. That brought me up a bit," Middlesworth declared, "because any medical student knows the heart has four chambers."

"Now that just wasn't possible. Sam De Villa, impersonating Sir Harvey Gilman in earnest, never would



have made such a medical howler as that. Therefore Middlesworth himself was lying."

"But why?" Dick queried.

"Have you got Middlesworth's confession there, Hadley?"

Hadley passed him a flimsy typewritten sheet, enclosed in a blue folder and signed at the bottom with a blurred wavering scrawl.

"Hugh Middlesworth was in a position of respectability," the doctor pursued. "But nine years ago, when he was hard up and desperate, he took a job in a rather squalid London nursing home specializing in illegal operations. Sam De Villa knew that, and he could prove it."

"Sam, with designs on Miss Grant's jewelry, came here and tackled Middlesworth. Middlesworth hadn't the ghost of a notion that Sam was really a medical man like himself. He knew Sam merely as a crook."

"Sam constructed his scheme with slickness and ease. He took this cottage. He introduced himself, under terms of the deepest secrecy, to the chief constable of the county as Sir Harvey Gilman."

"What the self-confident Sam didn't realize was that in Hugh Middlesworth he was dealing with a man every bit as intelligent as himself. And Middlesworth was sick and desperate."

Dr. Fell took the typewritten confession and read aloud from it:

"... I saw at once De Villa had only got a flesh wound. But he fainted from shock, and everybody thought he was dying. I saw how I could kill the swine then, if only I could get him alone. I sneaked the rifle into my golf bag and kept the bag slung over my shoulder when Major Price and I carried him to the car. I meant to take him home, put him under anesthetic, extract the real bullet, and fire one from the same rifle which should kill him. People would think it was the same bullet, the result of an accident. But I couldn't get rid of Major Price. So I had to think of something else."

"And," Dr. Fell commented, "he did think of something else." He pointed to the bullet hole in the window.

"Colonel Pope, as we know, always used to fasten gauze screens to these windows, using drawing pins. Consequently we find innumerable tiny holes made by

the points of drawing pins. You could push another into the frame anywhere, and, when it was plucked out again, the mark it left would never be noticed.

"Middlesworth," Dr. Fell continued, "had a double inspiration. He could be morally certain Sam De Villa would take a large dose of luminal before going to bed. So he left this cottage and drove you home in his car. At shortly past midnight, when Six Ashes was asleep, he walked slowly out to this cottage once more. He found Sam De Villa, as he expected, in a drugged sleep upstairs in the bedroom.

"HE came into this sitting room, switched on the light, and set about arranging the room exactly as he wanted it for the events that were to happen at daybreak next morning.

"He closed both windows, but drew back the curtains widely from both.

"Then, carrying that Winchester 61 rifle, he walked across the lane, climbed over the stone wall opposite, worked out his position carefully, and *then*—time still shortly past midnight—he fired a bullet through this window into a lighted, empty room.

"That was when a bullet drilled through this window. Middlesworth closed the curtains on all the windows in this cottage, switched on all the lights so they would be certain to burn out before morning, and then went quickly home.

"Chance might still have wrecked him, because he got a sick call in the small hours of the morning. But the sick call was to Ashe Hall; and it was admirable for his purpose. He could keep an eye on things.

"He left Ashe Hall at twenty minutes to five in the morning—speaking to Lord Ashe about his intention of driving straight to Hastings—and drove his car to the High Street. There he abandoned the car for the moment, and walked once more into Gallows Lane.

"The electricity here had burned itself out long before. Middlesworth carried De Villa downstairs and propped him up in that easy chair, so that the course taken by the already fired bullet passed just across the top of De Villa's head.

"And then, just as the first eerie glow of dawn was lighting up this room, he rolled back the sleeve of De Villa's dressing gown and with gloved hands emptied the hypodermic of prussic acid into his victim's left arm."

Dr. Fell paused.

Despite that warm afternoon, Dick Markham was cold to the heart. He seemed to see shadows moving at dawn, evil shadows in this room.

"He next," resumed Dr. Fell, "locked up the room. He could do this, don't you see, *because there was now a bullet hole in the window*. He took a box of drawing pins, and spilled it artistically on the floor at the dying man's left hand.

"He locked and bolted the door on the inside. Finally, he—will you oblige, Hadley?"

Hadley nodded. He got up and went out of the room.

"I take an ordinary drawing pin," continued Dr. Fell, "like this one in my hand now. I stick it into the frame of the window above the bullet hole and a little farther to the left.

"I take a piece of very heavy black thread, a long piece like this one"—it appeared in conjuring fashion from Dr. Fell's capacious side pocket—"and this I prepare for my trick."

Dr. Fell unlocked the window by pushing its metal catch flat back. Folding the long piece of thread, he fastened its loop round the thumb grip of the catch. He ran the ends of the thread along to the left and over the drawing pin, as though over a pulley. Then he ran the ends downward, threading them both through the opening of the bullet hole so that they now hung outside the window.

"Imagine, now, that I climb out as Middlesworth did. I close the window after me"—down it came with a soft bang. "I have only to take those ends of the thread which now hang outside the window, and pull them downward as Hadley is doing over the drawing pin. The pressure pulls the thumb catch of the window outward, toward me, until it is locked.

"A very strong downward jerk on my drawing-pin pulley dislodges the drawing pin from the frame; it falls inward and bounces somewhere on the floor of the room. I pull one of the ends of my loop of thread, so that I draw the thread outside the window like a snake. The drawing pin will be found in the room, of course. But it will not be noticed if I have already spilled a box of drawing pins on the floor.

"That's all there was to Middlesworth's dodge," declared Dr. Fell. "He went to the telephone in the hall, and sent that frantic whispering message. He imagined how long it would take you to leave the house. He dropped a shilling into the electric meter, having left the switch turned on in this room, and a light came on here.

"He dodged across the lane—and all was ready.

"When you got well in sight, he made a conspicuous clatter with the rifle by rattling it against the wall. As you shouted out to that marksman, he aimed at the window and fired—well?"

"A blank cartridge," supplied Dick.

The doctor nodded.

"Now you yourself, Mr. Markham, were utterly convinced you had seen that bullet hole, as you put it, 'jump up' in the window. But actually you never saw anything of the kind. Naturally you had your eyes on the rifle! You saw it fired.

"But to say that you also saw the bullet hole appear in the window presupposes a turn of the head from left to right faster than the velocity of a rifle bullet. This was an evident impossibility."

Dr. Fell lumbered back to the sofa, where he sat down.

"Middlesworth," he continued, "*had* to provide basis for his fictional plot. He *had* to show there was an enemy of Lesley Grant who still believed in 'Sir Harvey Gilman,' and was trying to frame her.

"That was the only way he could do it, and the surest way—in his own estimation—of turning suspicion away from himself.

"He wrote the letter. Then, in horror, he tried to get the letter back. And Laura Feathers died. You see, I was rather sure I caught a glimpse of him up in that bedroom when I was coming up the path. Mr. Markham's story confirmed it. So I had the house covered. He couldn't get away. But—I talked to him, I let him hear me, and I let him die."

THERE was a long silence, while the sun lay drowsy in the room.

"It was Cynthia," Dick questioned, "who listened outside these windows on Thursday night? And overheard De Villa's tale about Lesley?"

"Oh, yes. Miss Drew is a good girl. But she's a little—erratic."

"And Lesley didn't actually wallop her with a mirror up in that bedroom when they were having the argument?"

"Of course I didn't!" cried Lesley. She faced Dick. "Are you thinking that I was out of the house, and somebody saw me here in the front garden at three o'clock in the morning? And you got this horrible idea that I might be the guilty one after all."

"All right, darling, I did."

"And I don't blame you," said Lesley. "I did think I'd killed 'Sir Harvey Gilman' when the rifle went off accidentally! And I dreamed about it! I had an awful night and woke up very tired. When I saw a different frock across the chair—I knew I'd been sleepwalking. I must have come out here, maybe with an idea of finding out what was wrong or how badly he'd been hurt; but I don't remember it.

"I'm not much good to you, am I? Lily Jewell's daughter, nervous tantrums, and being afflicted with sleepwalking because—"

Dick put his hand over hers.

"Your nervous state," he said, "is yours, and I like it. But one thing I can promise you, you will not be troubled with sleepwalking again."

"Why?"

"I," said Dick Markham, "will see to that."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

A GREAT deal of indignation has been poured out on the subject of America's supposedly callous treatment of artists. Those who are inclined to take this talk at its face value would do well to read *Artist in Iowa*, by Darrell Garwood. It's the story of Grant Wood, a painter who showed understanding and friendship for his neighbors in everything he did—and who found that the feeling was warmly reciprocated.



Grant Wood

Long before Wood had won recognition from the outside world, he found a unique patron in David Turner, a Cedar Rapids undertaker. Turner used his chapel and reception room as show places for Grant Wood paintings, many of which found buyers in this way. He himself bought forty-four of them. In addition, says the biographer, "some of the newspaper advertisements for the Turner Funeral Home dealt chiefly with Grant, urging subscribers to buy his pictures, extolling him as a credit to the community. . . . Turner didn't confine his efforts to Cedar Rapids, but talked Grant Wood wherever he went. At the conventions of the National Selected Morticians Association he maneuvered himself each year onto the committee to buy a present for the president, and saw to it that the present was a Grant Wood painting."

This sort of thing would have seemed beneath the dignity of many a fourth-rate artist. But Grant Wood, an authentic genius, regarded himself as a workingman and wore overalls on the job; and he was grateful for Turner's neighborly help.

As an art teacher, Grant Wood told his pupils: "Art isn't worth a damn if you can't make these people around here appreciate it." Following his own tenet, he won recognition in New York, London, and Paris by winning it first in Cedar Rapids.

Published by W. W. Norton Co., N. Y. Price \$3.50.

IN EACH of the military services there seems to be a private war between the men of action who improvise their tactics as they go along, and those to whom the rule books are sacred. In *My Life to the Destroyers*, written by Captain L. A. Abercrombie, U. S. N., in collaboration with Fletcher Pratt, there's a choice illustration of this feud.



Capt. L. A. Abercrombie

Captain Abercrombie tells of the tense moment when his destroyer contacted a Jap submarine in the Pearl Harbor area. Because the sub was close in to the left when its sound track was picked up, he decided not to follow the orthodox procedure of turning into its track, but to circle toward it the other way. Here's the sequel to the story, in the captain's words:

"Later, when I had turned my report in, it fell into the hands of a reviewing officer called 'Fuzzy'—really quite a good man, but one of those who had come up through the years of peace right along the line of regulation. Like a good many such, he had acquired something of the viewpoint that would rather lose a battle according to rule than win it by transgression. His comment was expressed in a series of neatly numbered paragraphs, of which the first nine dealt with the errors we had made in handling the situation. It closed with:

"'10. The submarine was sunk.'"

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price \$2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 In what forms is metal used to cure infantile paralysis?
- 6 What kind of paper makes an amateur a Weather Bureau?
- 12 Name the Luzon head-hunter
- 14 What great pianist plays Bach and boogie-woogie equally well?
- 15 Smörgasbord with an Italian accent is what? (pl.)
- 17 Article
- 18 Whose life is among the most tragic in American literature?
- 19 Name a rare kind of loin
- 20 In chess, what piece cannot check another?
- 22 Name Schubert's best-known König
- 23 Make a rose-petal carpet
- 25 What is it women don't do after thirty?
- 26 Brief synopses are what?
- 28 It's best to keep cigars what way?
- 30 The G. I.'s favorite Sack is generally what?
- 31 Wrestler's shock absorber
- 32 It used to be popular to end all stories with a what?
- 35 What're Spanish bellybands?
- 39 Yarnage
- 40 Since the war, what does the tenant fight to keep from being broken?
- 42 What government agency regulates fares, trucks, roads?
- 43 What's a famous Russian seaport and gulf of same name?
- 45 In what other world are the reds

fiercest and most dominant?

- 46 What's eight in Latin?
- 47 What word suggests green?
- 48 Name the world's greatest collector
- 51 Two unrelated races have the same name. What is it?
- 53 Talent, is often what? (anag.)
- 54 Fats and oils are commonest mixtures of what chemical compounds?
- 55 What famous man spent part of his childhood in a swamp?

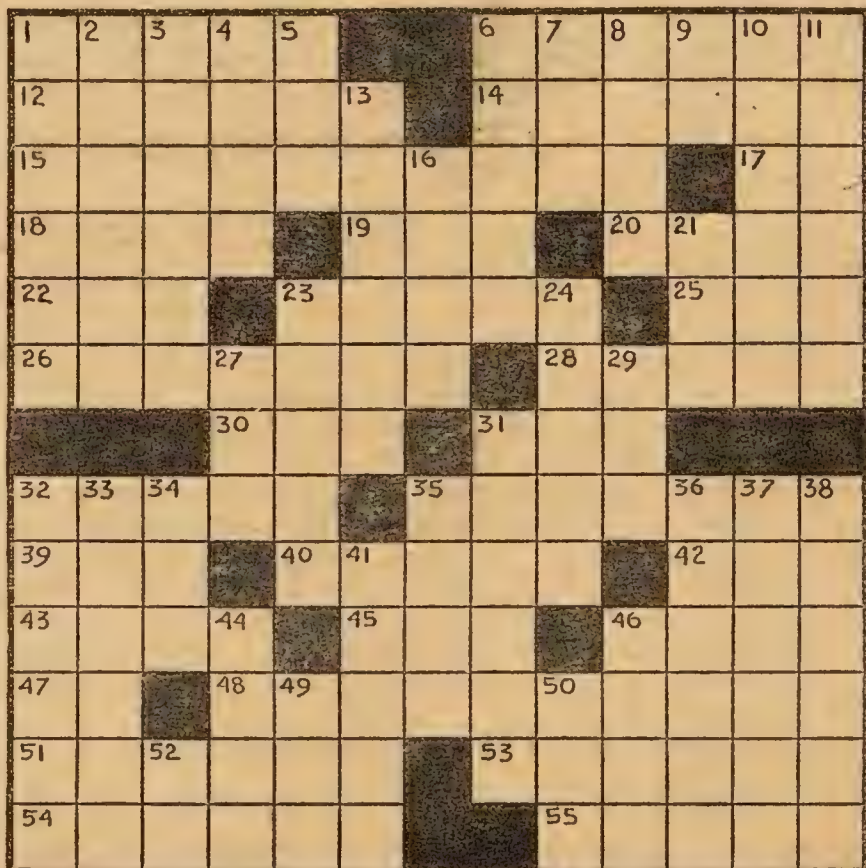
VERTICAL

- 1 Of what sarong is there a severe shortage?
- 2 Great men do what to trouble?
- 3 Immobile sedans, or automotive waldorfs, are what?
- 4 Who threw the apple that led to the squabble that led to the Trojan war?
- 5 Person with a milky liver's a what?
- 6 In Paris you'd buy milk by the what?
- 7 Name a diplomat with a yellow belly
- 8 A rhino's radiator cap is a what?
- 9 No woman's complete without a

- 10 What race would Leo the Lip suggest?
- 11 A person with a homely mug but a great heart is often called what kind of cat?
- 13 Ted sat and sipped (anag.)
- 16 What labels are hung on British big shots?
- 21 An egotist's called a great what? (2 words)
- 23 What kind of person is used in the making of front bomber turrets?
- 24 Jonah's pigboat
- 27 Name the world's largest ocean gem (abbr.)
- 29 Warlike Indian
- 31 What fat comic has the same first name as a deflated Jap fighter?
- 32 One of Tinpan Alley's classics is named for a gal. Name her
- 33 Nasal disorders are caused by what?
- 34 What's a newspaper in slang?
- 35 A lift to the emotions is called a what?
- 36 In the plural, 34 Vertical is said to lead to what?
- 37 Complete: Perfume is high — barber water
- 38 PT boats are naval what?
- 41 Nears a living wage (anag.)
- 44 A French lady friend's a what?
- 46 What living Austrian might be called a Perhaps-burg?
- 49 What takes both push and pull to get along with?
- 50 Eric Johnston has made what initials famous?
- 52 Abbreviate a Pink Elephant

SNUB CIGARETTES
LANA HORSE RARE
AMEN ATOMS OMIT
MESA RAG ELOPE
NAGS SNIP
TAMALE BUTTERED
RLE ARMOR ARENA
OILS SINGS SIAM
VOID NIECE NTE
PENTAGON ARISES
TIER GNAT
PRISM TLT CABS
LOAN IIIOT HIRE
LUNG NORSE EDEN
PRISSINESS SAND

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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Miss Maxwell says this about your choice of ROMA wines: "I like the tart piquancy of ruby-red ROMA Burgundy with beef and the like... delicate, pale-gold Sauterne with fowl, fish and egg-dishes. But either is perfectly correct. Also, use any glasses that are convenient. Enjoying ROMA Wine is a simple delight... easy... and inexpensive."



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ROMA's famed old wineries, located in California's choicest vineyard areas. Yet it costs *only pennies a glass* to serve the finest—ROMA! ROMA WINE CO., Fresno, Calif.

Roast Lamb Becomes an Extra Flavorful Treat...

R

when you add to its enjoyment by serving delicious ROMA Sauterne. And to make the most of the lamb's appetizing goodness take a glassful of that same ROMA Sauterne from the bottle and use it to baste the roast as it sizzles in the oven heat.



ROMA *Wines*

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You may not always be able to get an Inkograph — the needs of service men come first. But if your dealer is out of stock, keep trying.

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INK-O-GRAPH^{\$2}

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13



THE MYSTERY OF NAUGATUCK ISLAND

Continued from Page 29

peal," Laura said earnestly. "That story Volland gave us about losing all sense of time when involved in his work was a lot of bunk. There were only one or two dabs of fresh paint on that canvas. The rest of it looked as though it hadn't been touched in months." She lit a cigarette. "What happened was that Volland saw us coming and started to paint like a little beaver. For some reason, he wanted us to think he spends practically all his time splashing paint around."

I thought this over and decided that Laura was again going through one of her mountain-out-of-molehill routines.

She noticed that I didn't look impressed. "Bill, I know I'm right. Don't ask me what it all adds up to, but something is screwy somewhere."

THAT evening I phoned McInnis and told him the visit to Naugatuck hadn't panned out. He said thanks anyway.

During the next day or so Laura continued to trot out theories about the Volland. Then, when I didn't encourage her, they began to peter out. We would probably have forgotten all about Naugatuck if I hadn't happened to do a little accidental eavesdropping in Jubal Higgins' store.

I had dropped in there alone to find out how much he'd charge us to take out the Queequeg again, this time equipped for sea bass fishing. Jubal was selling bait to a local customer.

"Tain't possible," Jubal was protesting. "How could he 'a' been in two places at once?" He poked the man slyly. "More'n likely you had one or two snorts more'n was good for you, Ed."

Ed registered indignation. "I was sober as a church and I warn't seeing nothing that warn't there," he insisted. "With that face, you couldn't miss him. There he was, like I say, prancing around with this red-head."

Jubal winked at me. "Ed Judson here is a great one for fancifyin'," he said. He paused. "This here is Ed Judson that works down to Fabricant's yard in Hyannis. Ed, this here is Mr. Martin from New York."

Ed greeted me sourly.

"He's a mighty doubter, that Jubal," he said. "If a body says it's a fair day, he wants a written affidavit from the weather-man."

"I leave it to Mr. Martin," Jubal said. "Ed claims he was to a roadhouse down-state last week and seen Carl Volland there cavortin' around with a female that warn't his missis. How could he 'a' seen Volland when everyone knows Volland is out to his island?"

"Still in all, it was Volland," said Ed. I tried not to look too interested.

"Volland?" I said.

"Yup, he's the one I was afraid you was off to see the other day," Jubal said. "Him and his missis stick closer'n leeches to Naugatuck. That's why I been tellin' Ed he don't know what he's talking about."

Ed's sunburn turned a choleric purple and he started to repeat himself. It had been Carl Volland. And with a redheaded woman, "sporty-looking." They had been drinking and dancing and having a big time generally.

I went back to the Captain Ahab Inn and found Laura looking very sleek and gleaming. She had washed her hair and was just putting the finishing touches on a manicure.

"You look as if you'd just come off the assembly line," I said.

"Not quite," she said. "My nose is the bottleneck. If it doesn't stop peeling, I'll have to go home wearing a nose guard."

"I will buy you the best nose guard in Nantucket," I said. "I will do this because you had something there about the Volland." I told her what I'd just heard.

Laura thought this over.

"It's pathetic, isn't it? I feel sorry for Mrs. Volland. I wonder—" I saw the old crusading look come into her eye.

"There's nothing we can do about it," I said hastily. "Not a thing."

FOR the next day or so nothing happened. Then—it was on Thursday—I turned to the financial pages of the New York Times to see how Consolidated Products, common, was doing.

I own twenty shares of Consolidated, which constitute my entire market holdings. Today good old CXP was selling for six, up an eighth. I started to close the paper when my eye caught a name in the column just next to the market tables. It was an SEC report, giving changes in the corporate holdings of company directors and stockholders.

"Rutland, Montpelier and Portsmouth RR," it read. "Adelaide Volland, Dir., sold 1,500 shrs. common; sold 1,150 shrs. pfd."

That was all. I figured out the proceeds of the sale. Adelaide Volland had received just under thirty-eight thousand dollars in cash. I tried to think of reasons why Mrs. Volland, living amid the tumble-down ruins of Naugatuck Island, might want thirty-eight thousand dollars.

That same evening I wired McInnis. His answer arrived next day around noon:

CARL VOLLAND SOLD STOCK ACTING WITH POWER ATTORNEY STOP BROKERS HELMSLEY AND RENAULT NEW BEDFORD OFFICE STOP ALSO SOLD FOUR THOUSAND SHARES MESTIRA COPPER MARCH SIX LAST WHAT GOES ON?



THE CHOICE OF
SERVICE MEN
EVERYWHERE!

LIBERTY

Laura looked at the telegram in bewilderment when I showed it to her.

"Mac has phrased it neatly," she said. "What does go on?"

I told her about the notice in the Times. "I bet he's been selling stock right along without his wife's knowledge," she said. "I bet he's waiting until he gets a fortune piled up and then he's going to leave her." This time I agreed with Laura.

WE took our second trip to Naugatuck the following afternoon, a gray, nasty day. I had halfheartedly argued against going, but in the end I gave in.

As soon as we got within a half mile of the island we saw that Volland's sloop wasn't tied up at the dock.

"Maybe we're too late," said Laura. I said that was unlikely. Chances were that Carl Volland had again gone ashore to visit the red-haired lady.

"If so, it's a break for us," Laura said. "Mrs. Volland must be there alone."

We tied up the Queequeg and again headed up the path toward that gray ruin.

No one came out to meet us. We circled the house once, warily, and then climbed the porch stairs. There were a couple of rocking chairs around and a broken-down hammock. Perched on the arms of the chairs were soiled glasses with remnants of highballs still in them.

I knocked on the front door. No answer. "She's probably upstairs," Laura said.

"Or maybe with him on the boat." Then she cut loose with a crooked little smile.

"Bill, how long can they jug you for housebreaking?"

"Too long," I said. "But it's in a good cause. Let's go."

Getting inside didn't take much brainwork. All it involved was pushing open the frayed screen door and walking through a couple of mildewed portieres into the living room.

The shades were down and it was dark inside. But not too dark to conceal what salt air plus years of neglect had done to what had originally been ornate furnishings. The cumulative effect of battered mahogany tables, broken crystal chandeliers, moldy drapes, and dust everywhere was overwhelming.

Then we saw the woman on the sofa.

I heard Laura catch her breath sharply. The woman wore a green satin robe and green mules. She lay on her side, one arm beneath her head, a tangle of red hair over her face.

She was asleep. The rouge on her flabby lips, purple against the dead white of her skin, had smudged into a smear on one side of her face. It took no expert to tell that she was sleeping off what must have been a lulu of a bender.

I stared stupidly at the heavy gold brooch she was wearing. It fastened the green robe at the base of the low white V above her breasts. The initials A. F. were worked in diamonds on the brooch—Adelaide Forrester.

I told myself this wasn't Adelaide Forrester—and tried to grasp the implications of that all-important fact.

I'll always remember the way Laura looked at me, mutely, before we started for the door. We didn't reach it. Carl Volland stood there, peering at us.

"So you refused to be discouraged," he said gently. "You must think me a boor, the way I consistently fail to greet you. I am sorry."

I didn't answer him. But Laura did.

"We have an editor who refuses to take no for an answer," she was saying with a sort of desperate brightness. "He insisted that we come back and try again."

Volland nodded gravely. "I quite understand," he said paternally. "No doubt you found the front door open and were sur-



1 Girl: I think this "Platter Party" idea is super! But why does your crowd always meet at Betty's?

Boy: Wait'll you hear their phonograph—that's something special.



2 Boy: Listen to that—even at low volume you can't hear a whisper of needle scratch!

Girl: That is super! I'm going to tell daddy about this.

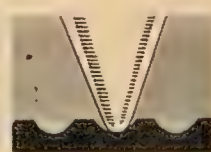


3 Boy: Get that trumpet—that's solid.

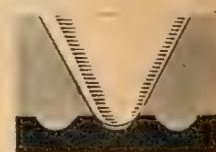
Girl: It really sends you! Sounds as if we were right there. Hope we get a Crosley at our house—then I can dig a "Platter Party" too!



"GOOD-BYE, NEEDLE SCRATCH!" with the FLOATING JEWEL* TONE SYSTEM—patented, exclusive with Crosley. The rounded, lifetime, sapphire stylus in the scientifically balanced tone-arm floats like a feather along the sides of the record's grooves—doesn't dig in like old-fashioned needles. Records last up to ten times longer. MASTER TONE CONTROL—for both records and radio—gives you 64 different tone combinations at your fingertips—lets you select just the tone you like best.



Old fashioned sharp needle
"Sera-a-tch!
Hi-l-sss!
Chatter!"



Floating Jewel*
Tone System
"Good-bye
Needle
Scratch!"

PLAN NOW to own a Crosley Radio-Phonograph yourself—matchless engineering, design and inbuilt mechanical quality make it worth waiting for, worth saving for! The Crosley Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Refrigerators : Household Appliances : The Crosley Car : Home of WLW, "The Nation's Station"

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MAKER!**

**NEW
DUTCH
Clothless
COFFEE
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50c

- ★ NO CLOTH!
- ★ NO PAPER!
- ★ CAN'T FALL OUT!
- ★ VIRTUALLY
UNBREAKABLE!

By *Vaculator*

The QUALITY Coffee Maker



**STOP OR I'LL
SCREAM!**

**NOT NECESSARY.
DEAR. I USE
STAR BLADES!**



4 for 10c



prised to find Miss Valentine asleep on the couch?"

"Slightly," I said. "We thought—"

"That Mrs. Volland and I were always here alone?" He held open the porch door in a wordless invitation for us to come outside. We did. "You see, Mrs. Volland's cold grew worse the other day. We thought it wise to get a trained nurse. Miss Valentine is most capable. She has been up all night and is quite exhausted, poor woman."

He didn't try to explain the brooch or the fact that Miss Valentine was tanked to the ears. It was obvious that he was lying.

"I admire persistence." He smiled at us thinly. "When you first came I told you that we refused all interviews here. In view of your tenacity, however, I am now inclined to make an exception to that rule."

I mumbled something grateful, wondering what sort of interview he was planning, and how he'd explain away the brooch.

"If you will wait here, I will see if my wife feels fit enough to come down."

Before either of us could reply he went inside. In a few moments he was back, carrying a tray with highballs on it.

"She'll be with us shortly." He handed a glass to each of us. "I think you'll like this. My own invention—a Naugatuck special."

I took the drink and tried a sip. It was good, a kind of rye collins. Laura refused hers at first, and I knew why. She was thinking one of those typical Laura thoughts—poison and sudden death or something. For a split second I almost agreed with her. Then I laughed at myself and her. She caught my glance and said she'd have one too.

"While we're waiting," Volland said, sitting down facing us, "I might start. What questions do you want me to answer?"

I decided to begin with something less controversial than that railroad stock he'd been selling. I asked him how he and his wife spent their time on the island and how they liked it. That gave him a chance to hold forth on the joys of solitude.

It was all very glib. I even noticed a passage or two from Thoreau's *Walden* that he passed off as his own. And I got the distinct impression that he was stalling for time—and that meanwhile he was enjoying a little joke at our expense.

MORE time passed. We finished our drinks. Still Mrs. Volland didn't show up. Then, in the middle of one of Volland's quotations I became suddenly conscious that I was about to be sick to my stomach.

That didn't surprise me. I've already mentioned that I have a trick digestive system. I'd had my usual spell of seasickness on the trip over. The drink started my insides kicking up again.

I sat facing Volland and Laura, swallowing hard. I stood it as long as I could, and then scrambled to my feet and made a request for the location of the bathroom.

When I got back, several minutes later, I felt better, but not too much better. There was still a woozy feeling in my head and my legs weren't any too steady.

I managed to make the rocking chair I'd started from. For some reason, my heart was pounding away on an overtime schedule. I made a stab at starting the conversation again.

The words wouldn't come.

Volland didn't seem to notice that I was in trouble. "I have just been explaining to Mrs. Martin," he was saying, "that my wife will not be able to join us after all." His words seemed to come from a long way off. I didn't reply. Neither did Laura. I twisted around to look at her. She was in trouble too. Her face was white and she was struggling for breath.

"Mrs. Volland will not be able to join

(Continued on page 56)



A Favorite in Flowers

BLACK-EYED SUSAN—State Flower of Maryland



In flowers it's beauty that makes a favorite. In gin,
surpassing flavor. And so it is with Dixie Belle
... a gin whose fresh, vital flavor is distilled into
every drop from selected grains and choicest fruits,
herbs and berries. For your favorite gin drinks,
insist on this favorite among gins ... Dixie Belle.

A Favorite in **GIN**

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued from page 54)

us," the voice was saying, "because, as I believe you suspected, she is dead."

There was a tremendous pounding in my ears and things were spinning around crazily. I tried to focus my eyes on Volland. I tried to pull myself out of the chair and get my hands on him, but my body would not respond.

"No, Mr. Martin, no," Volland was saying. "I have not given you poison—merely one of the more powerful soporifics. In a few moments you will be sleeping soundly."

I made another try at getting to him. It was no good. I could only stare stupidly and hate him with a burning, impotent ferocity and fight against the overpowering, growing nausea. Even in the strange state my mind was in, everything was clear now. I knew that Volland had murdered his wife—murdered her long ago—and then had continued living on the island, selling her property bit by bit until he and the other woman could get away safely.

He continued to talk, explaining why it was impossible to permit us to go on living. There was something about that brooch . . . about his being sorry . . . I gave up trying to listen. I remember clawing at the arms of the chair in a last effort to get to my feet. There was a rushing noise around me, a sense of falling, and then—nothing.

OVERHEAD there was only blackness, a heavy smothering blanket crowding down on me. I tried to move, to tear away the blanket, but something was holding my hands. Then all at once things snapped into focus and I knew the blanket overhead was the night sky and that the heavy motionless shape lying across my thighs was the bound body of Laura. And that the ropes around my wrists and ankles hurt.

I lay there groggily, trying to piece the parts together. For a minute, before I heard her breathing, I thought Laura was dead.

There were sounds all around—the slapping of waves and the chugging of a launch's engine, the Queequeg's. Laura and I were up near her bow, dumped on the salt-wet flooring. There was another sound, a soft *plash-plash*, as though another smaller boat—a dory perhaps—was being towed behind us.

The bits of the puzzle didn't fit. Why had we been taken out here in our own boat? What was coming next?

Suddenly someone spoke. It was a woman's voice. "I'm damn near froze to death," it said. "How much longer will it be?"

The two of them were in the stern. Volland's answer sounded exhilarated, almost happy. "Not long. Five, ten minutes. The shoal's just off those shore lights."

"You certainly pick the hard way," she said. Her voice was hoarse, irritable. "Honest to goodness, Carl, I can't make you out. You've got a set-up handed to you and right away you've got to get complicated."

I clamped my teeth hard and tested the ropes around my wrists. It was no good. There wasn't a chance of freeing myself.

Volland said, "My love, you have no sense of the fitness of things. Some day I must read Moby Dick to you. You won't understand Melville, but that won't spoil my pleasure."

"Melville? Who's he?"

"No one in your set. A gentleman who once wrote several beautifully appropriate lines." He quoted in a singsong voice: "With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between the billows: so at nightfall the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales." Lovely, don't you think?"

"It doesn't make any sense to me."

"That's a pity," Volland said. "Unfortunately for our journalist friends, it would have great significance for them."

I lay there, dully uncomprehending. Then the knowledge broke on me like a thunder-clap. Rocked to sleep between the billows. . . . That was it. Very soon now there were going to be two deaths by drowning. Accidental deaths.

It would all be so simple. Off one of these shoals, an accident was going to befall the Queequeg. Maybe Volland would run her up on the rocks; maybe he'd be satisfied with staving in her bottom. In either case, Laura and I would be on board when the launch went under. That was why the dory was trailing behind, that was how Volland would get back to Naugatuck.

Yes, it was all very simple. Later, when our bodies washed ashore, the people in 'Sconset would have no trouble explaining the accident. They'd talk about the stupidity of city folk trying to take a boat through shoals at night. There'd be nothing to link Volland up with the tragedy. He hadn't slipped up anywhere along the line.

All at once I knew that was wrong. One little cog had slipped: I was conscious and Volland didn't know it. Laura and I must be dead to the world when the waters closed over us—otherwise there'd be too great a risk of our staying afloat somehow.



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THE HOME FRONT



"Why didn't you tell me you were a conscientious objector?"

Yes, that was it. Volland couldn't know his Mickey Finn hadn't agreed with me, that I'd upchucked most of it, that its effect had worn off.

I felt a surge of sudden hope. Before he started scuttling the boat Volland *must* untie the ropes that bound us. Otherwise his whole stage setting would fall to pieces. That was our chance—our only chance.

All at once the pounding of the Queequeg's engine died away. In the silence that followed there was a scuffling noise as Volland felt his way toward us.

For a moment that spun out, through eternity, he crouched over us, doing nothing. Then he grunted and grabbed me around the shoulders and began to tug. For a few terrible seconds I was swept by the conviction that he wasn't going to untie the ropes. . . .

Then the panic passed. I could feel him hacking away with a knife at the ropes around my ankles. He propped my body against the gunwale and was working on my wrists now.

The last strand parted and I felt his arms go around my waist. I brought my knee up into the pit of his belly and felt a crazy exultation at his grunt of pain. I twisted around fast and tried to get at his throat. There was a grinding pain in my shoulder, and I thought detachedly that his knife had grazed a bone and that I'd have to get that knife away from him. . . .

We were in the bottom of the boat now, clawing at each other, rolling up against the engine. The woman had crawled forward and was trying to beat at my head and shoulders and her nails were cutting deep.

I don't know how long it went on. I remember getting my teeth into his arm and I remember the scream of pain he gave as the knife went overboard. Then I had my fingers around his throat and was banging his head against the iron flywheel of the engine. . . .

I must have kept it up long after he had gone limp. All I recall is that when I finally let go, the woman was crawling away from me on her hands and knees. Her dress had been torn half off and I could dimly see blood on her neck and shoulders.

I put my hand up to my face and it came away dark and wet.

"So help me God, I told him not to," the woman was mumbling over and over again. "So help me God, so help me. . . ."

THEY said I was talking to myself when I brought the boat in, some time after seven next morning.

They said Nantucket had seen many queer sights, but that one matched any of them, with me alone, gibbering, in the stern, my face and right side a caked mass of blood. And with a cargo of one drugged woman, one hysterical one, and a murderer with a cracked skull.

I didn't find out about that until later. I didn't know much of anything until I came round, nearly a day later, in Nantucket Hospital. Then there was Laura bending over me telling me I was a hero. And there was a doctor alongside who said that maybe if I took it easy, I'd get out in a week.

Laura stood there, her eyes sparkling with tears, telling me without any words how happy she was. Then she said, "You call yourself a newspaperman and you don't even ask me if I called the paper and gave them the story. Well, I did."

She kissed me on the tip of my nose, because that was about the only part of my face that wasn't bandaged. I struggled to sit up.

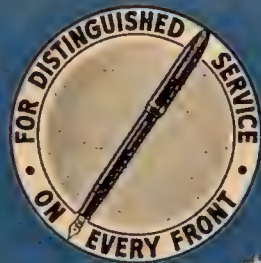
"No," the doctor said. "You can't do that." He eased me back flat against the pillows. "You wouldn't know it through these bandages," I said to Laura, "but I am looking at you affectionately."

THE END

FEBRUARY 17, 1945

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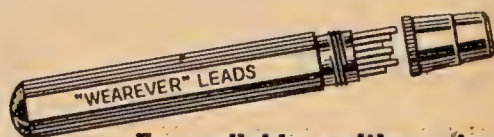
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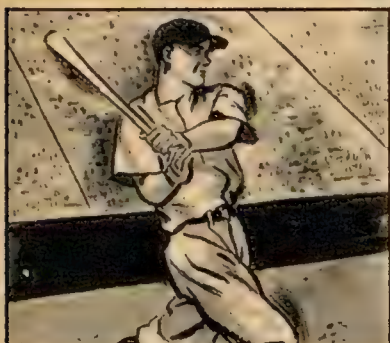
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MULTIPLE *Vitamins*



TODAY NOTHING IS “MADE IN FRANCE”

Continued from Page 21

clothing industry is concerned with the creation of luxurious clothing, exquisite gowns, delicate underwear, all individually styled and all as expensive as they are beautiful. Paris dressmakers are not seamstresses alone; they are artists, and as such they are unexcelled in the fashioning of hats, gloves, belts, costume jewelry.

Though Americans have heard almost as much about fashions since the liberation of France as they have about hardships of the occupation, there is actually a grave material shortage in the country. While a few Parisian women wear the enormous hats which cost from twenty to seventy dollars apiece, some areas in France actually do not have enough material in their shops to provide each person with a pocket handkerchief.

In 1938 France used 280,000 tons of cotton; now she has none. In 1939 she imported 120,000 tons of wool. This year her consumption will be cut to 6,000 tons. The Ministry of Production estimates France has now only about 13 per cent of the total material supply she had before the war, and that figure includes much inferior stock.

NEXT and fourth largest export to the United States seems as strange as it is true: raw skins and leather. At first blush it would seem that a small country like France would not produce enough skins even for her own use, let alone export. Actually, what she did do was to sell her own high-grade skins to America and import cheap ones for her own domestic use from South America. Obviously, shipping is the stumbling block here at the moment.

The fifth export also depends largely on two-way shipping. France imported a series of chemical products, mainly acids, which she collected from her empire, processed in France, then sold to America for industrial use.

Works of art, such as paintings, sculpture, and so on, were sixth. There is no particular reason to believe this work was interrupted appreciably by the war, and though no survey has been made as yet, authorities believe there is a sizable backlog of such works ready and waiting for American buyers.

Cheese was next; but the famous old cheese caves in the center of France are empty and useless today, and certainly there will be no revival of this export for many, many months to come.

The fat situation is catastrophic. Before the war Frenchmen used 4,000 tons of fats a month; now they get 250 tons. And milk is so scarce that only little children are allowed it on the ration cards.

Eighth on the list was steel. Today the blast furnaces are cold, for there is no transport to bring fuel to the factories. And there are few skilled steelworkers left in France, because Germany had particular need for them.

Ninth: perfume and soap. The little capital of the most famous perfume industry in the world is Grasse in the south of France. Here, they say, the climate and the water are the best on earth for making delicate perfumes. And since the factories were mainly out of the war area and safe from Allied bombing, the installations and equipment are intact and functioning.

When the American soldier first arrived in France, there appeared to be an abundance of everything.

(Continued on page 60)

Are you in the know?



If your writing runs uphill, are you— ☐ Moody
☐ Indifferent to people
☐ An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an *optimist*, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not *keep* that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins, because that *4-ply safety center* keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection *plus*—with Kotex.



How do you get out of a car?

- ☐ Step down gracefully
- ☐ Wriggle out like Grandma
- ☐ Jump out like Junior

Let this sad Sal be a caution to you! *Step down gracefully*, keeping knees as close together as possible. True grace depends on good posture. On *comfort*, too, at "those" times . . . the dependable comfort of Kotex, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch! That's because Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . doesn't wad up, doesn't get lumpy like some napkins. Kotex keeps firm . . . its softness really stays with you.

Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—

- ☐ A Private
- ☐ A Captain
- ☐ A Sergeant

Even if she's an officer, a WAC can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids in a furlough wedding party. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month! Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, the patented ends of Kotex are *pressed flat* so they don't show. Let them be your sentry, guarding you from revealing lines!



Lip rouge lingers longer

- if you—** ☐ Moisten the lips first
☐ Apply it over powder
☐ Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

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| ☐ Aviation Mechanic | ☐ Plastics ☐ Radio |
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ Sheet Metal Work |
| ☐ Chemistry | ☐ Ship Construction |
| ☐ Civil Engineering | ☐ Shop Practice |
| ☐ Diesel Engines | ☐ Show Card and |
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Position.....Hours.....A.M. to.....P.M.

Discount to Discharged Veterans; Special Tuition Rates for Members of the Armed Forces.

(Continued from page 58)

ance of perfume. Now the essential oils which France imported before the war from Japan, China, and the Dutch East Indies have given out, and rationing has started in Paris shops.

Tenth and last of the important French exports to America was musical instruments. Here again there is a material and worker shortage.

The shortage of raw materials actually is only one segment of the vicious circle now confronting the French. The problem of internal transport is equally harassing.

Roads and bridges have been bombed, railway lines and marshaling yards smashed. Canals, used in prewar France to relieve traffic congestion and to provide cheaper transport, have been clogged with the wreckage of war. Moreover, the Germans either confiscated or destroyed most of the trucks in France, so that while in prewar France there were around 500,000 trucks, now there are only 90,000, and those are in bad repair.

By now the main railway lines of France may be back in order, but there is a dire scarcity of locomotives and freight cars. Before the war France ran 12,500 locomotives; now she has 3,000. Even the factories which repair locomotives are without parts. Seemingly there is no end to France's troubles. She's like a worn-out inner tube which, if patched in one place, gives out in another.

FRANCE'S troubled Ministry of Production has undertaken a detailed study of each major industry, but gathering the report is like trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle in which none of the pieces match. Many industrialists, loyal to the Allied cause, did a job of sabotage on their factory production figures, leading the Germans to believe their production was lower than it actually was. Effective as this method may have been at the time, it left the books of many establishments completely falsified, and until each set is individually straightened out, the Ministry will have difficulty getting a true picture.

Moreover, the retreating Germans severed communication lines behind them, and those which they did not cut, the French F. F. I. themselves cut to prevent co-ordinated German action. This meant that not only were telephone and telegraph inoperable for months in France, but parts of the country went without electric light or power.

Also, there is no fuel available to French factories. In 1938 France was using seventy million tons of coal. Because she imported part of her consumption, she was reduced during the occupation to forty million tons. Now, because there is no transport and because the miners are scattered and fighting, there is practically no coal available. In machinery oil she now has 65,000 tons as compared with her prewar 280,000 tons. Vast quantities of her wood, and charcoal were taken by the Germans.

Unless France can get her industries going by the time her prisoners of war return, her unemployment problem may well reach the crisis stage. By the time hostilities cease, there will be well over three million prisoners in Germany, and already in France as many as 600,000 have applied for unemployment relief. The situation in France at the moment is so confused that there is little telling how many more unemployed have not yet made themselves known to the government.

IT is true that France will have great need of many of the workers now prisoners in Germany, for one of France's biggest labor problems is a shortage of skilled artisans. It was true even before the war that France had far too many manual laborers, and the forty-hour week was inaugurated as a direct means of relieving unemployment. But, by the same token, production did not increase, for the work of the skilled craftsman was also reduced.

One part of the government's plan, yet nebulous, is a scheme to transport skilled workers from one area where they are not needed to an area where the shortage is acute. It is important to mention, too, that productivity will be considerably slowed until French workers are well fed again and the disease rate, now steadily mounting, has been lowered. It is already known that of the prisoners in Germany 150,000 are tuberculous and 350,000 have venereal diseases.

That is the French industrial picture today, a monument to the destruction of war. The popularity of General de Gaulle, or any other leader of France, will be directly related to the efficiency and the rapidity with which he undertakes this gigantic, overwhelming task. Undoubtedly it will be one of the toughest jobs any government anywhere will have to face at the war's end.

THE END



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

COWNSEL: Elsie's lawyer.

DOUBTLOOK: Anticipating sunny weather in February.

OAFFICIAL: A doltish deputy.

FALA-CY: Believing that the famous Scottie shapes policy.

IDOLL: For a baby pagan. (See sheath-en)

SNOWVEAU RICHE: A poor Eskimo inherits money.

LAXICOGRAPHER: A dilatory dictionary definer.

WOPTIMIST: What Mussolini no longer is.

BA CONN.: Pork from the Nutmeg State.

SEWBRIQUET: Nickname for a tailor.

SHALL WE BROADCAST CONGRESS?

Continued from Page 17

jaundiced eye any departure from its traditions. As a recent example, a movie screen was set up in the Senate Chamber to show Army films. The purpose was to supplement the senators' knowledge of many of the subjects they debate. When Senate officials got wind of it, they immediately ordered the screen removed.

Those who advocate the broadcasting of legislative sessions contend that it would improve the make-up of Congress. It would expose the stupidity and unfitness of some legislators and strengthen many an able, hard-working congressman whose words too often reach only the readers of the Congressional Record and the sparsely filled Capitol galleries.

Alert New Zealand has improved the quality of its legislative body since it began airing Parliamentary proceedings nine years ago. The Labor Party complained that it was not getting a square deal in the country's press. M. J. Savage, who later became Prime Minister, asserted, "I would sooner put up with the publication of my remarks over the air than with the reports which I read in the newspapers."

So when the Labor Party came into power in 1936, it immediately began to broadcast legislative sessions. To meet objections of those claiming not to be interested in Parliamentary broadcasts, it was arranged for a special government station to carry them. At first only the most important debates were aired. But so enthusiastic were listeners that complete proceedings, including the opening prayer, were soon sent over the air waves.

Today New Zealand's most powerful station, 2YA, a 60,000-watt station in Wellington, broadcasts the lawmakers from 2.30 P. M. to 11 P. M., with time out for dinner. Daily newspapers list Parliamentary programs with scheduled speakers and topics.

THE legislators don't talk directly into a microphone; six mikes are suspended from the ceiling. The debate is lively and extemporaneous because members are not allowed to read speeches while on the air. Most popular listening hours are between 7.30 and 10 P. M.

Seated in a corner "covering" the event is a radio announcer. Whenever a representative rises to speak, the announcer switches on the microphone nearest him to control voice volume. During lengthy debates he whispers the names of the speakers for the benefit of late tuners-in. Committee hearings are also broadcast.

The Speaker has great authority. Occasionally a representative will try to "grandstand" for the benefit of the home folks at the dial by prolonging debate. But the Speaker will speedily stop him. Any time he sees fit—say, for reasons of national security—the Speaker can press a button underneath his desk and shut off debate from the air.

After hearing their representatives, New Zealand voters decided to make some changes. Nevertheless, many of the nation's poorest orators continue to be re-elected, indicating that New Zealanders can be educated without being entranced. Nor has the novelty of listening to their legislators worn off. Thousands of fans follow their favorite Voice, and so popular have the broadcasts become that the Opposition party has promised to continue them if it is returned to office. And with it all, New Zealand's legislative tradition—faithfully copied from the British House of Commons—has been zealously maintained.

Although New Zealand is the only country in the world now broadcasting legisla-



"You don't love me any more! You used to wake me with a kiss!"

tive sessions, other nations have experimented with the idea. In 1926, Finland, then a liberal-democratic republic, began to air debate of the 200 members of the Finnish Diet. A similar movement was afoot in Germany during the '20s. Even in imperial Japan, the proceedings of the Japanese Diet were aired in 1925.

In March, 1926, the question of broadcasting debates arose in the British Parliament. The Broadcasting Committee urged Prime Minister Baldwin to put Parliament on the air. But Baldwin demurred, as have successive Prime Ministers despite widespread British interest and the ease with which it could be accomplished under the government-owned BBC.

Occasionally a municipal station in the United States will broadcast local legisla-

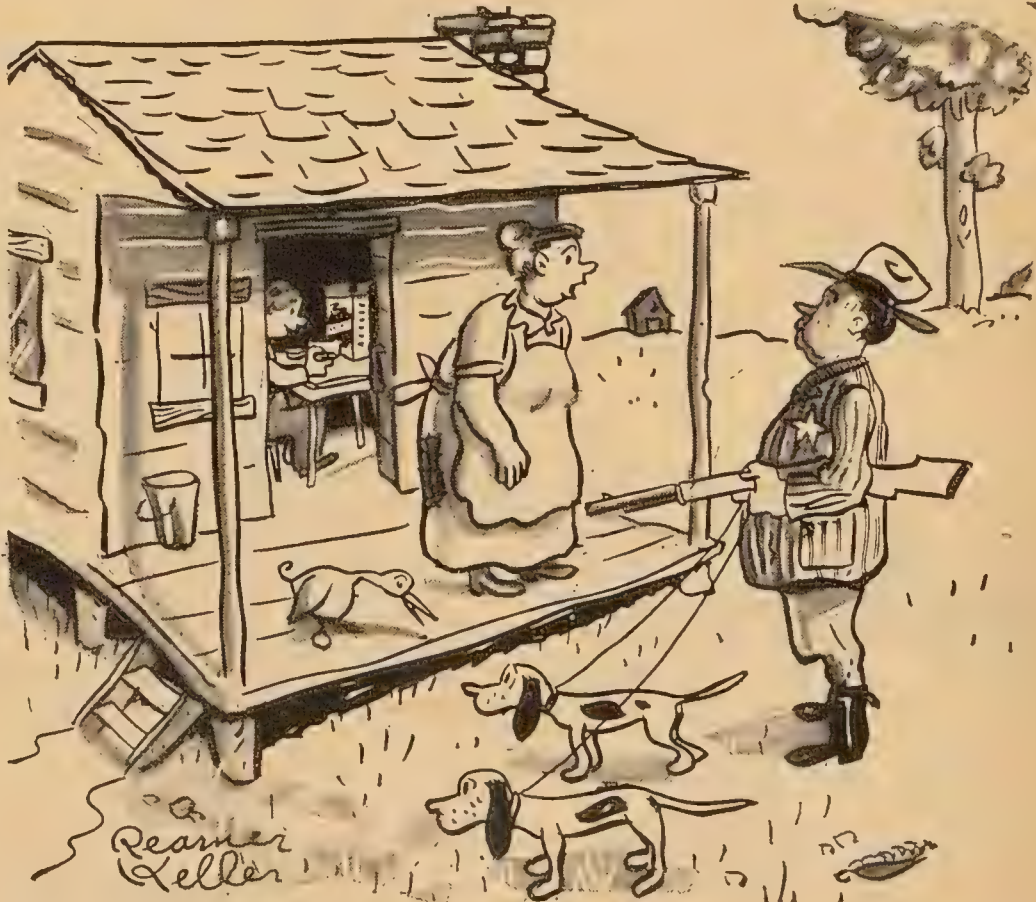
tive sessions. Outstanding was the experience of WNYC, which aired New York City Council proceedings for two years (1938-40). A howling success, it made blasé New Yorkers vastly more civic-minded. Manhattan cave dwellers found the broadcasts both educational and entertaining—admitting in a survey that they preferred hearing City Council to live or canned music. But Gotham's councilmen whimsically voted themselves off the air.

"I wish they'd go back on," a listener complained. "Broadcasting them made the councilmen work harder, be on their toes and more apt to do the right thing by us." WNYC's manager agreed that the broadcasting "raised the quality of the discussions . . . the councilmen . . . were more prepared, since a corrected copy or hand-out could not be given to the press."

AND how does the radio industry itself feel about broadcasting our national lawmakers? A large segment of it has been cool to the idea, especially the networks. Many a hard-boiled radioman, while admitting it wouldn't be any problem to wire Congress for broadcasting, insists that Congress would be too high-brow and dull for the average listener. Who, such men ask, wants to hear the long-winded reading of a thirty-five-page appropriation bill? One official insists radio would soon find itself "between Congressional pressure on the one hand and audience disinterest on the other." Another protests that "debate would have to be staged and we would be merely putting on a show instead of attending to the business of Congress." A leading radio magazine declares that "if a poll were taken, the public would vote for less rather than more Congressional speechmaking."

And many broadcasters freely admit that they are not overanxious to surrender

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hours of lucrative time. Under the Pepper-Coffee bill, stations wouldn't be paid for airing Capitol Hill. Congress on the Air would be a public-service "sustaining program." Stations couldn't very well stop every fifteen minutes for a commercial. Of course Congress might have its own station, but this probably would be regarded by broadcasting officials as drastic government encroachment on their ether domain.

Nathan Straus, president of independent WMCA and a long-time champion of broadcasting Congress, recently polled radio officials on the question. Of those who answered, 69.2 per cent favored the idea, as against 13.5 per cent opposed. However, while Straus sent questionnaires to 875 stations, he received only 133 replies. Of these, twenty-six stations agreed to carry Congress. None were network giants. Most of them were small stations—250-watters. Ten were affiliated with the Mutual and six with the Blue network.

A Georgia radio executive believes the program would result in sending more capable people to Capitol Hill. The owner of a Cleveland station protests, "There's no valid reason why Congress, with nothing to hide, should attempt to block this method of bringing the public more complete knowledge."

Meantime, while waiting for Congress to make up its mind, Straus has done what he considers the next best thing. Each Sunday, between 3.30 and 4 P. M., WMCA now broadcasts a Halls of Congress program in which professional actors portray Washington lawmakers in dramatizations of texts taken from the Congressional Record of the week.

RURAL folks are among the most spirited supporters of the proposal. At its latest convention, the Farmers Union strongly urged putting Congress on the air. Paul Sifton, the Union's Washington representative, has been one of the most vocal champions of the idea. Small-town editors, lacking access to full press wires, admit that it would benefit them greatly.

Other advocates include the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. locals, Southern Methodist Churchwomen, the Writers War Board, and the Union for Democratic Action. Much of the support stems from the Far West and northernmost New England.

Objections, aside from those already mentioned, are many and varied. A common complaint is that Congress would lose its dignity by being open to public inspection. Since the Senate and House are in session simultaneously, which should be broadcast? Wouldn't the daytime audiences be limited to women? Since it isn't possible to broadcast all debate, wouldn't whatever

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was broadcast be false and misleading? What good would it do to broadcast floor proceedings when the real work is done in committee? Will congressmen still enjoy "Congressional immunity" if their remarks go over the air?

Other critics of Congressional broadcasts have been more flippant. One columnist thinks the program should include a House vocalist warbling, "When the Sol Bloom is on the rose in the good old Jessie Sumner Time." The Washington Post slyly suggests Two Chambers Hath the Heart as a Congressional theme song, while Time magazine quotes congressmen as finding the whole idea "nightmarish."

Proponents of the plan counter all objections with a potent argument. Today, they say, when popular government has collapsed in so many nations, the greater citizenship participation resulting from the broadcasting of legislative sessions would serve to strengthen our democracy. People today, they insist, are Congress-conscious. They are taking the actions of their legislators more seriously, as indicated by their rejection of isolationists in the last election.

THESE men admit there are operational problems, but insist they can be met. They point to the popularity of network forum programs as evidence that Americans are hungry for scrappy discussions. And they feel that listeners will prefer the moral frailties of their public servants—all the "ers" and the "ahs" and the "hmms"—to the stock streamlined speeches.

Since the expense is not prohibitive, Congressional broadcasting champions propose to give the idea a trial and then measure audience interest. Senator Pepper warns, "If we don't broadcast our proceedings and keep step with radio, people are going to begin asking whether we're afraid to let them hear what we're saying. After all, it's their business we're transacting."

In the days to come, Congress will be debating questions touching every American's life: postwar jobs, social security, taxes, low-cost medical care, compulsory military training, etc. Advocates emphasize that were Congress on the air, American democracy could prove that it is possible for a government to grow huge and complex and yet remain close to its people.

But the most overpowering argument suggested is that broadcasting Congress would give millions of Americans front-line seats in the making of the coming peace. All-outers for Congress on the air hold that radio can render no greater service than this.

THE END



"I don't suppose we could persuade you good people to stay the night."

FEBRUARY 17, 1945



Charles Gordon

conditions. Gordon was born in New York City thirty-nine years ago. He was graduated from New York University Law School and practiced law in Manhattan for ten years. Since then he's been in the Immigration Service. In his spare winter time, Gordon works on a novel; in his spare summer time, he plays tennis and cultivates a whopper of a Victory garden. He has two children.

WHEN G. I. JOE TAKES AN ALIEN BRIDE

Continued from Page 27

that the applicant for a visa is not barred by the immigration laws of the United States. The purpose of these laws is to keep undesirables out of the United States. This policy is unquestionably sound, but it has resulted in applying broad, inflexible standards which often cause extreme hardship in particular cases. One Yank recently married a beautiful Polynesian girl. All went well until he attempted to bring his bride to the United States. Then he learned that our immigration laws contain a racial bar which pre-

THE author of When G. I. Joe Takes an Alien Bride, Charles Gordon, has a rich background for unraveling red tape on immigration laws. As a research analyst in the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Department of Justice, his chief interest is helping to mold the law to meet changing

vents the entry of aliens who are not White, Negro, Chinese, or "indigenous to the Western Hemisphere." Since the soldier's wife did not belong to one of these racial groups, she was not permitted to immigrate to the United States.

Of course, in this case humane government officials granted the soldier's bride a permit to enter the United States as a temporary visitor so that she could join her husband. And it is conceivable that this permit will be extended from time to time, and that the soldier's family will thus be kept intact. But unless the law is changed, the wife can never be naturalized or granted permission to stay permanently. If an alien child were born to this couple outside the United States, the same dilemma would arise.

EXAMPLES could be multiplied. If a wife is found to be suffering from tuberculosis, or if it is found that she once committed an offense involving "moral turpitude," or if she comes within any one of the hundred or so prohibited categories listed in the immigration laws, no amount of pleading by the husband would get her into the country, except possibly as a temporary visitor.

Fortunately, these are exceptional situations. In the great majority of cases the G. I.'s wife and child eventually obtain their visas to come to America. But even the issuance of the visa does not guarantee that they will be permitted to enter this country. In the first place, upon arrival at an American port the soldier's wife and child still must pass the scrutiny of immigration officers, who have full authority to refuse admission to those who do not meet the standards prescribed by law.

Again, the permission to come to the United States may be canceled by events

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that happen after the visa is issued. In one tragic case an American flier who married an Australian girl was transferred to the United States. He sent for his wife, who finally obtained the necessary papers and started out to join her husband. Upon reaching Cape Town, en route to the United States, the young wife was informed that her husband had just been killed in a flying accident, and that her nonquota visa to come to the United States was automatically revoked.

Comparatively few of those who obtain immigration visas experience these misfortunes. Almost all who have the precious document are entitled to enter this country—once they can make arrangements for the necessary transportation.

Here the path of true love runs squarely into another major obstacle, for travel to the United States has been sharply curtailed because of the war. Virtually all traffic to the United States from the war zones is by means of Army or Navy transports or other official government vessels. Such transports are used almost exclusively for important war work. Military authorities try to be co-operative, but space for civilian passengers—even if they happen to be wives and children of military personnel—is exceedingly limited. Consequently there may be a long wait between the time when the visa is issued and the time when passage on a ship becomes available.

In the meantime the G. I. husband may be back in the United States, waiting impatiently for the appearance of his family. Because of wartime requirements of secrecy, he cannot even be informed when they have embarked and are on the high seas. The prospective travelers themselves do not know when they are to sail, but they must hold themselves in readiness to depart at once when transportation becomes available. The impatient husband can be informed of his family's whereabouts only when they arrive in the United States.

UNFORTUNATE, too, is the plight of girls in foreign lands who have become engaged to American fighting men. Because they couldn't get permission to marry, or because the fixed waiting period had not expired, or because the couple had decided to wait, the marriage did not take place before the G. I. was transferred to some other war theater. There have been thousands of such cases, and it is astounding how many of these engagements have survived, despite long periods of separation. In New Zealand, hundreds of fiancées and wives of American soldiers have organized a society, known as the New Zealand Eagles, to enable them to prepare for their future wifely roles by learning American history, habits, and idiosyncrasies.

Generally the engaged couple have anticipated that they would marry in the girl's native land, but war has removed the G. I. to distant places. In many instances he has been returned to the United States—on assignment, furlough, or medical discharge—and is now obsessed by the desire to bring his girl to America so they can be married. But there are many hurdles to be overcome. In addition to the usual obstacles that impede the entry of a soldier's bride, a fiancée must face the fact that she is not entitled to any preference or exemption under the law, but may enter this country only under the established quota.

Immigration from Australia and New Zealand—where the problem is most acute—is limited to an allotment of 100 persons annually from each. These quotas are pitifully inadequate to accommodate those

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who are now seeking to enter the United States.

Even this difficulty has not proved insurmountable. Once again Uncle Sam has come to the aid of Dan Cupid. The Department of State has agreed to let the fiancée enter this country as a temporary visitor so that the serviceman can marry her. Once the marriage takes place, arrangements may be made to secure the wife's admission as a permanent resident of the United States.

However, certain conditions must be met before permission will be granted: (1) Transportation must be available to the fiancée and she must be able to meet the requirements usually prescribed for all immigrants; (2) the prospective groom may reasonably be expected to be in the United States at the time of his fiancée's arrival; (3) the boy and his bride-to-be must intend in good faith to marry, and there must be provision for the prospective bride's support in the United States; (4) it must be guaranteed that if the marriage should not take place, the girl will not remain in the United States.

THIS melancholy recital has pointed out some of the extraordinary difficulties that beset the G. I. and the girl who together have listened to love's old sweet song in a foreign setting. The obstacles that block their romance are greater than those which may normally be expected of marriage. Yet thousands of couples all over the world have been willing to brave hardship and disappointment in their search for happiness.

Those who succeed in building the foundations of a lasting marriage under such adverse conditions deserve high praise. Their courage and perseverance have won for them the right to happiness.

THE END

NAVAL AVIATOR NO. 1

Continued from Page 25

and the Saratoga, the foundation of our tremendous carrier fleet.

During this period of ominous lull, Towers followed the usual Navy routine—a tour of sea duty followed by shore assignments. When ashore, he occupied himself with two things: He gave constant encouragement to private manufacturers of planes and engines, urging them to risk new designs, new departures; and he collected books—first editions and association copies.

AS early as 1921 the Navy had established the Bureau of Aeronautics to manage all its aviation affairs, and Rear Admiral William A. Moffett was the first chief. By 1929 he was able to contrive the appointment of Towers as his No. 1 assistant. The two men worked perfectly together, laying the groundwork for the inevitable future of naval aviation. Moffett had made it clear again and again that he was grooming Towers to succeed him. But when he was killed in the crash of the dirigible Akron in 1933, Rear Admiral Ernest King was appointed chief of the Bureau—not Towers, who was away on a distant mission.

Towers, then a captain, had been ordered to the Pacific as Admiral Yarnell's chief of staff, and in that capacity he directed the planning and staging of the mock air raid on Pearl Harbor in 1932 in which our "Blue" attacking air forces theoretically destroyed the base. The newspapers, of course, described the maneuver. Nine years later the Japanese employed his exact plans for their devastating attack on Pearl, coming from precisely the same direction out of the mists, at the same alti-



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tude, and at the same hour of a Sunday morning!

In 1938 Towers was back as assistant chief of the Bureau, and in 1939 he was promoted to rear admiral and finally became chief. It was during this period that the Stormy Petrel made, perhaps, his greatest contribution to the U. S. Navy.

He saw the approach of war with the eyes of reality, and now he was in position to do something about it. He became a thorn in the side of Congressional committees, planning sections, all the inner circles of the Navy High Command. He had never been an apple polisher, giving way to his superiors out of mere deference to their higher rank. Indeed, there were many officers in the service (and still there are) who disliked him intensely. He

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made then, and makes now, no secret of returning the compliment. It is true that he had friends who understood the deep sincerity of his demand for an adequate naval air force. Among them now were Admiral "Betty" Stark and the then Under Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal. But perhaps it was Towers' very truculence which got him what he wanted when he was chief of Bureau.

The climax of his fight was the building schedule for great aircraft carriers of the Essex class. Those carriers have changed the Pacific war from a losing fight into a winning one.

Towers also spurred the private manufacturers more sharply than ever, with allocations of funds for experiment and expansion. And his expansion of aviation training made some officers and some members of Congress call him a plain fanatic.

With the bulk of this critical work well under way, he was abruptly kicked upstairs in October, 1942. The Stormy Petrel had trod upon some tender toes. He insisted, with all his old determination and acidity, that carrier forces should be commanded solely by aviation officers of the Navy. He said flatly that the "battleship sailor" with no experience of flying could not possibly have a true understanding of tactics when airplanes must bear the brunt of every battle.

This was a little too much. The answer to Towers was, in effect: If that is the way you feel about it, go out and command the Pacific air yourself! He was duly ordered to Pearl Harbor.

When he arrived in Pearl to command Pacific naval air, however, there was precious little air to command. In fact, ten months after Pearl Harbor we had only one carrier in the Pacific fit for battle. That was the Hornet, operating with Halsey in the South Pacific. The Enterprise was afloat, but she had been damaged by bomb hits. The Saratoga was in dry dock at Pearl, receiving repairs from battle damage. All the rest, the Lexington, the Yorktown, and the others, had been sunk saving the war for us when it was doubtful whether the war could be saved.

Within twelve days after Towers took command, the Hornet was sunk and the limping Enterprise was hit again. For two weeks, then, we had no carrier at all fit to meet the enemy. But at the end of the fortnight, the Saratoga put to sea again, and the Enterprise had been patched up, though her living quarters were still known as Tent City.

It was not until May, 1943, that the first of the Essex class which Towers had done so much to get started—the Essex herself—arrived upon the scene. Since then, Essex class carriers as well as the medium carriers called CVLs have moved from the shipyards to the Pacific in a steady flow.

IN the midst of those troubled days, recognizing again one of the Towers prophecies, the Navy had established a new doctrine: If the commanding officer in any position of high responsibility is not an aviator, then his first deputy must be an aviator. Consequently, Towers was appointed first deputy to Admiral Nimitz.

Not long after assuming that post, Towers made a spectacular contribution to the strategy of the Pacific war. More than any other man, perhaps, he is responsible for the policy of "by-passing" Japanese islands and garrisons—capturing an enemy point close to Japan and letting the by-passed points "rot on the vine," in the words of Admiral Nimitz. It had its first brilliant example in the campaign for the Marshall Islands. In those islands the Japanese had five heavily-fortified atolls. Four of them, Wotje, Maloelap, Jaluit, and Mili, were

strung out in a line from north to south facing the natural approach of our fleet.

In the preliminary discussions of plans, differences of opinion developed among senior fleet officers. One important group believed we should open with full-scale frontal assault against those four atolls.

Admiral Towers, backed by Rear Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, who is Nimitz's deputy chief of staff, had another idea. Some hundreds of miles behind the four frontal atolls in the Marshall group was another one—Kwajalein, our real objective, since it would provide a workable advanced base for future operations. Admiral Towers and his supporters suggested that we completely by-pass the four strong atolls which lay between us and Kwajalein. We could neutralize them by blockade and air bombardment.

ADAMIRAL NIMITZ decided in favor of the idea advanced by Towers and his supporters. And so one of the brilliant feats of naval warfare was accomplished with negligible loss to ourselves—a success which dictated much of our future strategy in the Pacific Ocean areas.

Admiral Towers lives in a comfortable house, a duplicate of Admiral Nimitz's, at Pearl Harbor, where our Pacific High Command has its headquarters. His personal staff of three or four aides lives with him, and there are two Filipino houseboys. The CINCPAC reservation is about ten miles from Honolulu, but the officers do not often go into the city and civilian guests do not often come out to visit. Recreation consists largely of an occasional game of golf or tennis, an occasional swim.

All the officers live in bachelors' quarters; no wives have been brought out to Hawaii. Admiral Towers' wife, a native of France, lives at San Diego, where she directs a work project enabling widows of Navy fliers to occupy their time making parts for Consolidated aircraft. His son by a previous marriage is Lieutenant Charles S. Towers, naval aviator. His daughter Marjorie is the wife of Commander Herbert D. Riley, naval aviator. Both Mrs. Towers and Mrs. Riley can fly an airplane.

Admiral Towers, who still flies once or twice a month, piloting a scouting plane, assumes a lugubrious expression when he says, "After we have won this war and I've gone home, the main quarrel in my home will be, 'Who's going to fly the family airplane today?'"

THE END

*****★*****



A FUTURE FOR TWO

WHERE else would you expect to find young Bill Webster on Valentine's Day but at Nancy Williams' house—with a fancy box of candy under his arm? Nancy and Bill got engaged last Christmas Eve, you know, so they've been spending every spare moment together ever since, talking dreamily about the future. As a matter of fact, they talked about getting married in every letter they wrote to each other when Bill was overseas. Now he has been honorably discharged from the Army. Bill will be going back to work—his old job's still waiting for him—but on this week's cover you can see that he and Nancy are completely engrossed in building castles in the air.

*****★*****

IRONHEAD MIKE

Continued from Page 33

sary. We'll cover it up. Take Peters and a groundman and hop to it."

Mike and Peters got the necessary insulating tools out of the truck and climbed up the pole. Peters had taken a dislike to the new foreman.

"You'd think," he grumbled, "that he was the guy who invented electricity. Ever see such a cocky bird?"

"Well," Mike grinned, "chances are he is a bit smarter than ironheads like you and me. After all, he's a college man."

"And he just can't forget it," Peters snapped.

Mike hooked the hand line around the crossarm and called for the insulating tools to be sent up. Slipping on his rubber gloves, he eyed the circuits above. There were five wires on the arm. Four of them carried four thousand volts; the fifth was a street-lighting circuit.

"How much of this stuff we going to cover?" Peters asked.

"All of it," Mike said.

Working carefully, they fitted the "snakes"—long rubber tubes slit along the under sides—down over the wires so that when the new wire was being strung in over the existing circuit it would not fall across the hot circuit. They had four of the wires covered and were starting on the fifth when Emery came down the street and paused beneath the pole.

"What are you doing there?" he called.

Mike looked down. "Coverin' this wire."

"Can't you see that's a street-lighting circuit? It's not hot."

He was right, Mike had to admit. All street-lighting circuits were controlled by time switches which kicked out at daylight each morning, but Mike had always regarded such circuits as hot. He reckoned it was a hangover from the old days when there were no such things as foolproof automatic switches.

"Well," he said uncertainly, "we always have covered 'em up."

"That's no reason why you've got to keep doing it," Emery snapped. "Let it go—I want to get this wire strung in."

Mike tossed the extra snakes down to the ground and dropped the hand line. As he started to climb down Peters said scathingly, "Look at him strut. Wonder which pocket he carries his college diploma in?"

Mike grinned. But inside he didn't feel like grinning. He reckoned Emery was right. Just because you always did a thing a certain way was no sign that it was the best way. That was where a man with education had it over an ironhead—he could figure out new and better ways to do things.

Mike's heavy jaw set. By heaven, Dennis wasn't going to grow up and be an ironhead too—not even if he had to pick the kid up and boot him the whole hundred and sixty-seven miles to State Tech.

DRIVING home that evening Mike felt uneasy. Being the stern father-knows-best sort of parent was a new experience for him. What if he were wrong?

He didn't get a chance to talk to Dennis after supper for the boy left as soon as he had eaten, saying that the "bunch" was going over to Lucille's house.

After supper Mike sat on the front porch smoking and resting and watching night fall along the quiet street. It was nearly eleven when Dennis came home. Mike plunged into the subject on his mind.

"I been thinkin' over what you said about not goin' to college this year, son. Afraid you're making a mistake."



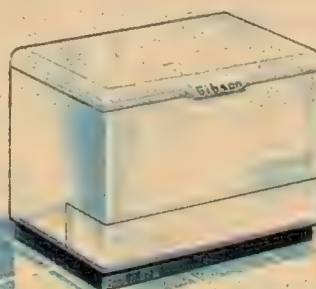
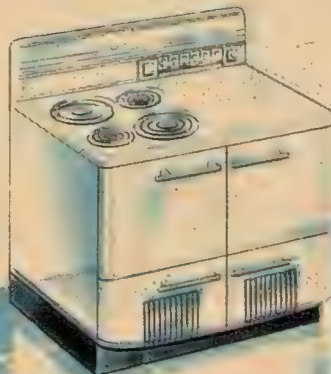
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"State Tech will still be there next year."
"Sure, but something might come up to keep you from goin'."

"Well, it wouldn't kill me to lay out a couple of years."

Mike stared down at his hands. How in the devil could he make the kid see it? "Look," he mumbled bluntly, "don't you want to amount to something? Do you want to grow up and be an ironhead line-man like—well, like me?"

"You talk like you had a short circuit, dad. You've done all right."

"You call climbin' poles for twenty years doin' all right?"

"You deserve better," Dennis said harshly. "Dave gave you a raw deal when he brought Emery in to take over the crew. By all that was right it belonged to you."

Mike was silent. He hadn't known that the kid felt that way about it. He said thickly, "You're wrong, son. Dave done what he ought to have done. It just goes to show that it's the man with education that gets the good jobs."

"You know more about building high-line than Emery ever will know," Dennis snapped. "It's a raw deal and for two cents I'd tell Dave to his face."

Mike felt funny inside. He had tried not to think about it; now here was the kid reminding him of it and siding in with him. "Well," he grunted, "don't do no good to talk about it. Reckon it's about my bedtime."

THE telephone was jangling insistently in the dark hall when Mike woke up. A strong wind whistled outside and hard-driven rain drilled against the window screen. He fumbled his way into the hall. "Yeah?" he mumbled.

"There's storm trouble," came Dave Breckenridge's sharp voice. "Get down here as soon as you can."

"What burned down?"

"The Eighth Street thirteen thousand, and God only knows what else. The west side of town caught the tail end of a twister and is completely in the dark."

"Want me to bring the kid?"

"You'd better. Big Jim will probably need him."

Mike woke Dennis and then went in and put on his clothes. As they drove to the warehouse he glanced at his watch. It said two o'clock. The wind had slackened now but a cold rain still fell. Low places along the street ran curb-deep with water, and good-sized limbs torn from the trees in the parking made driving hazardous.

Dennis' thin young face glowed with excitement. "We'll get double time for working tonight," he said.

Mike shot him an unsmiling glance. "We'll earn it," he said shortly.

Big Jim's crew was ready to pull out when they reached the warehouse, and Dennis hurried to hop on the line wagon. Emery's truck was backed up against the storeroom dock, loading wire and in-

ulators and tools. Mike got his climbing irons and belt out of his locker and carried them to the truck.

"You men be sure and check your rubber goods," Emery ordered. "We'll be working some of this stuff hot."

"I knew it," Peters grumbled. "Why didn't I stay home in bed?"

THE truck rumbled heavily along the dark streets, throwing up a fine spray of water from the pavement. The air inside was close and damp. Mike could hear the rain drilling down like lead shot against the metal top.

He closed his eyes and dozed off. Before the night was over he'd need all the energy he could store up.

The twister had torn through the west side of town, rooting up trees, twisting poles, tearing off crossarms, and snarling wire over an area a quarter of a mile wide. The Eighth Street thirteen thousand was worst hit. Big Jim and his construction crew, equipped for heavy rebuild work, were assigned to patch it up. Two of the four-thousand volt lines which fed the residential district were out of service. Emery's crew was detailed to repair one of these.

It was slow work. The line ran down the alleys, which were often narrow and cluttered so that the truck had difficulty getting through. Trees grew up into the wires and tilted over against sagging poles. The fallen wires looped over back-yard fences and clotheslines and trash cans, hard to trace in the darkness. Mike grimly wondered how Dennis was liking night work by now.

The rain slackened after an hour or so but Mike was already soaked to the skin. Climbing down from a corner pole, he walked to where the truck was parked and paused in the lee of it to fill his pipe. Emery was sitting on the fender studying a map by the glow of a flashlight. He glanced up as Mike struck a match.

"Finish up?"

"Yeah."

"Good. That clears us up to here." He stood up, swinging the truck spotlight to focus on the junction pole above. Its dazzling white beam outlined the crossarms and their sets of glistening insulators. Peters came up and stood beside him, also studying the mixture.

"She's hot up to here," Emery said, pointing. "We'll run jumpers over the arm and heat up the rest of the circuit."

Mike started to move toward the pole, then stopped when he saw a pick-up truck coming down the street. It pulled in behind the line wagon and Dennis got out. He was a bedraggled sight, his khakis soaked and limp on his spare frame.

"Hi, dad! Big Jim sent me over to—"

"Just a minute, son," Emery said absently, "and I'll be with you." He pointed up at the arm. "Now, this wire will tie in to the south phase on the other side, and this one—" He went on to explain how the connections were to be made.

"Want me to trace out those leads?" Mike asked.

"It's not necessary," Emery snapped. "I checked them."

Mike hitched up his belt and started toward the pole. Peters grunted, "My turn, Mike. You take a siesta."

Mike grinned and squatted down on his heels, watching the other lineman climb. Emery turned to Dennis. "Now, what was it you wanted?"

"Big Jim sent me over to borrow a set of double blocks," Dennis said.

"In the truck. Help yourself."

Dennis disappeared into the darkness of the truck's interior. Above, Peters hooked the hose line on a crossarm, then when

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the hand lines and insulator covers were hoisted, slipped them in position. Though the rain had ceased, the pole glistened with moisture—a perfect ground, Mike knew.

He watched while the lineman cut a short length of soft copper tie wire and put on the first jumper. Peters leaned back and called, "How does she look?"

"O. K.," Emery answered, and repeated his instructions concerning the connection to be made next. Peters nodded and clipped off another length of wire.

Dennis got out of the truck carrying the set of rope blocks. Mike grinned at him. "Climbin' any poles tonight?"

"Big Jim won't let me," Dennis said. "But he's sure running my legs off."

"Good for him," Mike said with a laugh.

Suddenly the laugh died in his throat. A sputtering sound, like that made by a hot iron when thrust into cold water, chilled him. The black sky above lit up with an intense white glare.

Dennis dropped the blocks and stood frozen, staring up. Emery gave a hoarse unintelligible shout. But Mike was already climbing up the pole. He knew instantly what had happened. Peters had laid the jumper onto a direct short circuit.

The pole shook under his weight as he climbed upward. The loose jumper swayed in the wind. Twice blue-green sparks leaped from it to the wire near which it hung. Peters was shrinking from it, his hands covering his face. Mike reached him, steadied him on the weaving pole.

"You all right?"

"My eyes!" Peters moaned. "God, I'm blind!"

Mike seized the hand line and ran a bowline under the injured lineman's armpits. "Take it easy," he grunted, "I've got you." Unbuckling Peters' safety he swung him clear of the pole and shouted down, "Let him down slow, boys."

DENNIS and Emery were both on the hand line, and in a moment they had Peters safely on the ground. Mike climbed down. Emery had completely lost his self-assurance. He kept muttering, "That line was dead—it had to be dead—"

Mike gave him one quick scathing look. "Ever hear of such a thing as a feedback?" he grunted.

The other men in the crew were running up now. Mike examined Peters briefly and could find no burns on him. He guessed that Peters had gotten only the flash. But that could be serious enough. At such close range the intense light and heat might cause permanent blindness.

"We've got to get him to the hospital," Mike said to Emery. "You want to take him in or shall I?"

"I—I guess I'd better go," Emery said.

"Take the pick-up then. Dennis, you drive it. We'll need the truck here."

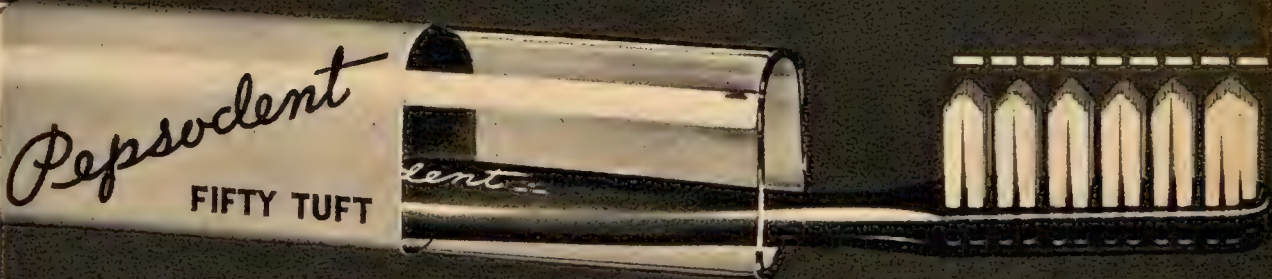
When they had gone Mike stood for a moment staring up at the junction pole, then, taking a flashlight, he started walking down the dark alley, tracing out the wires. He thought of Emery's half-hysterical remark that the line on this side of the pole had to be dead. He smiled grimly. Where electricity was concerned, nothing had to be.

He reckoned that was one thing Emery hadn't learned in college.

It took him just ten minutes to find what he was looking for, and another five to fix it. Then he walked back to the junction pole, climbed up and installed the three remaining jumpers. When he came down he looked at the men in the crew, who had been watching apprehensively, and grunted, "Well, she's hot, boys. Let's go home."

Mike slept till two o'clock that afternoon. Then, the first thing he did was

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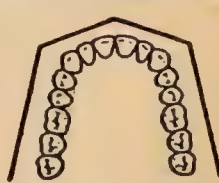
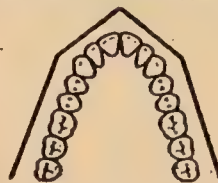


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call Dave Breckenridge and ask about Peters.

"The docs say it's too early to tell yet," the superintendent said, "but they're hopeful."

"Good!"

"Would you mind dropping by this afternoon, Mike? I'd like to talk to you."

"Sure," Mike said, and hung up.

As he ate, he thought about the accident. That's what Dave wanted to talk to him about, he knew. So far as the superintendent was concerned there was no such thing as an accident. Some person or some set of circumstances was always to blame, and he bent every effort to discover who or what was guilty.

Dennis, Emery, and Mike himself had been the only witnesses. Dennis had heard Emery's instructions to Peters and could testify that the lineman had carried them out to the letter, but Mike had warned him to say nothing.

"No use making it any worse for Emery than it is," he said.

Bessie poured more coffee. "The kid up yet?" Mike asked.

"Up and gone two hours ago."

"Any idea where?"

"He didn't say."

Mike scowled. If Dennis had gone to Breckenridge and told what he knew he'd skin him alive.

Half an hour later Mike walked into the superintendent's office. Dave told him to sit down. "Emery's given me his version of the accident. He said you cleared the circuit afterward. What was the trouble?"

Mike fumbled for his pipe. "A wet tree limb was hanging across two wires. When Peters put the first jumper on, she fed back through the second wire. When he put the second jumper on—" He shrugged expressively and lit his pipe.

"How was it that Emery didn't find the limb and you did?"

"Reckon I was lookin' harder for it."

DAVE studied him. Finally he said, "Think you could handle a crew, Mike?" Mike sat very still. "What crew?"

"Your crew. The one Emery used to have."

"You're givin' him the boot?"

"I'm transferring him back where he came from. It wasn't my idea to bring him here in the first place, Mike; the head office forced him on me. He's a good man but he's got a lot to learn. I want a man whose judgment I can trust. Think you can handle the job?"

Twenty years, Mike thought. He grinned uncertainly. "I can give it a try."

"Swell," Dave said.

They shook hands. Mike was almost out the door when the superintendent called him back. "By the way, that boy of yours was in to see me a little while ago."

Mike suddenly went cold. "Did he talk—"

"About the accident?" Dave cut in. "No. We were too busy discussing another matter. You see, I fired him."

"You what?"

"With a two weeks' bonus. It was a sort of a bribe, in fact. He seemed to have the notion that his old man was carrying enough of a financial load supporting one kid in college, let alone two. But when I told him that his old man was due for a promotion and a raise he began to change his mind."

Mike rubbed his chin foolishly. "Good Lord," he grunted, "I should of known. And I thought it was the girl. Of all the ironheads—"

Dave was smiling at him. "Ironhead? Referring to yourself or to the kid?"

"Well," Mike muttered as he turned to leave, "I'll let you guess. But it sure as hell ain't both of us."

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IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Continued from Page 19

"Why would she have to leave or marry him, Rob?" I asked. "Why?"

"Because she'd be comprized," Rob said. Rob was twelve, only two years older than me, but he knew everything.

Downstairs they were all looking worried. "I'd like to wring his neck," papa said.

"And now," Miss Bird said, "Mrs. Mitchell is away at Summerfield because her sister is sick, and tomorrow is Saturday, and Bert always comes out on weekends—and—"

"Where's Channing?" papa said, sounding a little cross. "What's the matter with Channing? You like him, don't you, Lucy?"

"I love him, Dr. Lamb."

"Well, turkey meat! What's the matter with him?" Then he smiled. "Slow, eh?"

"I think he's wonderful," Miss Bird said.

Papa patted her hands. "I'll think of something, Lucy. Don't you worry."

So it was to be all right. We went to bed and to sleep with the voices still humming along downstairs.

WELL, there never was a prettier day for a picnic; a bright sun, not a cloud anywhere except those that the boys, in bare feet and overalls, were kicking up in the schoolyard. The four hayracks were drawn up under the trees, the teachers were calling out names and saying, "Oh, dear!" and "Now where is he?" and "Fred-die! Get away from those horses!" The baskets of food were piled up on the school steps. We had lugged ours from home; it was big enough to hold a baby, and all the others were about the same size. All except the Smelleys', who brought none.

The Smelleys never did anything except keep papa busy. They wore our clothes that mama had given them before they were half worn-out and some of my favorite ones, too, and they got them dirty right away and wore them that way until they fell off. Their faces were dirty and their hair was dirty, and they were skinny and they tattled and they were ugly and did all the things that ugly people should never do. They all had adenoids.

But Minnie was in my grade and she stuck around like stinkweed. And so it was that she was sitting beside me in the hayrack when everybody had piled in, and we were rolling out of the school grounds.

Miss Bird was up in front with Mr. Moss, who was driving his two big old plow horses. I wanted to be up there with Miss Bird, but I could only look at her.

"Bargaret," Minnie said, snuffling, looking at Miss Bird with her little pale eyes, "Biss Bird has a beau."

"That's none of your business!"

"She has two beaus. By father says she better look out. He says if you are'd't barried and have a baby you go to hell."

I couldn't pull away from her. I couldn't do anything. Because papa had said the Smelleys were to be pitied. It would have been easier if they'd ever had a bath.

"By father says if she doesn't hurry up ad get barried—"

And then, oh heaven, oh bliss! "Margaret," Miss Bird said, "would you like to come up here with me? There's room, isn't there, Mr. Moss?" How did she know?

The wagon wheels groaned and creaked on the gravelly road, the horses plodded, bobbing their heads a little, the screaming and yelling of the boys died down and changed rhythm. "How much farther? Gee whiz, aren't we ever going to get there? Where are we going, anyway—London?" The girls looked on and giggled and whispered and began to shift restlessly on the

hard splintery floor. But I rode all the way to the picnic place in ecstasy.

And then, almost before we realized we had stopped, there was the picnic place with the grass pale and tender under the trees; the boys had jumped down, war whooping, and had scattered like ants away into the bushes and among the trees and down to the muddy little stream about twenty-five feet away. The girls wandered away, too, only not too far. The horses were unhitched and led off a little way, the four men drivers gathered together discussing crops, and the teachers, hands on lunch baskets, cast hurried glances in all directions.

"Boys! Don't you wade out too far!" Miss Belcher called. "You might drown."

Very politely I laughed. You couldn't drown in there unless you had hit your head on a rock first, and even then your nose would be sticking up out of the water. "It's all right, Miss Belcher. Anyway, Rob knows how to take care of—"

"By father says that boys—"

"You shut up, Minnie Smelley!"

"Why, Margaret!" exclaimed Miss Bird, surprised. "I've never heard you talk like that before!"

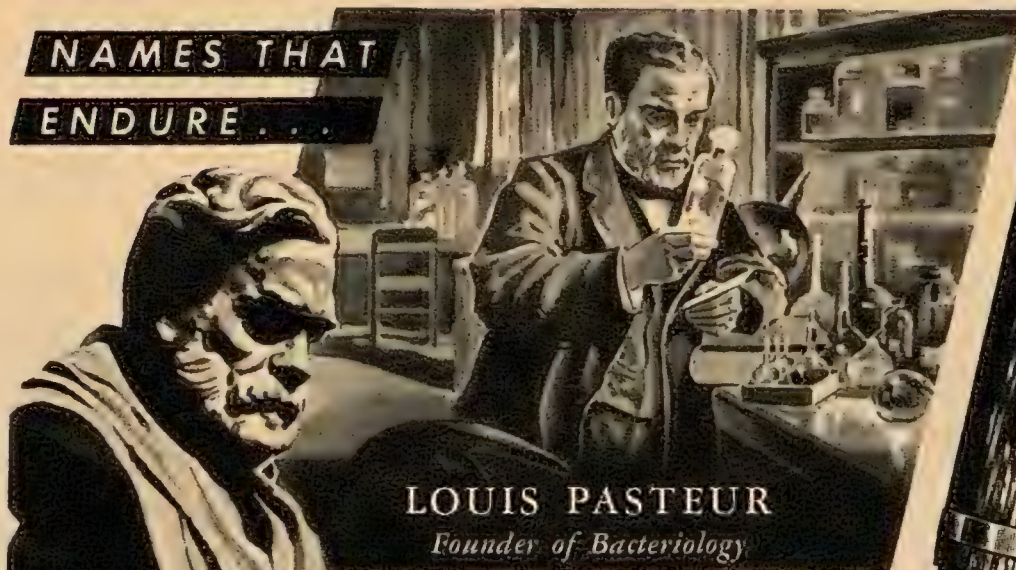
"Well, she makes me sick!" The words were stoutly angry, but underneath there was a hurt as big as night. Miss Bird had never scolded me before. For a minute I stood, with the hurt sinking in deeper and deeper and the lovely bright picnic day growing darker and darker until it

became something too big to be borne.

Well, there were hills to wander in and trees to sit under, lonely and humiliated; and daisies and lupine to be wound into chains, but they were all for Miss Bird, and if Miss Bird was cross with me what good were they? What good but to wither and die? So I wandered again, like Goldilocks, farther and farther along the sunny slopes. And presently there was a strawberry patch; somebody must have planted it and then deserted it, but anyway, the strawberries were luscious and fragrant and warm from the sun and there were hundreds and dozens of them. Enough to make a whole meal, practically, better than any old picnic lunch. . . . St-i-l-l-l, at the picnic lunch there was mama's wonderful fried chicken, and probably already Minnie Smelley—

Stiff-jawed I marched back again, ready to fight. And then I got mad all over again. They had all finished! They hadn't even waited! They hadn't even missed me! All that was left was a mess of chicken bones, bread crusts, open, half-eaten, discarded sandwiches, eggshells and milk and lemonade spilled all over the rumpled cloths, and some kids lying around who didn't "feel like playing just now."

So for a minute I stood there glaring, and then Miss Bird said, "Come here, dear," and patted the ground for me to come and sit down beside her, and Rob said, "Where have you been, Sis?" He never called me Sis unless he felt scared,



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or something special. And then he pulled something out of his pocket and I felt like crying. Two pieces of mama's fried chicken!

Minnie Smelley, all over cake, was looking as if I had stolen something from her, so I ate a piece of the chicken staring at her. And I started to raise the second piece to my mouth and then I threw it down. "Oh, for goodness' sakes!" And Minnie Smelley grabbed it up as if she had never seen any before. It made me sick, so I walked away, and almost stumbled over the four men, asleep under their hats.

But I didn't go very far because a single-seater drove up, with Channing's beautiful shiny horse that was the color of Channing's hair. Channing, with his mandolin, stood off and smiled as if he wasn't sure whether anybody would be glad to see him or not. Just standing there, Channing did something to everybody. He made you feel warm and happy all over.

Miss Bird got red as a strawberry under her big straw hat and the three other teachers began pushing their hair up by their fingers. Then Miss Bird looked at them and her dress began to quiver a little all over, and she smiled at Channing.

"It's awfully nice of you to have come," she said to him. "I'm glad you've come."

"I thought you might like to have some music," Channing said.

The three other teachers said, "Oh, yes! How nice! Always, Channing!" But Channing was looking at Miss Bird. He was very long, so it only took him a few steps to get over to Miss Bird where he sat down beside her on a tree stump.

Then he began to play. One of the men looked out from under his hat and put it over his face again; some of the kids wandered back and we all sang to Channing's music. He played and played. He played Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground,

and There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree and In the Good Old Summer-time and lots of other songs. He played until the shadows were long and a little sad and the cool breeze began to blow.

And then everybody began to stir and it was time to go home. But just before she got up Miss Bird looked at me kind of frightened and she said, "Margaret, do you feel all right, dear? . . . Goodness!"

"Why yes, I do." But she looked so scared that I wasn't sure any more. "I think so. Why?"

"Because you've got little red spots all over." She even looked down my neck and said, "Oh, dear!"

WELL, the teachers scrambled away toward the hayracks, getting the kids together. They were remembering, I guess, that after the last picnic everybody had measles. And finally everybody was piled in, all except Minnie Smelley, who was sticking around like stinkweed, and Rob—and nobody could find him.

"I tell you what," Channing said, "I'll stay behind and look for him. He can't be very far. You'd all better get along." Well, Miss Bird said Rob was her responsibility and she'd stay, too. And naturally I wasn't going home and leave Rob behind. Channing said, "Why, sure—there'll be room for the four of us in my buggy."

Minnie Smelley wanted to stay behind too. Then I did something very naughty. I said, "By father says that beasles are very catchig," so Minnie Smelley climbed up into the hayrack and went away with the others. Ha, ha.

Well, the minute they had gone I said, "I think I know where Rob is," and started up along the little muddy stream with Miss Bird saying, "But don't you think you should sit here quietly, Margaret?"

and something about scarlet fever and chicken pox and didn't they break out in spots?

Channing said, "I don't know, but we'll probably find Rob quicker, she probably knows his proclivities, and then we'll get her home to her father quicker, isn't this a mess?"

Sure enough, a long, long way upstream there was Rob completing the most beautiful little dam you ever saw. He didn't even hear us come up. "Lost to the world," Channing said. "Hello, Rob."

"Hello," Rob said.

"Rob, I've got spots."

Then he looked up and said, "Oh, gee whiz, Sis!" so he came along, only looking back once in a while toward his dam.

We got home in a hurry because Channing's horse was a sparking one, and his hoofs made ringing sounds instead of clumping ones the way the other horses had; and the wheels sang and hummed, spinning around, instead of creaking.

Papa and mama were out in the garden with Dennie, who'd had a little sore throat so papa hadn't let him go to the picnic, and they all began to holler and wave. And when we stopped, Channing said, "I'm afraid we haven't very good news."

Mama said, "Oh, dear, was anybody hurt?"

And papa said, "What's that?" And then he said, looking at Channing, "Oh, you were at the picnic, too. I wondered where you were. Well, what's the bad news?"

"It's Margaret," Miss Bird said. "All over spots."

Then papa looked down and said, "Hmm open your mouth, Meg," then he said, "Hmm" again, and looked up at Channing and Miss Bird. "Yes," he said, "I'm afraid it is bad news. Come inside, everybody."

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Rob looked very sad, going up the steps. "Do you feel terrible, Sis?"

"I don't think so. I only itch."

"Chicken pox, I bet," Dennie said.

Well, inside, papa put me between his knees and felt my pulse and listened to my heart and pulled up my eyelids and felt behind my ears, and finally he looked up. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I'm going to have to quarantine you all." A little sound like leaves whispering went round the room. All except from mama, whose skirts made a swoosh as she came over and stood behind me with her hands strong and warm on my shoulders.

"It's a little soon to be certain," papa said, "but tomorrow should tell. In the meantime you two won't mind staying here, will you?" he said to Channing and Miss Bird. "You see, you've been exposed, and it wouldn't do to carry it outside."

"No indeed, sir," Channing said. "Poor little kid."

And Miss Bird almost cried. "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Dr. Lamb. About Margaret, I mean. Is it that serious?"

"That serious," papa said. Everybody was standing around looking like at a funeral, so naturally I began to cry. Then papa said, "Here, here! Where's my girl?" and he smiled, so I stopped, naturally, because I knew it was going to be all right. "It can't be helped; and I hope you two aren't going to mind—staying here," papa said, looking at Channing and Miss Bird, "because Kitty and I are going to have to be away for the night."

"Oh," mama said. "Are we?"

"Why certainly, Kitty. You knew that."

"Oh," mama said.

"It's fortunate in a way—not that Meg's sick, of course—" papa explained, "but if you weren't here we'd have had to find someone else to stay."

"BUT Dr. Lamb!" Miss Bird exclaimed "If she should get sicker—If something should happen—"

"I'm rather counting on that," papa said, then he went "Hem! . . . What I mean is that with the medicine I'll give Meg the—disease—may be circumvented. I'll fix the capsules, Lucy, and you give her one every half hour until she falls asleep."

"Anything I can do?" Channing asked.

"Yes. You can take care of Lucy."

Channing smiled. "I've been wanting to do that for a long time, sir," he said, and made Miss Bird blush again.

"Good!" papa said. "Well, Kitty, we'll have to be going."

"But Douglas," said mama. "We've been exposed, too!"

"I'll take care of us," papa said. "We've only been around her for a minute—they've been with her all day."

Well, so I was put to bed and papa and mama got ready to go; but they must have forgotten that the door was open between our two rooms. Because the minute they got inside mama said, "Douglas Lamb, you know very well I will not go anywhere, I won't stir a foot and leave the children—and Meg sick with goodness knows what all!"

"She hasn't got goodness knows what all."

"Douglas Lamb!" mama exclaimed, kind of breathless. "What has she got?"

"Hives," papa said. "She must have got hold of some strawberries some place. A good case of all-over hives. And you know what I always say, Kitty—there isn't much that imagination, a sense of humor, and baking soda won't cure."

"Well, the baking soda in those capsules will fix Meg as right as rain. As for the rest—"

Mama started to giggle.

"So you won't mind going on a kind of honeymoon, will you, Kitty?"

"Oh, Douglas!" mama said.

So they went away. And a little later my door opened and I saw Lucy and Channing come into the room. And for no reason I pretended to be asleep.

They must have stood by the bed looking down, because Miss Bird said, "I guess she doesn't feel too sick. She's smiling in her sleep."

So when they started away I opened my eyes, and they were walking away with Channing's arm, very respectful and gentle, around Miss Bird's waist.

So I guess if Bert Stewart is waiting up at Mrs. Mitchell's to comprize Miss Bird he didn't start getting up ahead of papa soon enough; and Minnie Smelley and her father are going to have to find something else to tattle about, ha, ha. So I couldn't help singing; no reason, only because I was as happy as I had ever been in my life, and the night sounds were creeping in from all around—the voices downstairs, and Dennie knocking his knuckles against the headboard of his bed as he turned over in his sleep, and the windmill sighing a little. And the moon moving the windowpanes across the floor just a little . . . "There'll be a h-hot tibe

Id the old towd—town—to-n-hi-i-i-ght."

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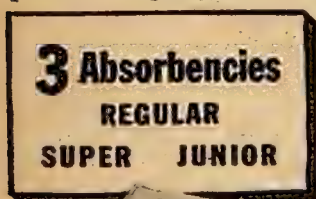
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Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK



TO MARKET, TO MARKET: A New York Herald Tribune editorial writer comments, "An alert journalist of the food markets has conducted a survey the results of which indicate that twenty-five per cent more men are now doing the family marketing than before the war. There are several reasons for this—more wives at work, more legwork required to go out and fetch the food, fewer deliveries, etc. And how do the men make out? Well, it is all pretty heartening. By and large they do very well indeed. Butchers, grocers, and delicatessen dealers generally



agree that the man shopper knows what he wants, often has a list prepared, and handles his transactions with a minimum of fuss and feathers. No fiddling around, no pinching the fruit, no haggling. If he can't find exactly what he wants he will take something else, even if it costs more. He is not afraid to make experiments with unfamiliar delicacies which may catch his eye. He may spend too much money, and throw the family budget out of kilter—but what of it?" Well, a good many housewives could tell that head-in-the-clouds editorial writer what of it. We, too, would enjoy shopping if we could airily "spend too much money, and throw the family budget out of kilter" without a qualm. We, too, would enjoy experimenting if we didn't have to ask Pop for the extra money or face his disapproving face when he is confronted by a snappy substitute for his beloved veal cutlet which we couldn't find, though we loyally searched half a dozen shops in our zeal to please the lord and master. Though I hold no brief for pinching the fruit or haggling, it seems to me the housewife shouldn't be slapped down for struggling thriftily to live within the means supplied by her personal breadwinner. Heaven knows she'd like to live high, wide, and handsome too, and Pop better beware of boasting about his prowess at marketing or he may be stuck with it indefinitely. If so, he'll find it isn't such a lark when it's a lifework instead of a spree.

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH: I can't help thinking an anonymous writer was pulling my leg when she wrote this "tip": "Children should have some rest before each meal. Before breakfast and supper they can sit quietly and look at books until the meal is on the table, but at dinner-time, after they have been playing hard all morning, they should lie down to rest for about fifteen minutes." She doesn't say

how this is to be accomplished if the children are like the panthers I know. Perhaps she whacks them over the head with a blunt instrument to achieve that fifteen-minute rest period. Personally, I feel more in harmony with a stranger who was buying her little hoodlum a pair of cymbals in the toy department of a New York store.

I was doing the same, and when the sales clerk, unable to throttle her curiosity, asked, "How can you stand the noise?" the resigned mother answered, "I'd rather have him bang *them* than beat on the piano with his cute little hammer." As for me, I wish I had discovered the cymbals before my Tarzan bent all my pot covers out of shape.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE: A warrior back from Italy, on furlough, breakfasted ecstatically on eggs in his steam-heated house, polished off a quart of milk, went walking with his family, and, watching the crowds of well-fed people, remarked with awe, "What a country! You can take the rest of the world and put it in your hat, check your hat and throw the stub away!"

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Here's to the mother most precocious
Whose love for her young, although
ferocious,
Is so controlled that she never sends
Valentine cards to harmless friends
Bearing on each a toothy snap
Of Little Snookie's reluctant map.
What a terrible pity I ain't
Able to show a like restraint.



SELECTIVE SERVICE SIMPLIFIED: The draft mobilization order issued by the Ethiopian government in 1935 makes our various Selective Service acts seem pretty darned complicated. The Ethiopian edict ran: "When this order is received, all men and boys able to carry a spear will go to Addis Ababa. Every married man will bring his wife to cook and wash for him. Every unmarried man will bring any unmarried woman he can find to cook and wash for him. Women with babies, the blind, and those too aged or infirm to carry a spear are excused. Any one found at home after receiving this order will be hanged."

Compared with that, this country's draft board officials behave somewhat like doting mothers plying their young hopefuls with lollipops.

LIBERTY

FRONT-LINE SURGEONS

Continued from Page 20

the camp and some were sleeping easily in them in the middle of the afternoon.

Word came that there were going to be a few patients within a couple of hours. While waiting, I thought I might visit the village of Mawlu, which lay across the river about half a mile to the south. Two Burmese temples could be seen in the distance, and beyond, some lovely blue hills.

"Well, stick to the main street or follow the jeep tracks," someone said. "Don't wander into the outskirts; there may be snipers."

"I thought the Jap lines were two miles south of Mawlu."

"Officially they are," the man said, and they all laughed. I decided not to visit Mawlu.

The sergeant major took me in hand and explained how a Portable Surgical Unit functions. Each man has his own job, but each man is equipped to do practically any job in an emergency. There are thirteen medical technicians who take charge of medications, preoperative and postoperative care, and give blood plasma. They also set up the tents when the unit moves. There are four surgical technicians who sterilize instruments, get the bandages and gauze pads ready, and assist the surgeon. At times they even perform minor operations themselves.

The list ran on. There are two medical noncoms, a dental technician, two cooks, and a helper; a company clerk and a typist; a supply and mess sergeant; three truck drivers, a carpenter, and, finally, a "basic," whose function seems to be to do everything nobody else has time for.

NONE of these thirty-three enlisted men had had medical experience before joining the unit, and I asked why they had been picked for this vital work.

"They lined us up," said the sergeant major, "and said, 'You and you and you.'"

In their jungle uniforms they looked like a very rough-and-ready bunch of G. I.s, and I was curious to know how they would work out.

Then three wounded men were brought in. The operating tent was in readiness. The instruments had been sterilized in the two autoclaves—steam and vapor sterilizers heated by gasoline stoves—and laid on a freshly-scrubbed table covered with a sterile cloth. The blood plasma, plaster bandages, and splints were ready too, because no one knew what type wounds these would be. The preparations had been made so quietly that I was hardly aware they were under way.

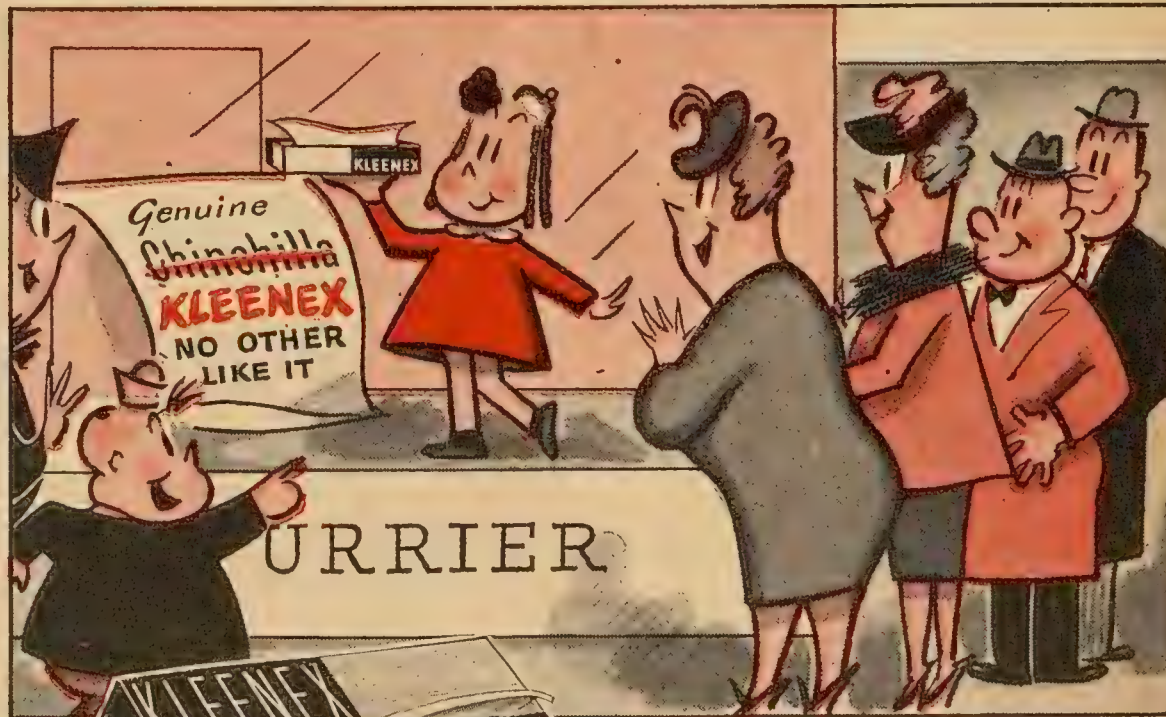
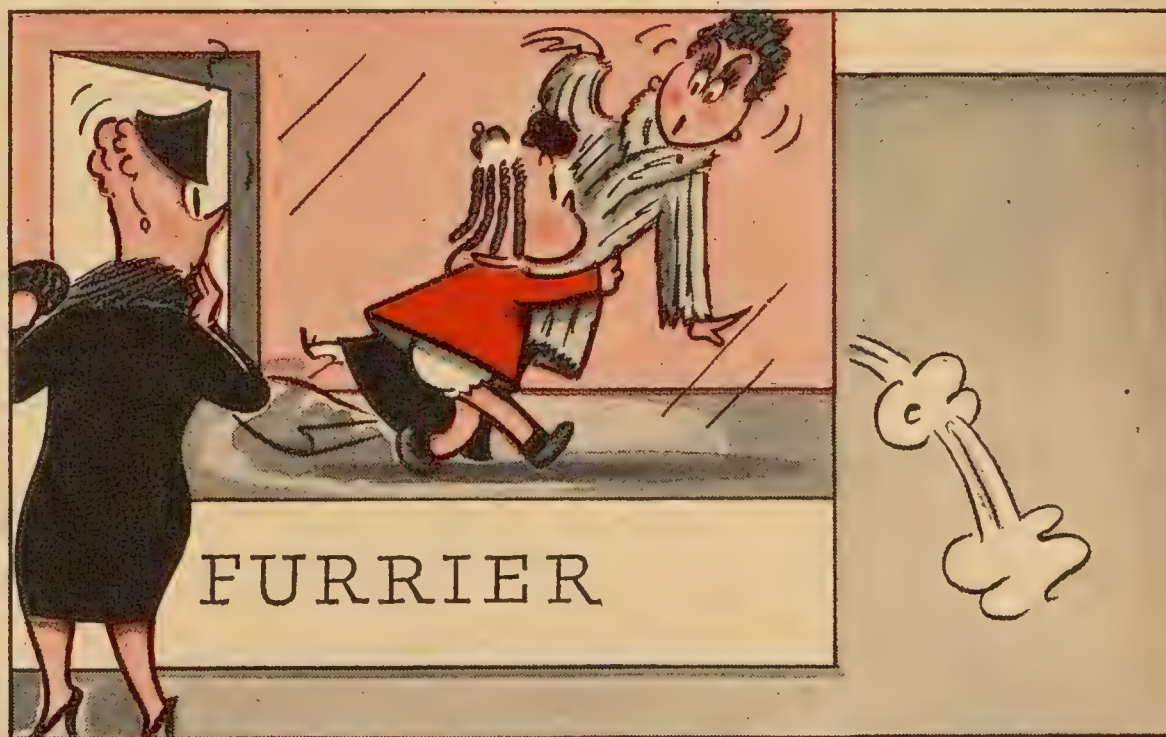
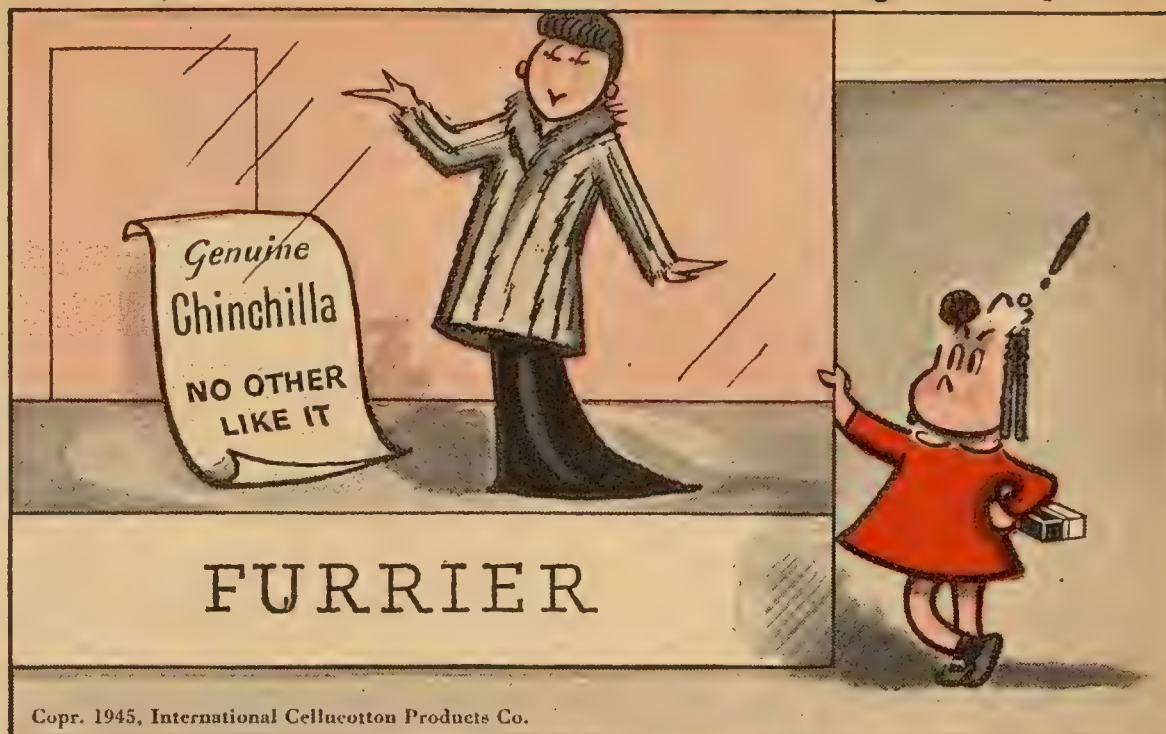
The patients were placed on litters raised on packing cases and Major Sprunk got to work. While he worked he talked, explaining that this man needed a local anesthetic, procaine, and the next a spinal anesthesia, sodium pentothal, but that the third, who was very gravely wounded, had to have ether. Captain Peyton, the anesthetist, checked on hearts every few minutes while a sergeant administered blood plasma when needed.

Later I talked to the men in their "ward." One of them was Francis Jones, twenty-one, of Liverpool, England. Jones had been shot, but then had killed the Jap who got him. Two of the men with him had made a stretcher of bamboo and carried him out. He took the bullet which had wounded him from his pocket and showed it to me with weary pride.

Fred Clarkson, twenty-seven, was the boy who had had ether and his voice was very faint, so I didn't question him much. Already he had had five units of blood plasma and still his lips were blue. He had

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by Marge



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been shot by three Japs simultaneously. His men had dragged him through the bushes until they dared stand upright, then had made a litter of their rifles.

In each case the men had been taken to Battalion Headquarters, where their wounds were dressed, and there they had waited until transportation was available to bring them out. That explained the delay of an hour or so before the surgeons got them, even though the fighting was only two miles away.

As I left the hospital tent, I again looked dubiously at the ambulance which was to be my home. It was near a tree which had been roped off, and around the trunk of the tree was a pile of Jap hand grenades and shells. A sign on the tree said, "Danger. Keep off the enclosure. Booby traps suspected." Major Sprunk had explained: "If they remove the grenades, we may run into a mine; and if they don't, one of the firing pins will rust through and then the whole thing will go up. So take your choice." I did not care for either choice.

After mess the sergeant major showed me a citation the unit had received from the Chinese, a gaudy crimson banner edged with silver and gold braid on which was written, "One in Mind, One in Virtue," and the name of the general who had awarded it. With the banner was a scroll congratulating the men "on their untired work."

I liked the words, "untired work"; they seemed so typically Chinese. I fell asleep thinking more about them than of the pile of hand grenades next door.

ALONG about 2 A. M. the enlisted man who had talked to me about the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce came and woke us up, whispering stealthily, "Jap patrols are to the north of us. Be on your guard." Then he vanished into the darkness and we did not see him again. We tumbled out of our jungle hammocks, dressed, and remained awake till dawn.

In the morning we learned that the youth had wandered up and down the railway track, alerting the guards, and that he had gone into the woods near by, awakened the colonel in charge of the artillery, and told him the Japs were setting up their tents. As Major Sprunk said, it just didn't make sense, and whether the boy was psychotic or not, he would have to be evacuated at once for his own sake. Somebody was likely to take a pot shot at him if he continued to pass out his idiotic warnings in the dark.

I went down to the air strip to see him and the most seriously-wounded man off by plane. Actually "air strip" is a courtesy term. It was just a spot in an open field where the little L5s and L1s could land. These are liaison planes belonging to an organization as little sung as the Portable Surgical Units. I had learned about it on this trip from my pilot, Staff Sergeant Grover C. Pfeifer of Cincinnati.

The L5s were called the Sentinels. They were powered by one 185-horsepower Lycoming engine and cruised at about 100 miles an hour. They were so small they could carry only one passenger, sitting behind the pilot. The L1s, or Dragonflies, were somewhat larger and would carry one stretcher case or two or three sitting. The pilots flew as many as five missions a day. Most of them had been amateur fliers in civilian life, and many had been eliminated as combat pilots, so had taken up this. Their work for the most part was transporting wounded.

"We don't get much credit," said Sergeant Pfeifer, pointing down. "Look at that." I did, and saw an L5 flattened on the ground.

"Shot down," said the sergeant. "They murdered the pilot, too." They, I gathered, were the Japs.

(Continued on page 80)



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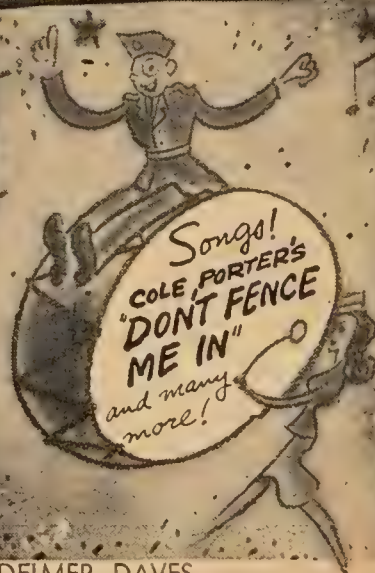
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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



Joseph Cotten and Ginger Rogers steal a moment of New Year's happiness together.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

(Selznick-International-United Artists)
Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple

THIS sentiment-filled story of a returned soldier isn't actually a sequel to its more imposing predecessor, *Since You Went Away*; but the general theme, the presence of Joseph Cotten and Shirley Temple, and the same uncanny feeling for the familiar details of American living give the two a family resemblance.

A homeless sergeant (Joseph Cotten) on a holiday furlough from the hospital where he's being treated for shell shock, faces a bleak and lonely world. But when he meets a friendly girl named Mary (Ginger Rogers) on the train, he finds the reassurance he needs in her quiet understanding and the simple family life at the home of her aunt and uncle (Spring Byington and Tom Tully), where he's invited for Christmas dinner. Everybody accepts him; Mary's cuddlesome young cousin (Shirley Temple) is dewily thrilled.

Mary herself falls in love with him, and it is the knowledge of her faith which carries him through a fearsome seizure in his lonely Y. M. C. A. room and gives him courage to face a new life ahead.

The fine simplicity of this spiritual victory is complicated all the way through by Mary's personal secret—that she herself is only home on furlough from prison. But in spite of this melodramatic excess baggage, the story comes to a satisfying end. Joseph Cotten's expertly restrained portrayal of the shell-shocked G. I. is one of his best. Ginger Rogers is sympathetic and believable in a difficult role. Spring Byington, Tom Tully, and Shirley Temple are engagingly natural as a typical American family; and it is the heart-warming atmosphere of their home—simple and genuine from soap to plum pudding—which makes this all seem real.

THE FIGHTING LADY

(Twentieth Century-Fox-U. S. Navy)



DON'T miss this superb Technicolor documentary which covers in sixty-one minutes more thrilling action with a typical airplane carrier in the South Pacific than you will ever be likely to see at one time again. All of those historic engagements in 1943 and early 1944—the attacks on Truk, Kwajalein, Guam, and the Marianas—are brought spectacularly close in vivid, tropic-hued scenes shot from the carrier and from the air. In addition to a fascinating introduction to the intimate life aboard the flat-top, full of color and human interest, the story contains unprecedented combat sequences, many of which were shot by cameras synchronized with the guns of fighting planes. There are bombings, landing crack-ups, and sinister buzzing Jap torpedo planes. Most exciting of all is the tremendous climax, in which the entire Japanese battle fleet is nearly wiped out in the historic Battle of the Philippine Sea in an all-out sea-air engagement which tops anything that's been photographically recorded yet.

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THE SUSPECT

(Universal)
Charles Laughton, Ella Raines

CHARLES LAUGHTON makes the most of a fine part in this exceptionally atmospheric and well-acted murder yarn. As a rotund London tobacconist back in gaslit 1902, he appears not only as one of the most endearing and unromantic-looking of screen lovers, but also as one of the most kind-hearted killers who ever brandished a stick. Or did his venomous nagging wife (Rosalind Ivan) really just trip on the stairs, as everyone thought at the funeral? That's what Inspector Huxley (Stanley C. Ridges) wanted to know—for only he suspected that a good man's very goodness may sometimes lead to murder—not only once, but twice.

This strangely gripping story of twisted purposes and unexpected events maintains its tension through a fine interplay of character and the bizarre combination of virtuous middle-class domesticity and Grade A horror. Ella Raines, as the true-blue young typist whose honest affection for the shopkeeper has sinister results, contributes a fine sensitive performance. Rosalind Ivan as the termagant wife, Stanley C. Ridges as a twentieth-century Javert, and Henry Daniell in the role of a scoundrelly wife-beating blackmailer are exceptionally convincing. But the story's finest dramatic moments, including the unusual climax, belong to Laughton alone.



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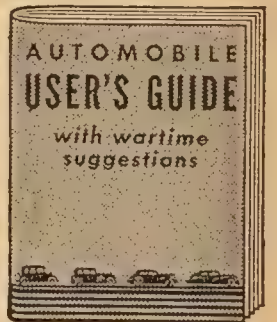
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(Continued from page 76)

I asked Sergeant Pfeifer what his most dangerous experience had been.

"Carrying a patient with cerebral malaria," he replied. "In mid-flight he became delirious and grabbed the throttle. Then his feet stretched out and hit the rudder controls. I had to hold him with one hand behind me while I flew with the other. Oh, boy, what an hour!"

I started to write it down.

"If you're doing a story on us, please mention our C. O.," said the sergeant suddenly. "Captain Gari King of Detroit. Over ninety missions of all types and three hundred combat hours in the air. A great guy." I promised to.

So now I was saying good-bye to the Jap-seeing G. I. and the other patient. They seemed glad to go.

"I'll be back soon," said the young American pleasantly. "Maybe I made a mistake about the Japs being north of us last night, but you watch out."

I said I would.

The English boy just said, "Blighty," in a faint voice.

"I hope I get him back before the morphine wears off," the pilot whispered.

THAT afternoon Major Egbert and I went swimming with about fifty other men. The guns were silent and the camp was somnolent in the hot sunshine. We stood in the shallow stream splashing water on one another and rubbing ourselves with soap. From the south, where the Japanese were, came the faint hum of a plane, but nobody paid any attention. Planes were always passing overhead.

Suddenly a man shouted, "That's a Jap!" and at that instant the machine guns opened up—that fearful rat-tat-tat which, once heard, you never forget. The placid water swirled as men made for the banks and the protecting woods. Most of us never saw the plane at all, but I was conscious of its shadow as I plunged for shore. For some reason it stopped firing before it reached the stream. Perhaps it did not expect to find so promising a target there.

I cowered beside an equally naked man in the sheltering woods, and all about us one could hear the panting of straining lungs. Major Egbert had plunged into some strands of barbed wire, and when he picked himself up he looked like a minor casualty from the scratches. A quarter of a mile beyond us the little railway station of Mawlu burned fiercely, set afire by the tracer bullets. We dressed quickly.

Almost immediately the wounded began to come in, nine from the railway station alone. Now the portable surgical hospital was functioning at top speed, and in almost complete silence. No one gave any orders and none was needed. Each enlisted man knew exactly what to do. The instrument table was made ready; the sterilizers were at work; the Colman lamps were tested and extra flashlights were brought out. Scores of clean towels were unpacked. Everybody scrubbed his hands and arms and rubber gloves were checked. It was a miracle of improvisation in the jungle. Now the wounded were being brought in, and they lay on stretchers in patient rows awaiting their turns. It was dark before the operations began.

Then another wounded man was brought in, and still another.

"Are these from that same air raid?" Major Sprunk demanded, looking up from the table.

They weren't. A Jap patrol of fifty men had infiltrated through the lines and were now two miles north of Mawlu! Some of our men had been killed and the wounded were coming back. I could only think of the young soldier who had given the warning twenty-four hours too soon. Many

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of the men broke off work long enough to get their guns. The illuminated tent was a beacon in that blackness, an invitation to attack.

"We'll have to go on with the operations," the major said. "These men can't wait." He turned to Major Egbert.

"Will you help me?" he asked. "It's going to be a tough night." But Egbert was already stripped to his drawers, a rubber apron covering his scratched chest.

The British loaned us a surgeon and another floodlight. The Air Corps sent in a medical sergeant and there were stretcher bearers from somewhere else. All of us did what we could. But my attention was centered chiefly on the enlisted men, their voices quiet now, their hands as gentle as women's as they moved down the line of stretchers, giving inoculations against tetanus and gas gangrene, taking blood pressures and watching for failing hearts. I thought of those people at home in California, Kentucky, New York, whose blood was in those bottles of plasma strung overhead on parachute cords, and I wished that they might know. And, finally, I saw the "basic" in action—that youth whose job was anything no one else could do. He was spraying the air constantly above the operating table so that no malaria mosquito would undo the good work being done below. The operations themselves were performed with painstaking care and all the skill the surgeons had. Machine-gun bullets can do frightful things.

The scene remains etched in outlines of black and red. Two surgeons with masks over their faces, bending over the litter on which lay a naked man. A sergeant beside them, also masked, his fingers hovering above the instruments, ready to pick up the right one at the word of command. A towel splashed with crimson flung to one side. Beyond the cone of light, in dimness, the line of waiting stretchers with bottles of plasma hung above some; a surgical technician kneeling while he shaved a wounded leg. Beyond them again, at the entrance to the tent, a blur of British faces, staring, curious or disturbed. No light elsewhere for miles in the blackness of the jungle except for a tiny red glow where the cook brewed coffee to keep the working men on their feet.

BY midnight it was all over and the lights went out. Two medical technicians remained on duty through the night, examining the patients with their flashlights, attending to their needs, giving plasma, easing the retchings of nausea, and moistening fevered brows. The care was as devoted as that of any trained nurse, and Major Sprunk was able to tell me next day that there was a reasonable certainty all the men would live, in spite of the gravity of their wounds.

I left by truck because all the planes were needed for the wounded. When the truck drove up, there was a Chinese soldier, looking about twelve years old, beside the American driver.

"He's a sharpshooter with very quick eyes," said an officer. "I'm sure you'll be O. K."

Some one else offered me a carbine and said, "Just in case—"

One of the enlisted men came up to say good-by.

"You tell 'em back home we're doing all right," he said. "You tell 'em that." His name was Goldberg and he comes from Camden, New Jersey, I think.

"Yes, Goldie," I answered, "I'll tell them back home that the Portable Surgical Units are doing all right."

Then the truck bumped off through the dimness of the Burma jungle along the incredible road.

THE END

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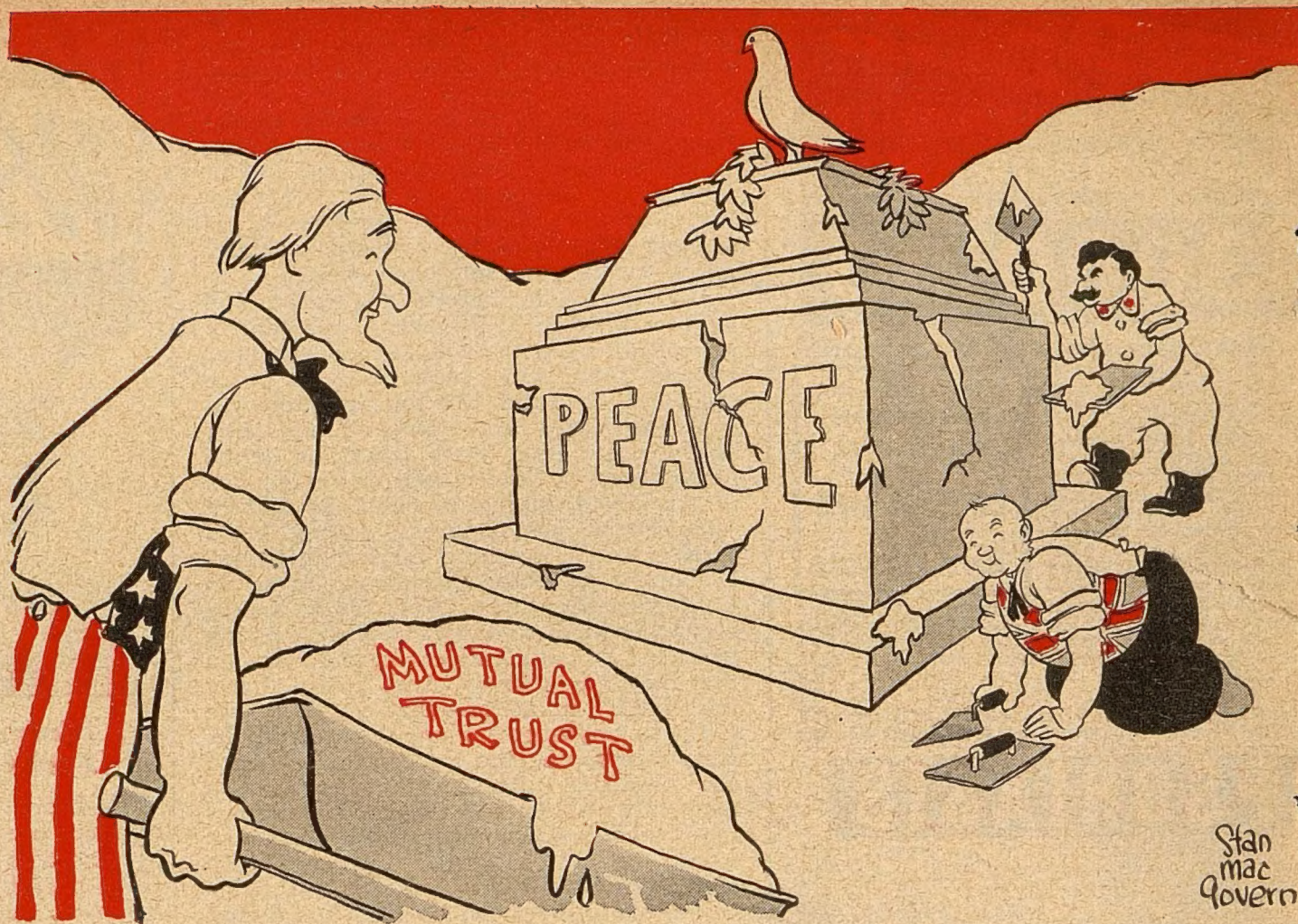
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FEB. 17, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



THE FATEFUL ROAD TO ANOTHER WAR

EVENTS of recent months indicate the United Nations, like many individuals, find it difficult to stand prosperity. Successful prosecution of the war is having the odd effect of making more difficult the attainment of the goals for which the war is being fought.

Unity among the United Nations was forged during the dark days of the war. The darker the outlook the more unity grew. Now, as the shadows pass, the cement binding the United Nations together progressively weakens. In the dark days, certain principles now being derided as idealism formed the major adhesive power of this cement. There was a genuine desire to carry out the ideals which inspired the Atlantic Charter and to translate its principles into a stable and orderly world in which mutual trust, esteem, and generosity would be dominant. Fortified by this high thinking, the United Nations adopted systems of mutual aid and embarked on concurrent military action which to date have been uniformly successful.

Now ideals are losing their luster. We are told that only the soft-headed, who dimly perceive the facts of life, cherish them. The "realists" are shouldering their way to the front in all countries of the United Nations now that the danger of defeat has passed. The ties which bind us together weaken before our eyes as the cement of idealism crumbles.

If victory and success cause us to forget the ideals which drew the United Nations together, it is altogether likely this war will have been fought in vain. So-called realism and wily power politics cannot replace principle and idealism as cementing agents. We might just as well realize now that we are in danger of losing the orderly and peaceful world for which all mankind hopes.

If material interests are to be the sole motivating power behind the acts of the various members of the United Nations, we can be sure that disunity will grow. Mutual distrust, suspicion, and rivalry will increase. Coalitions and alliances will multiply, and we will have the old balance-of-power politics all over again. We will be back to where we started and traveling the old road which has always led to war and always will.

It takes only half an eye to see that the United Nations are already proceeding down this fateful road at an accelerating pace. The political leaders of the free world must take immediate and positive steps to restore the harmony that prevailed when danger threatened and the future looked black. Good will, mutual trust, and generosity are the only cementing agents which will effectively bind the nations of the world together into an organization which will bring peace for all time.

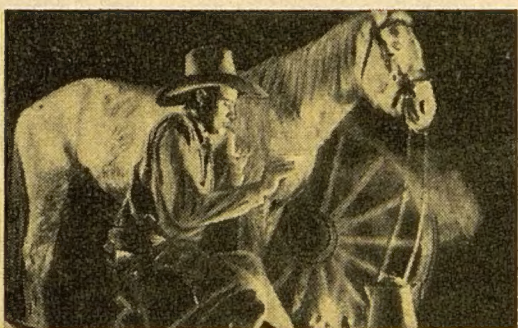
Paul Hunter

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